

ARGENTINA

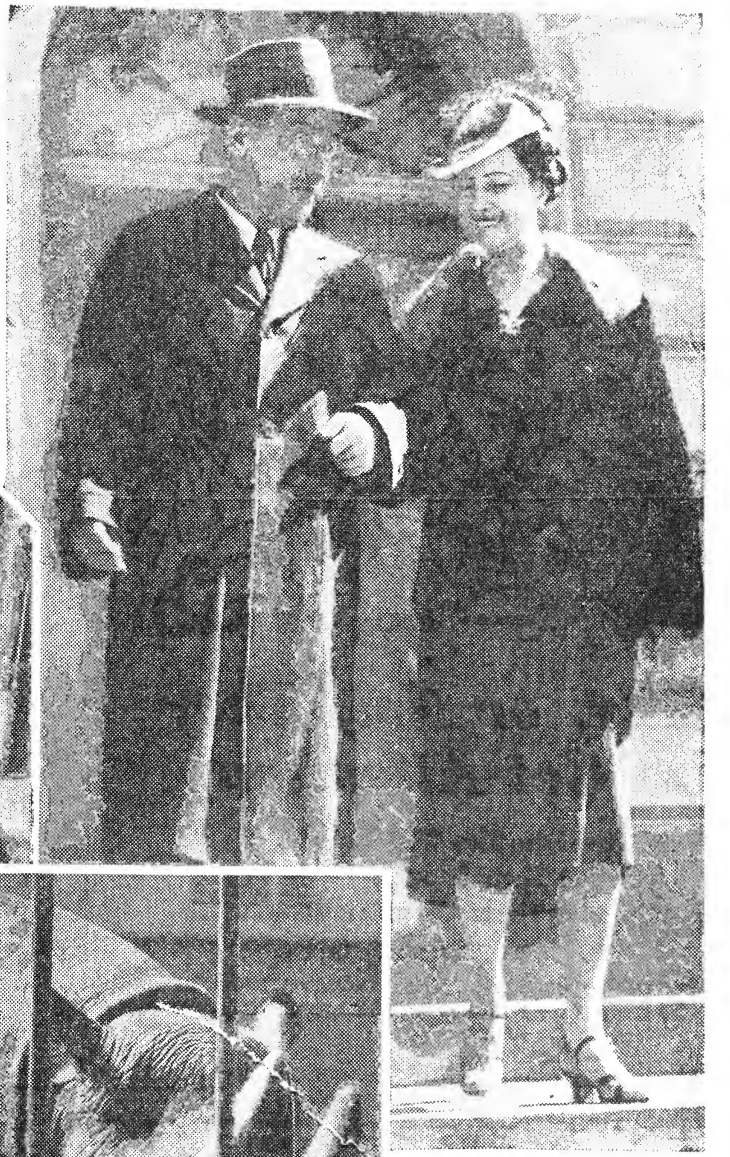
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1939-

Dr. Mann, Off to South America, Seeks New Animals for the Zoo



The lowly peanut, for which bears sit up and beg and the elephants solicit with waving trunks, is the key to fun at the zoo. Director William M. Mann and Mrs. Mann (right) are now en route to South America to collect more goober-consumers, which is good news for enthusiastic visitors like the boys shown below watching the antics of the hybrid bear cubs.



He Takes 38 Head Along—as Barter Bait

Director Crates Up Excess Specimens And Will Swap Them, He Hopes, for Beasts the Park Does Not Have

By Gerald G. Gross.

Dr. William M. Mann, director of National Zoological Park, is usually likened to Noah because he never gets off a boat without a herd of animals following in his wake. Now he's at sea again, bound for South America, but just for variety let's go beyond Noah and consider Adam.

If Mann had been Adam, the world might have been spared much anguish and travail. It is a fairly safe gamble that the breezy little chain-cigarette smoker would have swapped off the serpent for, say, a harmless Japanese deer long before the evil reptile would have had an opportunity to beguile Eve.

Washington's Zoo has reached its transcendent position as the Capital's greatest recreational-educational center and one of the world's best and largest animal collections largely because its chief for the last 14 years is a horse trader at heart, if a scientist in mind. The fact that more than 3,000,000 people visit the Zoo each year is, in part, a tribute to Dr. Mann's predilection for making smart swaps.

Granted favorable weather, 200,000 men, women and children of all colors, sizes and State affiliations will attend Washington's continuous animal fair over the present Easter week-end. No other public attraction in this city can begin to compete with that figure. These people don't go out to the park because there is nowhere else to go. They know that Mannville can always be depended upon for a good show.

Right now the American Republic liner Uruguay is about 36 hours out of New York, bound for Buenos Aires, with Dr. and Mrs. Mann on deck and 38 head of animals—barter bait—in the hold. All of these beasts are excess specimens which could be spared easily: civet cats, emperor geese, a binturong, Texas red wolves, bison, turtles, lizards, prairie dogs and a couple of bald eagles.

In their stead, you may be sure, National Zoological Park will receive a smart portion of South American animals obtained by swap from zoos in Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay. Perhaps the Zoo director will even swing a deal or two out in the field, after he sets up the expedition's animal-collecting headquarters. It happened more than once when the Manns were in the East Indies two years ago and it will happen again.

How the Trader Goes About It

For example, a native will approach the camp bearing a basket which is lightly closed. Shy at first, he soon throws out after being informed by a guide that he may look about him all he pleases. Presently his attention is attracted to a cunning little prairie dog which is hopping around in its cage. Ah, that's what he'll take for what's in the basket.

The deal was made. A prairie dog from Texas for a baby bushmaster, one of the deadliest of all snakes. Dr. Mann realizes that the bushmaster is next to impossible to keep in captivity because it usually refuses to feed, but he'll take a chance. And so the hypothetical native trots off happily with his hypothetical prairie dog.

The swaps with other zoos will be on a larger scale. Perhaps the pair of bald eagles for a pair of vicunas. Or four turtles, the binturong and a monitor lizard for a pair of black-necked swans.

Bongo Is Downright Clever

All this is pure conjecture, of course. Dr. Mann never discusses deals before they are made. In fact, he is silent until the exchange animals are safely quarantined here. Anything might happen to the 38 specimens traveling with him before they reach their destination. Beasts get sickish too. Similarly, there is no assurance that the creatures he picks up below the Equator will survive long enough to be introduced to Washington until they actually arrive.

Before he left, Dr. Mann declined to say what he would bring back, as was to be expected. Under a withering cross-examination, however, he was forced to admit that he

it from Bongo's keepers, this particular specimen is downright clever.

"If you don't believe it," said E. L. Johnson, one of the keepers in the pachyderm house, "just watch."

Whereupon he called the big brute's name and Bongo, then on the far side of the tank, turned about in the water and swam up to Johnson.

"Open up," the keeper commanded.

Bongo's tremendous head divided in the front, exposing a cavernous mouth whose tongue quivered expectantly.

"He likes to be petted," said Johnson, massaging his pet's gums and tapping the roof of the oral cavity. "You know, Bongo is a sensitive fellow. For one thing, he is camera shy. He will eat peanuts that are thrown into his mouth but he is too proud to bob for them in the water."

An Ambassador Of Good Will

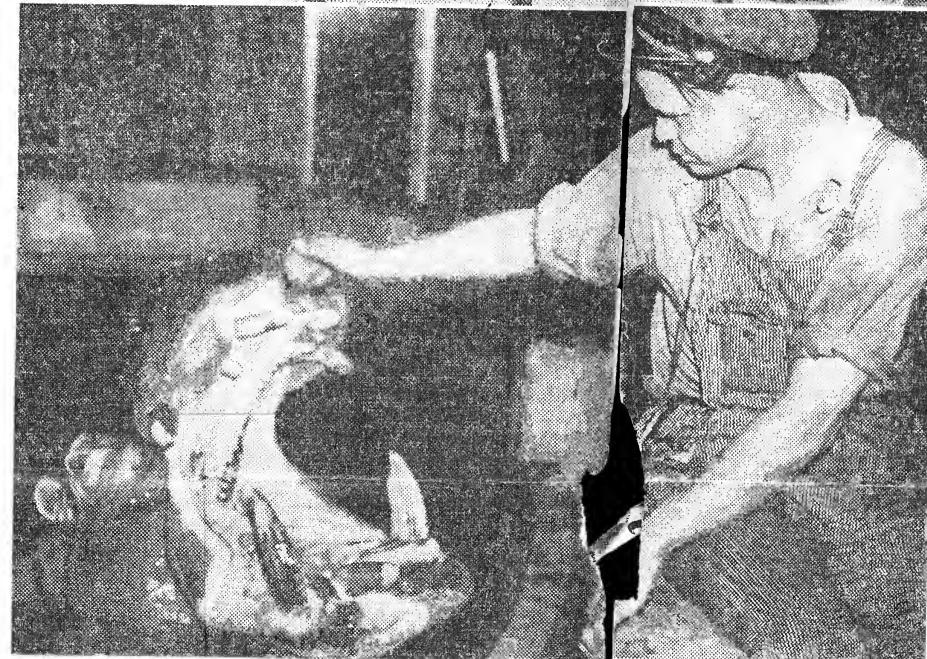
Dr. Mann laughed at talk about his being a "goodwill ambassador" to South America, a continent which seems to be the rope of contention in a tug of war between fascism and democracy, and yet such a compliment is not altogether unjustified. While he will deal with officials of zoos, not governments, the director's infectious grin and his fair dealing are bound to make a favorable impression on the Argentinians. In this connection, it might be mentioned that many of the specimens in Washington's Zoo were outright gifts by persons, ranging from maharajahs to local school children, whose generosity was drawn out by the Mann personality.

Anyone who entertains more than a fleeting interest in National Zoological Park might profit by reading the transcript of Dr. Mann's remarks to the House subcommittee on District appropriations which was published last Thursday. Called to justify his estimates in the 1939 supply bill, the director pointed out the following salient bits of information:

The present expedition to South America, the one-man expedition to India by Malcolm Davis, keeper

He'll soon have competition. This African rhinoceros, which for years has been the only rhino in National Zoological Park, will be joined in a few months by a handsome specimen which was captured in India. Another hippopotamus also may be received in the near future to supply the need of Bongo (shown below with Keeper E. L. Johnson) for a mate. Bongo loves to have his gums massaged like this.

Post Staff Photos.



of the birdhouse, to bring back a rhinoceros, and three trips made to New York by Dr. Mann since last summer—all are being financed by a \$2,000 travel appropriation.

The Zoo plant consists of 123 animal houses, shelters and service buildings spread out over 170 acres of land in Rock Creek Park. Last year 1,374 separate parties

of school children from 23 States and the District visited the Zoo as part of their instruction. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1938, 1,497 specimens were

added to the collections, 879 of which resulted from the National Geographic Society-Smithsonian Institution Expedition.

The feed bill is \$35,000 a year which, distributed over a total population of 2,750, means less than \$13 per capita.

"We are a national museum of living animals," Dr. Mann told the subcommittee. "Our sister institution is the United States National Museum. All animals that die in our Zoo that have any value scientifically are sent to the National Museum."

"Some things we contribute to research students. For instance, right now we are sending a professor out in the Middle West a lot of samples of animal dung. He is studying protozoa from types of animal dung. We sometimes send animal eyes to research men, but most animals of any technical value go to the National Museum. Our facilities are used by many research workers; some along very useful lines."

Although Dr. Mann has visited South America before, this will be his first trip to the Argentine. He said he expects to be from one month to six weeks in the field. On the voyage down there will be short stops in Rio de Janeiro, Santos and Montevideo before disembarkation in Buenos Aires, and in each of these cities he hopes to swing animal deals of one kind or another.

Americas to Swap Zoo Animals

Dr. Mann Sails Friday
With Cargo of
Specimens

Latest Ambassador of Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy with South America is Dr. William M. Mann, director of the Zoo, who leaves Washington this week for Argentina to swap North American zoological neighbors with those from South America.

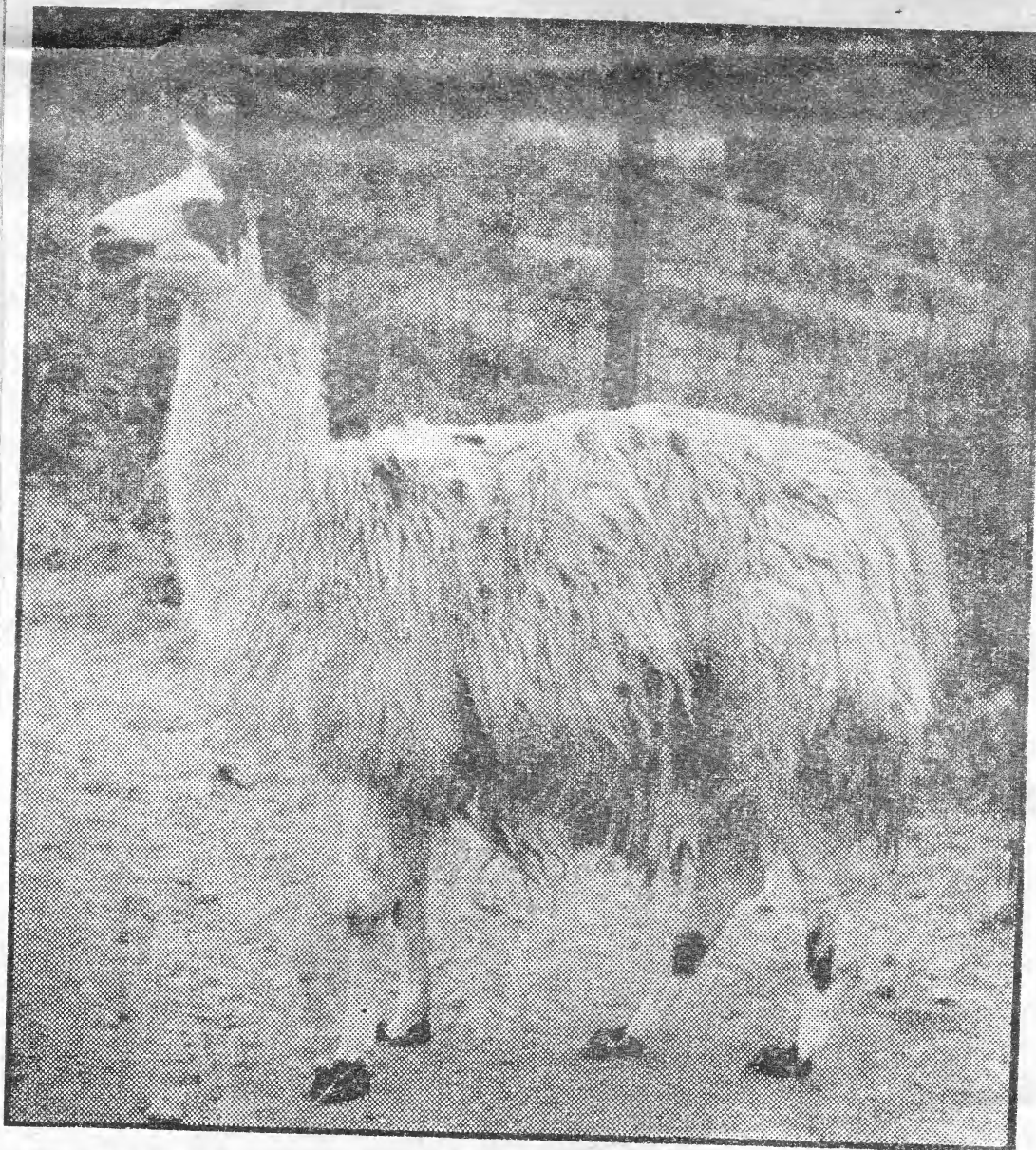
Carefully ensconced in the S.S. Uruguay when Dr. Mann sails from New York on Friday will be a pair of buffalo, several civet cats, an assortment of raccoons, a batch of coyotes, a mixture of North American prairie dogs, and one bald eagle—symbol of American democracy.

None of these animals is found among the animal neighbors of South America, and with them Dr. Mann, known as the greatest animal trader in the Western Hemisphere, expects to do a brisk business.

He is already in touch with the directors of the zoos at Buenos Aires and Rosario, where a pair of large, brown-eyed llamas are reported to be ready to do the Good Neighbor act and swap places with the National Zoological Park buffalo. The zoo in Rosario is also anxious to get a couple of Dr. Mann's prairie wolves.

Accompanying Dr. and Mrs. Mann on the trip, although not in an official capacity, will be Dr. John H. Gray, of Washington, former Harvard economist, who at the age of 80 is one of the world's premier hikers. Last year he took a walking trip through the Balkans, and may take another such expedition through part of Argentina.

Dr. Mann in Swapping Mood



Zoo Director Dr. William M. Mann leaves this week for the tranquil purlieus of South America to trade superfluities for rarities. This bald eagle, for instance, will be bartered for what the genial doctor can get. The llama stays here and possibly may get a pair of companions. Dr. Mann has his heart set on two more llamas.

The local battalion. The color guard is in the background.

Dr. Mann to Leave Friday On South America Expedition

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, will sail for Brazil and Argentina from New York Friday night to collect birds, reptiles and animals.

Dr. Mann is taking along two yearling American buffalos, several civet cats from the East Indies, and an assortment of coyotes, North American prairie dogs, raccoons and at least one American bald eagle.

The scientist plans to present these specimens to zoos in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and other South American cities. If the South Americans reciprocate, Dr. Mann will be more than happy to bring back some gift additions to the local Zoo.

Dr. Mann, for some months past has been in correspondence with zoo directors and animal dealers in South America. On his way south he will stop briefly in Rio de Janeiro, Santos and Montevideo to make plans for getting specimens together which he will pick up on the return journey.

Trip Into Interior Planned.
The Zoo director and his party, which included Mrs. Mann, veteran of several previous expeditions, and Dr. John H. Gray of Washington, retired Harvard economist, probably will spend more than a month in Argentina.

Dr. Mann expects to take a railroad trip into the interior of Argentina, in the direction of the lake region.

He may even get as far south as Northern Patagonia. The party will sail in the American Republic Line steamship Uruguay, and probably will return about the middle of June.

Dr. Mann has made many previous trips to South America on scientific missions. On one trip he crossed the Andes from the Pacific side and came down a tributary to the Amazon, crossing the continent on the latter river.

Looks Forward to Argentina.

He has never been to the Argentine, however, and looks forward with keen enthusiasm to making new friends in this part of Latin America.

Dr. Mann's last expedition was to the East Indies, from which he returned in the fall of 1937 with more than 1,000 rare animals, birds and reptiles. Last summer he took a vacation trip to Scandinavia, Russia, Germany, France and England.

Although he was on vacation, he kept right on working for the Washington Zoo, arranging swaps, making friends and meeting animal dealers. As a result, he was able to exchange specimens common here for species hard to obtain in the United States.

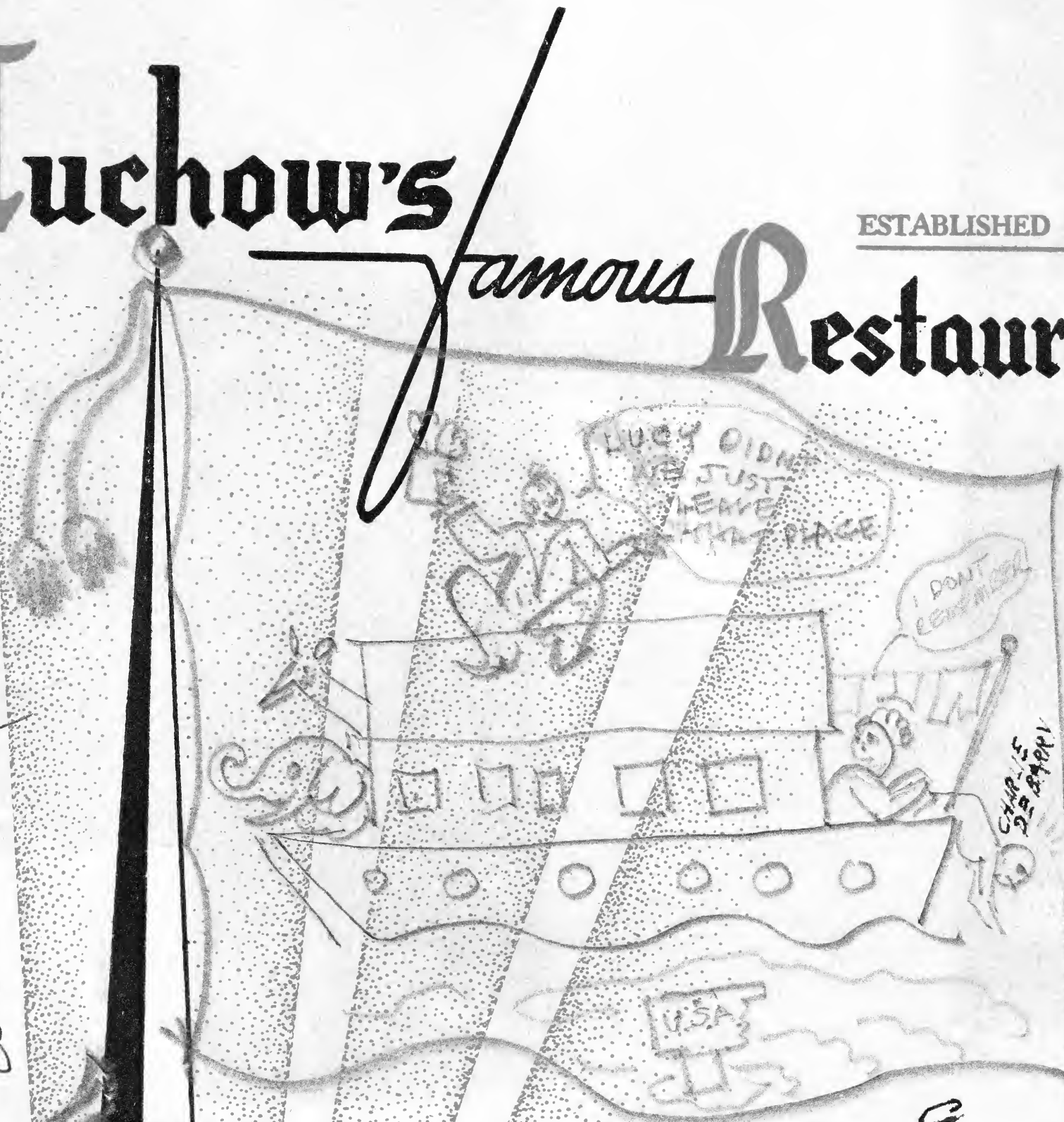
Farewell dinner at Suchow's - April 7-

not by Richard Steig or Lucy Knight Spel

Suchow's Famous Restaurant

ESTABLISHED 1882

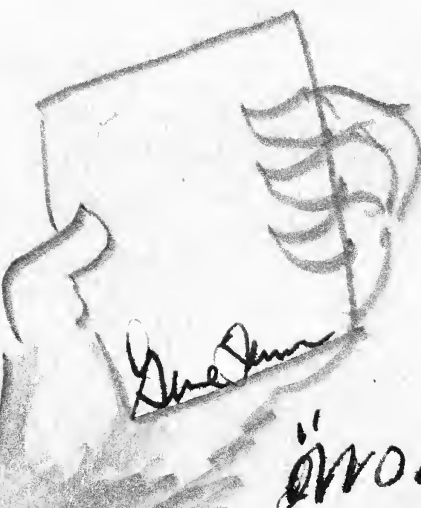
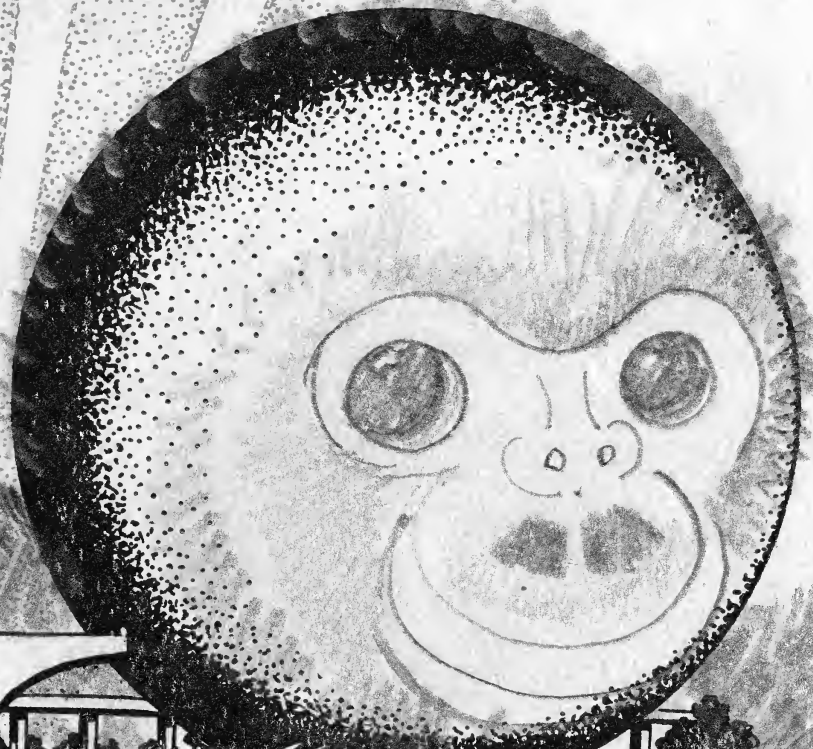
Lucy Knight Spel



CHAS. P. KNIGHT

E. L. Poy

Lucy Knight



NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1939

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Take Home Our Celebrated Coffee; 1 Pound 50c.; 2 Pounds 90c.; Five Pounds \$2.25

Anheuser-Busch, MichelobGlass 15 Seidel 30
Tally-Ho Beer " 10 " 20

SPECIAL DINNER
Served
EASTER SUNDAY

WURZBURGER HOFBRAU
Maerzen, Dark, Edelquell
PILSNER URQUELL

Glass 20 Seidel 35
Friday, April 7th, 1939

SPECIAL DINNER
Served
EASTER SUNDAY

Schaeff
Ruppe
Tromm

SPECIAL Seidel 20



- ry, Etc.
- Hot Cross Buns 20
 - Coffee Ring 25
 - Custard Pie 30
 - Fruit Tartlet 35
 - Syrup 65
 - Almond Horn 20
 - Vienna Coffee Ring or Schmecke 20
 - Cream Roll 20
 - Charlotte Russe 25
 - Pound or Raisin Cake 20
 - Cup Custard 25
 - Cold Rice Pudding, Fruit Sauce 30
 - Cold Rice Pudding, Ice Cream 40
 - Apple Pie 30 A la Mode 40
 - Apple Pie, Whipped Cream 40
 - Crepes Suzette 1 25
 - German Pancake, Plain 65
 - German Pancake, Chocolate Dressing 90
 - German Pancake with Apple 80
 - French Pancakes 85
 - Kaiserschmarrn with Apple Sauce 1 00
 - Omelette Confiture au Rum 1 00
 - Omelette Souffle, Vanilla, per person 1 00
 - Macaroons 30
 - Lady Fingers 20
 - Assorted Cakes 30
 - Meringue Panache 50

- Fruits & Compotes**
- Fresh Strawberries with Cream 50
 - Baked Apple 25 with Cream 30
 - Melon in Season 35
 - Fresh Rhubarb Compote 35
 - Preserved Peaches 40
 - Preserved Cherries 40
 - Preserved Plums 35
 - Preserved Nectarines or Peeled Apricots 35
 - Preserved Pineapple or Pears 35
 - Mixed Compote 40
 - Fresh Sliced Pineapple 35
 - Fruit Cocktail 40
 - Grapefruit Cocktail 40
 - Imported Preisselbeeren 35
 - Grapefruit, half 30
 - Preserved Figs 40
 - Red Currant Jelly 25
 - Stewed Prunes 25
 - Bar-le-Duc 35
 - Natural Honey 25
 - Apple Sauce 25
 - Raspberry Jam 25
 - Cuban Guava Jelly 25

- Home Made Ice Cream**
- Ice Cream Fruit Cup 55
 - French Pistachio Ice Cream 45
 - Ice Cream Fruit Cup, Angostura 55
 - French Strawberry Ice Cream 45
 - Strawberry Parfait 55
 - Chocolate or Vanilla 30
 - Chocolate Parfait 40
 - Coffee Parfait 50
 - Peach a la Melba 65
 - Biscuit Tortoni 30
 - Punch a la Romaine 55
 - Sorbet au Kirsch or Maraschino 45
 - Orange Ice 30
 - Lemon Ice 30
 - Raspberry Ice 30
 - French Vanilla or Coffee 45
 - Baked Alaska 1 25

- Coffee, Tea, Etc.**
- Coffee with Cream, (Pot for 1) 20
 - Demi (For 1) 15
 - Tea (Pot for 1) 20
 - Chocolate or Cocoa 30
 - Coffee Glace 35
 - Milk or Buttermilk, glass 15
 - Coffee in Percolater, Demi 25
 - Kaffee Hag, Postum or Sanka 20
 - Iced Tea or Coffee 35
 - Iced Tea or Coffee, pot 20

Appetizers

- Genuine Imported Russian Caviar, portion 3 00
- Canape of Russian Caviar 1 25
- Appetits Broedchen 85
- (2) Roseapples with Crabflakes 75
- Pate de Foie Gras 1 00
- Eggs a la Russe 1 00
- Herring Salad 60
- Filet of Maatjes Herring 40
- Filet of Marinierte Herring 40
- Filet of Herring, Wine or Mustard Sauce 45
- Imported Bismarck Herring or Roll Mops 40
- Canape of Smoked Salmon or Sardellen 45
- Norwegian Brisling Sardines, per box 45
- Large Boneless Sardines, per box 90
- Norwegian Gabelbissen or Anchovies 65
- Anchovies in Oil, per portion 50
- Sardellen, portion 75
- Schlemmerschnitte 1 50
- Special Appetizer a la Luchow 1 00
- Shrimp Cocktail 65
- Crabflake, Lobster or Seafood Cocktail 75
- Crabflakes, Ravigotte 85
- Tomato or Sauerkraut Juice 20
- Orange or Pineapple Juice 25
- Grapefruit Juice 25
- Gaensefett, per portion 25

Oysters & Clams

- Lynnhaven Oysters 50-85
- Diamond Point Oysters 45-75
- Blue Point Oysters 35-60
- CherryStone Clams 40-75
- Little Neck Clams 35-60
- Clam Juice Cocktail 50
- Oyster or Clam Fry 80
- Oysters or Clams, Casino 1 00
- Oyster or Clam Omelette 85
- Oyster or Clam Stew 55
- Oyster or Clam Stew 55 with Cream 65

Cold Dishes

- Smoked Canadian Golden Brook Trout, Knob Celery, Potato Salad 1 15
- Maatjes Herring, String Beans, New Potato 75
- Smoked Nova Scotia Salmon 1 15
- Smoked Lake Sturgeon 1 35
- *Eels in Jelly 75
- *Smoked Eel 75
- Luchow's Delicatess Aufschnitt 1 75
- Schweden Platter, per cover 1 75
- *Cold Cuts for (1) 1 25
- Own Selection 1 50
- Schabefleisch mit Ei und Sardellen 1 75
- Wurstplatte, Kartoffelsalat 85
- *Thueringer Art Blutwurst 75
- *Sulzkotelette 75
- Schuetzen or Bierwurst 65
- Knackwurst 50
- *Pigs Knuckle in Jelly 85
- *Home Made Sulze, Vinaigrette 65
- *Boiled Ham 85
- *Roast Veal or Lamb 85
- *Roast Beef 1 00
- *Roast Turkey, White Meat 1 35
- *Quarter Roast Duckling 1 00
- *Beef Tongue, Smoked 95
- *Imported Boiled Ham 1 00
- Julienne of Westphaelian Ham 1 10
- Genuine Imported Westphaelian Ham 1 15
- Beef Steak a la Tartare 1 00
- Importierter Luernberger Ochsenmaul Salat 85
- Geraucherte Leberwurst 75
- Importierte Cervelatwurst 95
- Imported Salami 95
- Pickled Pigs Feet, Sliced Onions 65
- Half Lobster, Mayonnaise 1 25
- Whole Lobster, Mayonnaise 2 00
- Crabflakes Ravigotte 85
- Dicke Milch 50
- with Boiled Potato 65
- Bowl of Milk and Crackers 30
- Milk & Cream 40

Dishes Marked (*) are Served with Potato Salad

Special Dinner \$1.50
Served from 5 to 9 P. M.

- Oyster, Shrimp, Clam or Fruit Cocktail
- Marinated Herring Bismarck Herring
- Roulade of Herring Herring Salad
- Smoked Eel Half Grapefruit Sulze Vinaigrette
- Ochsenmaul Salat Pineapple or Tomato Juice
- Soft Clam Chowder Consomme A B C
- Noodle Soup
- Celery
- Filet of Haddock, Mustard Butter
- Parsley Potato Cole Slaw
- Potted Flank of Beef, Esterhazy
- Easter Lamb Beuschel, Risotto
- Fricadelle, Browned Butter
- Fried Breast of Lamb, Tomato Sauce
- Casserole of Seafood Newburg, Fleuron
- Deviled Crab Imperial, Cole Slaw
- Boneless Shad, Creole
- Roast Prime Ribs of Beef 1 75
- Shad Roe, Sliced Mushrooms 2 00
- Half Fried Chicken, Vienna Style 1 75
- Broiled Sirloin Steak 2 50
- Brussel Sprouts or Stewed Lentils
- Rum Tart Hot Cross Buns Spritzkuchen
- Filled Coffee Ring Almond Cake
- Cocoanut Custard Pie Dresdner Stollen
- Apple Cake Apple Strudel
- Ice Cream Water Ices Pies
- Fruit Compote Cheese Cake
- Any Kind of Cheese with Pumpernickle
- Coffee Tea or Milk

Fish & Seafood
(To Order)

- Fried Soft Shell Crabs, Sauce Tartar, Pot. Salad 1 35
- Planked South Carolina Shad a la Luchow 1 50
- Fresh Giant Bluefish Casserole, Vegetables 1 50
- Broiled Boneless South Carolina Shad, Potato 1 25
- Brook Trout Bleu, Horseradish Cream, Potato 1 25
- South Carolina Shad Roe, Bacon, Mixed Salad 1 50
- Cucumber Smelts au Four, Potato Salad 1 25
- Broiled Striped Bass, Baked Potato 1 00
- Sea Trout Sauter, Mixed Salad 95
- Fried Weakfish, Mashed Potatoes 95
- Fried L. I. Scallops, Tartar Sauce, Mixed Salad 1 35
- Smoked Canadian Golden Brook Trout, Salad 1 15
- Broiled Codfish, Creamed Potatoes 95
- English Sole Sauter Meuniere, Mixed Salad 1 65
- Fried Filet of Sole, Sauce Tartar, Potato Salad 95
- Broiled Live Lobster from 2 00
- Lobster a la Newburg in Chafing Dish (for 1) 2 00

Steaks & Chops

- Chopped Beef Steak, French Fried Potatoes 90
- Sirloin Steak 2 25 en Casserole 2 75
- Sirloin Steak a la Jardiniere, (Fresh) 3 00
- Sirloin Steak a la Mayer 2 25
- Double Sirloin Steak 4 00 En Casserole 4 50
- Tenderloin Steak 2 50 Double 4 00
- Chateaubriand (for 3) 6 00
- Porterhouse Steak 3 75 Double 6 50
- Planked Steak, Fresh Vegetables, per person 3 00
- Steak Minute, Potatoes 1 75
- Jardiniere 2 50
- Filet Mignon (1) 1 85 A la Jardiniere 2 50
- Family Porterhouse 7 50 Club Steak 6 50
- Lamb Chops 1 25 Breaded, Tomato Sauce 1 35
- Wiener Schnitzel 1 25 Naturschnitzel 1 35
- Broiled Ham Steak 1 25 Pork Chops 1 00
- Calif's Liver Sauter, Bacon, Baked Potato 1 25
- Grilled Calif's Liver Steak, Bacon, Potato 1 35
- (with Onions, Sauce Bordelaise or Bearnaise, 25c. extra, with Stewed Mushrooms, 35c. extra per person)

RELISHES

- New Dill Pickle 20
- Major Grey's Chutney 30
- Stuffed Olives 35
- Bier Rettig 25
- Celery 40
- Radishes 25
- Stuffed Celery 55
- Imported Pickled Onions 25
- Dill Pickle 20
- Senfgurken 30

SOUPS

- Soft Clam Chowder 25
- Consomme A B C 25
- Tasse Fleischbruehe, Mark 30
- Clam Broth, 10 min. 30
- Luchow's Suppentopf 65
- Kraftsuppe 35
- Chicken Broth, Rice 35
- French Onion Soup au Gratin 50
- Clear Turtle Soup, Amontillado 50
- Noodle Soup 25

FISH

- Boiled Haddock, Mustard Butter, Parsley Potato 85
- Fried L. I. Flounder, Sauce Tartar, Potato Salad 75
- Broiled Boston Scrod, Creamed Potatoes 85
- Broiled Sea Bass, Stewed Potatoes 85
- Jumbo Finnan Haddie au Four, Spinach, Potatoes 1 00
- King Mackerel, Sauce Italienne, Mashed Potatoes 85
- Codfish Cakes, Tomato Sauce, Cole Slaw 55
- Filet of Kipperd Herring, 1 Fried Egg, Potatoes 75
- Seafood Patties a la Newburg, New Peas 85

FRIDAY SEAFOOD SPECIALS (to order)

- FRESH GIANT BLUEFISH CASSEROLE, FRESH VEGETABLES 1 50
- FRIED SOFT SHELL CRABS, SAUCE TARTAR, POTATO SALAD 1 35
- *BOUILLABAISSSE, MARSEILLAISE, (READY) 1 00
- FRESH CUT SHAD ROE AND BACON, IDAHO BAKED POTATO 1 50
- FILET OF DOVER SOLE MORNAY, PARSLEY POTATO 1 75
- PLANKED BONELESS SOUTH CAROLINA SHAD, LUCHOW 1 50
- FRIED L. I. SCALLOPS, SAUCE TARTAR, CUCUMBER AND POTATO SALAD 1 35
- FROGS LEGS SAUTE MEUNIERE, MIXED SALAD 1 35
- CUCUMBER SMELTS, SPLIT AND BROILED, LETTUCE AND TOMATO 1 35
- SMOKED CANADIAN GOLDEN BROOK TROUT au Four, Field Salad, Potato 1 15

SPECIALS (to order)

- Fresh California Asparagus, Sauce Hollandaise 1 25
- BABY LAMB CHOP OR STEAK, FRESH VEGETABLES 1 50
- GRILLED VEAL CHOP, FRESH MUSHROOMS, FRENCH FRIED 1 50
- HAMBURGER STEAK LUCHOW, FRESH VEGETABLES 1 35
- VEAL GOULASH A LA MINUTE, RICE 95
- BROILED IRISH BACON, ENGLISH SPINACH, BAKED POTATO 1 25
- FRESH KILLED SQUAB CHICKEN CASSEROLE, GARNI 1 50
- WHOLE SPRING GUINEA HEN ON WINEKRAUT 2 00
- BROILED SWEETBREADS, NEW PEAS 1 25

SPECIALS (*ready to serve)

- *POTTED FLANK OF BEEF ESTERHAZY, SPAETZLE 85
- *HOME CORNED PORK, BOILED CABBAGE, POTATO, PICKLED BEETS 95
- *FRIED BREAST OF BABY LAMB, NEW STRING BEANS, POTATOES 85
- *Easter Lamb Beuschel, Risotto 75
- *Fricadelle, Red Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes 75
- *Knackwurst, Stewed Lentils 75
- *Casserole of Spaghetti with Fresh Mushrooms 65
- *(2) Poached Eggs on Spinach au Gratin 85
- *Chicken Cutlets, New Lima Beans, Potato 65
- Paprika Schnitzel Casserole, Spaetzle 1 35
- Half Broiled Incubator Chicken, Fresh Vegetables 1 35
- *Half Roast Jersey Duckling, Red Cabbage, Potatoes 2 60
- *Pancake with Plum Jam 85
- *Grilled Pigs Feet, Sauce Diable, Potato Salad 75
- (1) Portion of Asparagus with Julienne of Westphaelian Ham 1 75
- *Jardiniere of Fresh Vegetable Dinner, Fried Egg, en Casserole 95
- *Calif's Head Vinaigrette, Potatoes 90
- *Grilled Bratwurst, Sauerkraut, Mashed Potatoes 85
- *Chicken Fricassee with Noodles 1 15
- White Meat Only 1 50
- *Sauerbraten, Kartoffelkloesse 1 00
- *Corned Pigs Knuckle, Sauerkraut, Mashed Potatoes 90
- *Rindebrust, Meerrettig Sauce, Bruehkartoffeln 1 00
- Hamburger Steak, Fried Onions, Fried Potatoes 85
- *Roast Prime Ribs of Beef, Idaho Baked Potato 1 35
- Extra Cut 2 35

VEGETABLES

- Brussel Sprouts 40
- New Lima Beans 40
- Sauerkraut 25
- English Spinach 45
- Red Cabbage 35
- Mashed Peas 25
- French Carrots 50
- Carrots 35
- New String Beans 40
- Deutsche Pfefferlinge 60
- Cauliflower Hollandaise 50
- Fresh Creamed Spinach 30
- Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce 65
- French Peas 35
- New Green Peas 40

POTATOES

- Saute 25
- Hashed Brown 30
- Au Gratin 35
- French Fried 25
- Cottage Fried 40
- Boiled 20
- Mashed 20
- Potatoes Anna 65
- Hashed in Cream 30
- Idaho Baked 25
- Julienne 35
- Lyonnaise 30
- Potato Balls 30
- Fried Sweets 35

Dishes Marked (*) are Ready to Serve

Luchow's House Specialties

- Grilled Fresh Pork Tenderloin, Panashee 1 25
- Veal Kidney with Bacon, New Peas 1 25
- Veal Chop Breaded, Spinach, Potatoes 1 25
- Calif's Head en Tortue, Potatoes 95
- Broiled Fresh Mushrooms on Toast 85
- Broiled Fresh Mushrooms, Florentine 1 00
- Hoppel-Poppel, Kopfsalat 1 25
- Gehacktes Kalbshirn mit Ruehrei, Gurkensalat 90
- Bratwurst en Casserole, Gastronomie 1 15
- *Rinderbrust Casserole, Sauerkraut 1 25
- *Rinderbrust Casserole, Bourgeoise 1 25
- *Rinderbrust mit Nudeln im Topf 1 25
- *Huhn im Topf, Bouillon Nudeln 1 25
- Prager Saftwuertchen Panashee 75
- *Domestic Frankfurters, Sauerkraut, Potatoes 65
- *Imported Frankfurters, Sauerkraut, Potatoes 85
- Sahnen Goulasch vom Kalbsfilet mit Reis 95
- Feines Ragout in der Muschel 75
- Ragout a la Deutsch with Spaetzle 1 25
- Sauere Kalbsleber mit Spaetzle, Casserole 1 00
- Hamburger Steak Luchow, Fried Potatoes 1 15
- Paprika Schnitzel with Noodles 1 35
- Lammkoteletten Steinpilze, Casserole 1 65
- Natur Schnitzel, Steinpilze 1 65
- Luchow's Schnitzel 1 65
- Holsteiner Schnitzel, Natur 1 65
- Paniert 1 50
- Chicken a la King in Chafing Dish 1 50
- Incubator Chicken en Casserole 1 85
- Chicken Livers a la Luchow 1 10
- Broiled Spring Chicken, half 1 35
- whole 2 50
- Paprika Chicken, Noodles 1 35
- Tiroler Alpen Ragout, Casserole 1 50
- Filet Goulash a la Minute, Reis 1 25
- Importierte Gaenseleber, Luchow 5 00
- Wiener Roastbraten, Rohscheiben 2 00
- Kalbsfilet Frische Gemuese 1 75
- Doppeltes Mastkalbssteak in Casserole 3 00
- Extra Cut Veal Chop Casserole a la Luchow 2 75
- Potato Pancakes 50 with Apple Sauce 65

Salads

- French Endives 35
- Imported Knob Celery 35
- Heart of Lettuce 25
- Chicory 25
- Escarolle 25
- Combination 40
- Chiffonade 40
- Lettuce and Tomatoes 30
- Sliced Tomatoes 25
- Egg 40
- Romaine 25
- Asparagus Tips 50
- Cole Slaw 20
- Potato 15
- Fruit 40
- Grapefruit 40
- String Beans 25
- Fresh Vegetable Salad 45
- Watercress 40
- Cucumber 50
- Cucumber w. Cream Dressing 65
- Spanish 75
- Baltic Sea Crevettes 1 00
- Crabflake 1 25
- Shrimp 1 00
- Chicken 1 15
- Lobster 1 75
- Sweet Pickles 25
- Pickled Onions 25
- Pickled Beets 30
- Sliced Bermuda Onion 25
- Herring 60

Dressings

- Roquefort 25
- Mayonnaise 15
- Lemon 15
- Russian 15
- Tartar Sauce 15

Rarebits

- Welsh Rarebit 55
- Long Island Rarebit 65
- Golden Buck 70
- Yorkshire Rarebit 80

Home Made Dresdner Stollen, large 2 75 small 1 75

Orders Taken For Home Made Pies & Pastries

Goose Fat (ready to take home); per Pint 75 Quart 1 35

WANTED
DEAD ALIVE



NO-67891-2

Gentleman of the Press

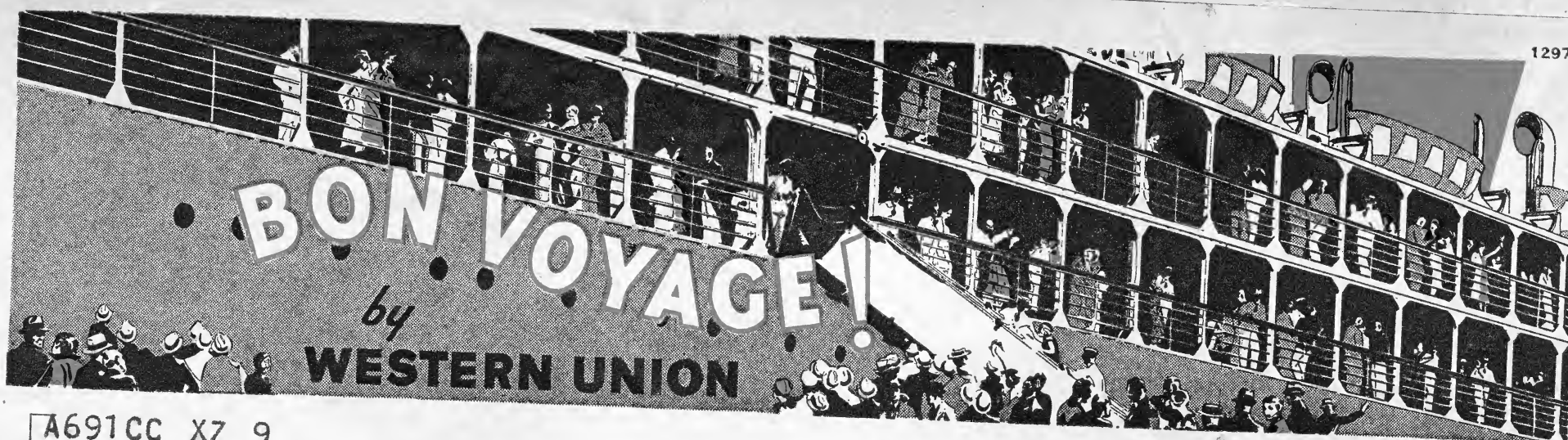


Pierre Bourdel, W.M.M. Lucy Steel



Chas. Knight, De Barry L.Q.M. Roy Matellito

Photos by Gene Fenn



TA691CC XZ 9

TDP BRYNMAWR PENN

DR AND MRS W M MANN

SS URUGUAY NYK

GOOD LUCK GOOD TRIP GET ENSATINA GET NO DISEASES

EMMETT AND MERLE

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

1201

R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

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Received at 203 West 14th Street, New York

1939 APR 7 PM 8 58

NV127 10=WASHINGTON DC 7 738P

DOCTOR WILLIAM M MANN=

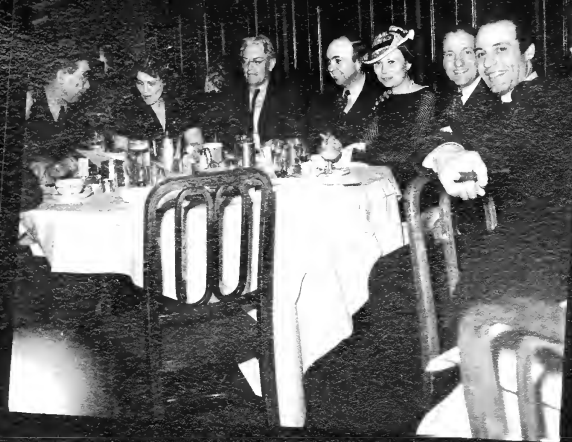
SS URUGUAY PIER 60 NORTH RIVER FOOT WEST 19 ST

SAILING MIDNITE=

MALCOLM BIRDS SAFE PORT SAID ROUGH COLD TRIP FINE CREW=

NELLIE DAVIS

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



At Suchow's

On Board S.S. Uruguay



K32CC 4B 15 SC

DC WASHINGTON DC

DR WILLIAM AND LUCY MANN

AMERICAN REPUBLIC LINE SS URUGUAY SAILING TONIGHT NYK

DEAR BILL AND LUCY WE MISSED THE BOAT BUT HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY THE TRIP ANYWAY

FRED AND OLLIE





Buffalo crate on forward deck.

31A201-0543



S. S. URUGUAY



Passenger List

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

DAILY PROGRAM SAILING SOUTHWARD WITH AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE



MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, Inc.

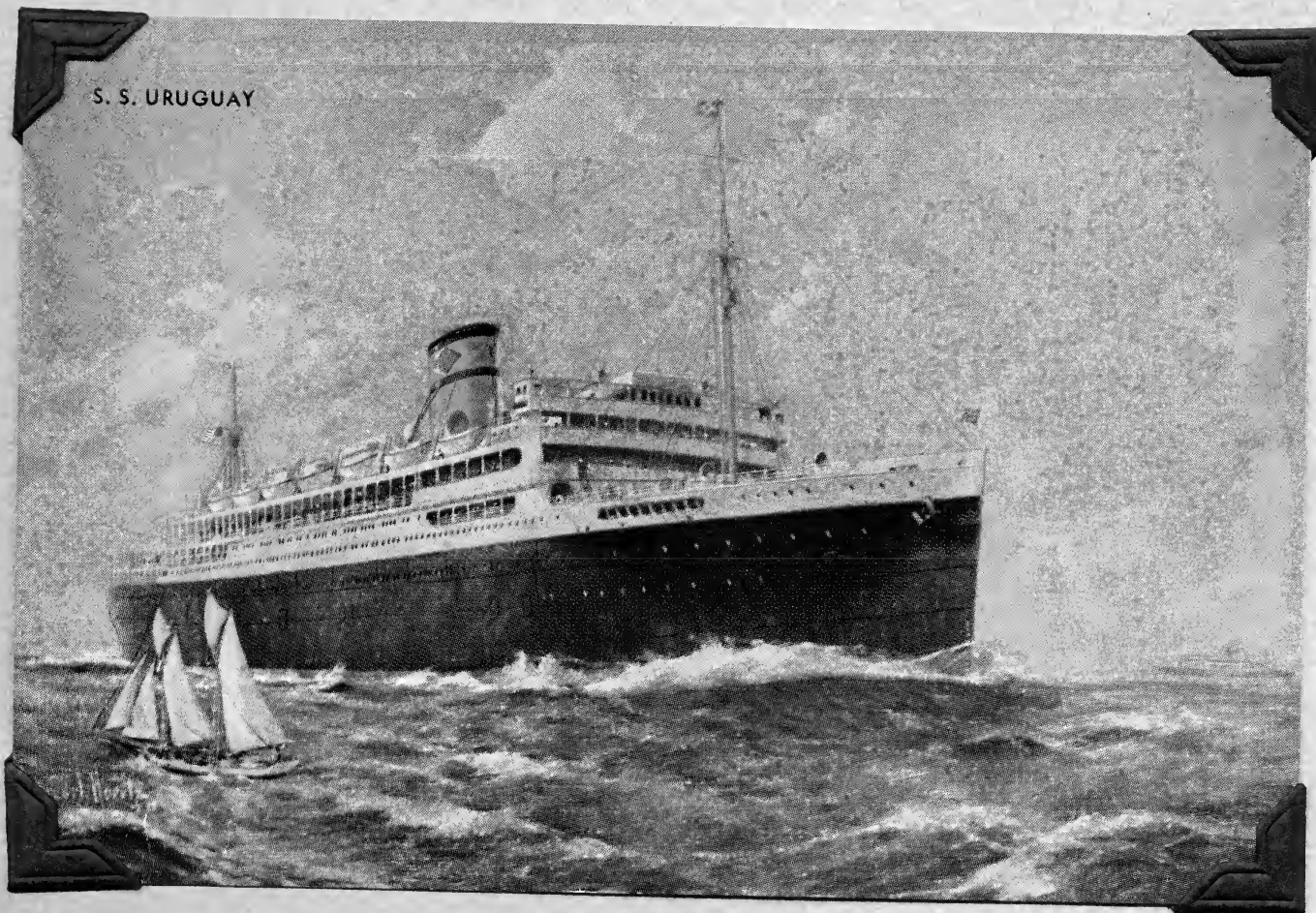


S. S. URUGUAY

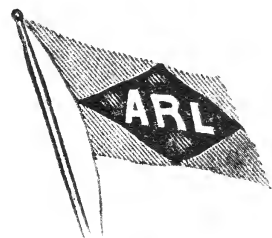
At Sea

Captain William B. Oakley, Master of the
S. S. Uruguay, requests the honor of your presence at
dinner this evening.

Please join him at his table in the First Class
Dining Saloon at seven-thirty.



S. S. URUGUAY



LIST OF
FIRST CABIN PASSENGERS

S. S. URUGUAY

Sailing from
NEW YORK
SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1939

For
BARBADOS, BRITISH WEST INDIES
RIO DE JANEIRO } BRAZIL
SANTOS }
MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY,
BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE
"The Good Neighbor Fleet"

Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc.
Managing Agents
5 Broadway, New York

DAILY PROGRAM
SAILING SOUTHWARD
WITH
AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

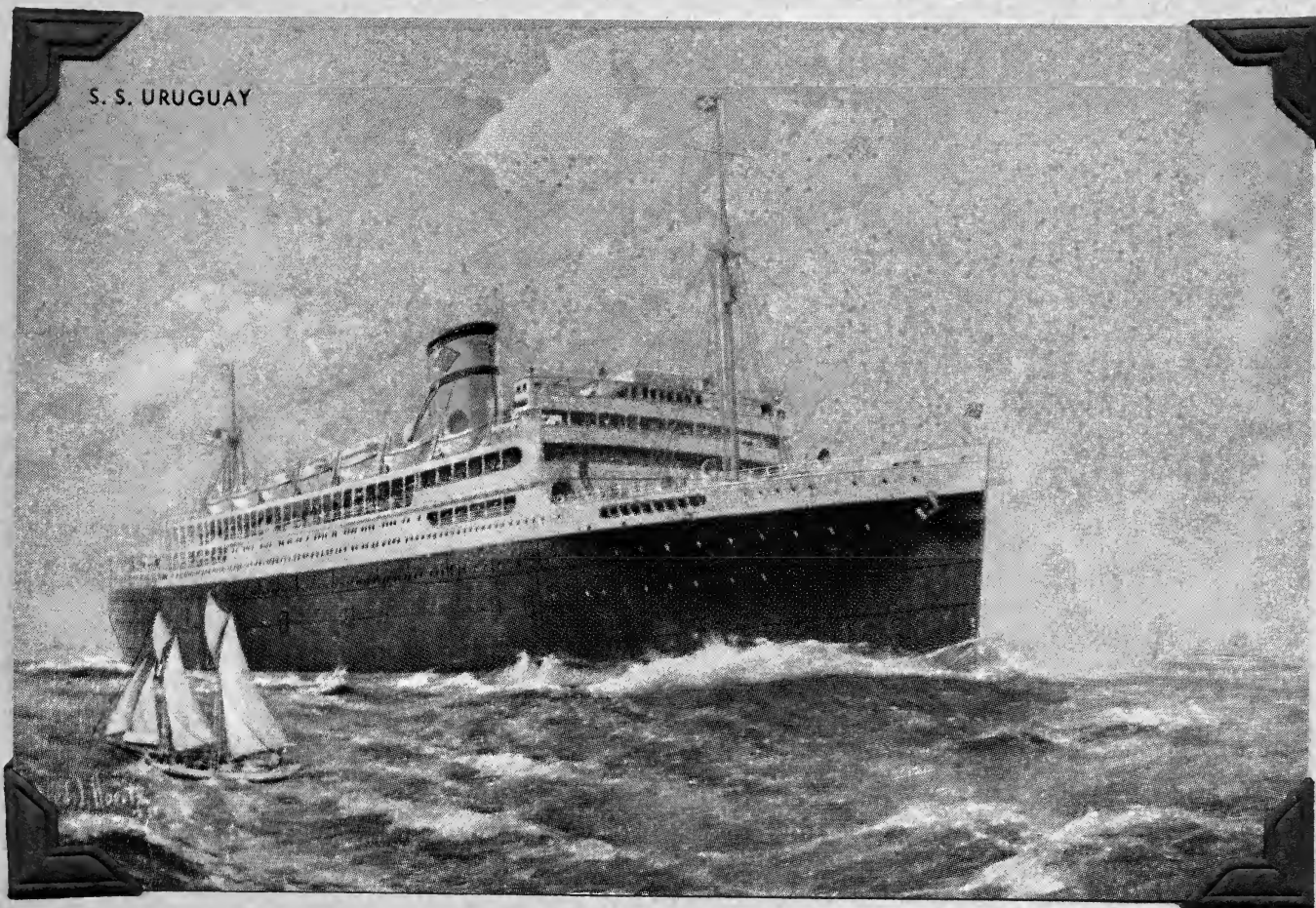


MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, Inc.



S. S. URUGUAY

At Sea



Captain William B. Oakley, Master of the
S. S. Uruguay, requests the honor of your presence at
dinner this evening.

Please join him at his table in the First Class
Dining Saloon at seven-thirty.

GREETINGS

We bid you a hearty welcome on board this great American liner.

The BRAZIL, ARGENTINA and URUGUAY are the largest liners to run to South America in regular service.

These superb steamers mark a new and forward step in the history of the American Merchant Marine, and we hope you will thoroughly enjoy the voyage.

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

OFFICERS

Commander:

WILLIAM B. OAKLEY

Chief Officer.....RUSSELL B. WILKE

First Officer...LEROY J. ALEXANDERSON

Chief Engineer.....PETER NEWMAN

Surgeon.....WILLIAM PHILIPS GRAY

Chief Purser...WILLIAM D. GEOGHEGAN

Chief Steward.....CHARLES HEIDORN

Chef.....FRITZ UHLMANN

Cruise Director

TELL C. SCHREIBER

LIST OF PASSENGERS

CRUISE

Mr. Spencer L. Adams
Mrs. Adams
Miss Teresa B. Allocca
Mrs. Myrtle Ford Boys
Miss Marie Bruckman
Mr. Terence G. Burke
Mr. Frank E. Busse
Mrs. Busse
Mrs. J. S. Farrow
Mr. Norman K. Foley
Mrs. Foley
Mr. Wellsley Cecil Gage
Mrs. E. Hay
Mrs. David Kamensten
Mr. Thomas W. Lister
Mrs. Lister
Mr. S. Albert Lowenstein
Mrs. Lowenstein
Mr. Herman W. Mersbach
Mr. Charles Bancroft McClellan
Mrs. Martha Bass McClellan
Rev. Thomas F. Powers
Mrs. Helen Pierce
Mr. Joseph Reinhardt
Mrs. Reinhardt
Mr. Siegbert Salinger
Miss Hattie Salinger
Miss Mary H. Sherman
Miss Jane Squier
Mr. Clarence F. Wessel
Mrs. Wessel
Mr. Sidney Weil
Mrs. Weil
Mr. E. Williams

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

Mr. J. B. Wise
Mrs. Wise
Miss Patricia Wise

BARBADOS

Miss Mary E. Burke
Miss Marie Dubuc
Mr. Kenneth D. Edwards
Miss Sidney Greaves
Mr. J. A. Kyle
Mr. Robert O. Lord
Mrs. Lord
Mrs. O. H. Massie
Miss Charlotte Massie
Mr. Frederick P. Reynolds, Jr.
Mr. Victor Volmar

RIO DE JANEIRO

Mr. Renato de Azevedo
Mrs. Azevedo
Dr. Charles E. Boys
Miss Edith Bray
Mr. William B. Brown
Mrs. Brown
Ambassador Jefferson Caffery
and Manservant
Mrs. Caffery
and Maid
Mr. Howard J. Cooper
Mrs. A. J. Dates
Miss Virginia Dowe

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

Mr. Northam L. Griggs
Mrs. Griggs
and Maid
Master Trowbridge L. Griggs
Mr. Jeffrey Gruber
Mrs. Edna Gruber
Mr. Manuel Gusmao, Jr.
Mrs. Gusmao
Miss Norah Gusmao
Mr. Franklin R. Hall
Mr. Herbert M. Hodges
Mrs. Hodges
Mr. Ragnar A. Hummel
Mr. R. S. Horace A. Luro
Mr. Leopold Mellinger
Mrs. Gertrude H. McKee
Mr. Francis Olin
Mrs. Olin
Commander Raul Reis
Mrs. Reis
Miss Regina Reis
Mr. Sasha A. Siemel
Mrs. T. P. Stevenson
Dr. Walter Swingle
Mr. Pierre Watel
Miss Patricia Wilder

SANTOS

Mr. Joao Martins Ribeiro
Mrs. Ribeiro
Mr. Joel Jorge de Mello

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

BUENOS AIRES

Mr. Joseph Boyle
Mr. C. W. Brooks
Mr. C. E. S. Burns
Mrs. Burns
Mr. Augustin Caixach
Mrs. Caixach
Mrs. Constanca P. de Carvalho
Mr. Robert J. Craig
Mr. Alfredo F. Diehl
Dr. John H. Grey
Mr. Heinz Lindemann
Mr. W. M. Mann
Mrs. Mann
Mr. Rutger Bleeker Miller, Jr.
Mrs. Hazel V. Minerva
Mrs. Carlton Proctor
Mr. Jorge Sabate
Mr. William H. Shippen, Jr.
Mrs. Shippen
Mr. Joseph Stolfi
Mrs. Charles W. Twist
Mr. Isidor Weinstein
Mrs. Weinstein
Dr. Eduardo A. Zorraquin
Mrs. Zorraquin

BARBADOS to RIO DE JANEIRO

Mr. Moyses Mattan
Miss Luisa Maria Rodriguez
Mr. Samper
Mrs. Samper
Mr. Arthur Wainwright

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

RIO DE JANEIRO to BUENOS AIRES

Mr. B. J. Bridgeford
Mrs. Bridgeford
Mr. Claude Cummings
Mrs. Cummings
Mrs. Lois Poultney
Mrs. M. Stewart

SANTOS to BUENOS AIRES

General Edward J. Higgins
Mrs. Higgins



THIS "daily program" will serve you as a guide to daily events aboard ship, which, it is hoped will add greatly to your pleasure during days and evenings at sea.

As is the custom at sea, the Purser and Cruise Director suggests a Committee be formed among the passengers to direct arrangements for sports and other activities to make the voyage entertaining.

The daily program shown here is offered only as a suggestion to the Committee. Changes may be made in it and announcements of changes, if any, will be made on the bulletin boards and over the public address system.

The American Republics Line, both aboard ship and ashore wishes you a most pleasant journey.

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE
of
MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, Inc.

AMERICAN

SATURDAY

10:00 A.M.—Semi-Finals—all sports.
11:00 A.M. to 12 Noon—Arthur Murray's dance class in the Lounge.
12:30 P.M.—Luncheon on deck—Luncheon Concert.
3:00 P.M.—Children's Party on deck.
4:30 P.M.—Horse Racing on deck.
6:30 P.M.—Cocktail Trio in the Verandah Cafe.
9:15 P.M.—Grand Masquerade Ball in the Lounge followed by dancing on deck. Arthur Murray's Dancers will introduce the "Paul Jones."

SUNDAY

10:00 A.M.—Holy Mass in the Library.
11:00 A.M.—Divine Services in the Lounge.
12:30 P.M.—Luncheon on deck.
4:30 P.M. to 5 P.M.—Concert—Lido Deck.
6:30 P.M.—Trio in the Verandah Cafe.
8:45 P.M.—Tryton, Neptune's Messenger, comes aboard.
9:00 P.M.—Movies, place of showing to be announced.
10:30 P.M.—Dancing.

MONDAY

10:00 A.M.—Deck Sports Finals.
11:00 A.M. to 12 Noon—Arthur Murray's Dance Class in the Lounge.
12:30 P.M.—Luncheon on deck.
2:30 P.M.—Neptune Party.
6:30 P.M.—Musical Trio Cocktail Hour in the Verandah Cafe.
10:00 P.M. to 1 A.M.—Movies, place of showing to be announced. Dancing on deck.

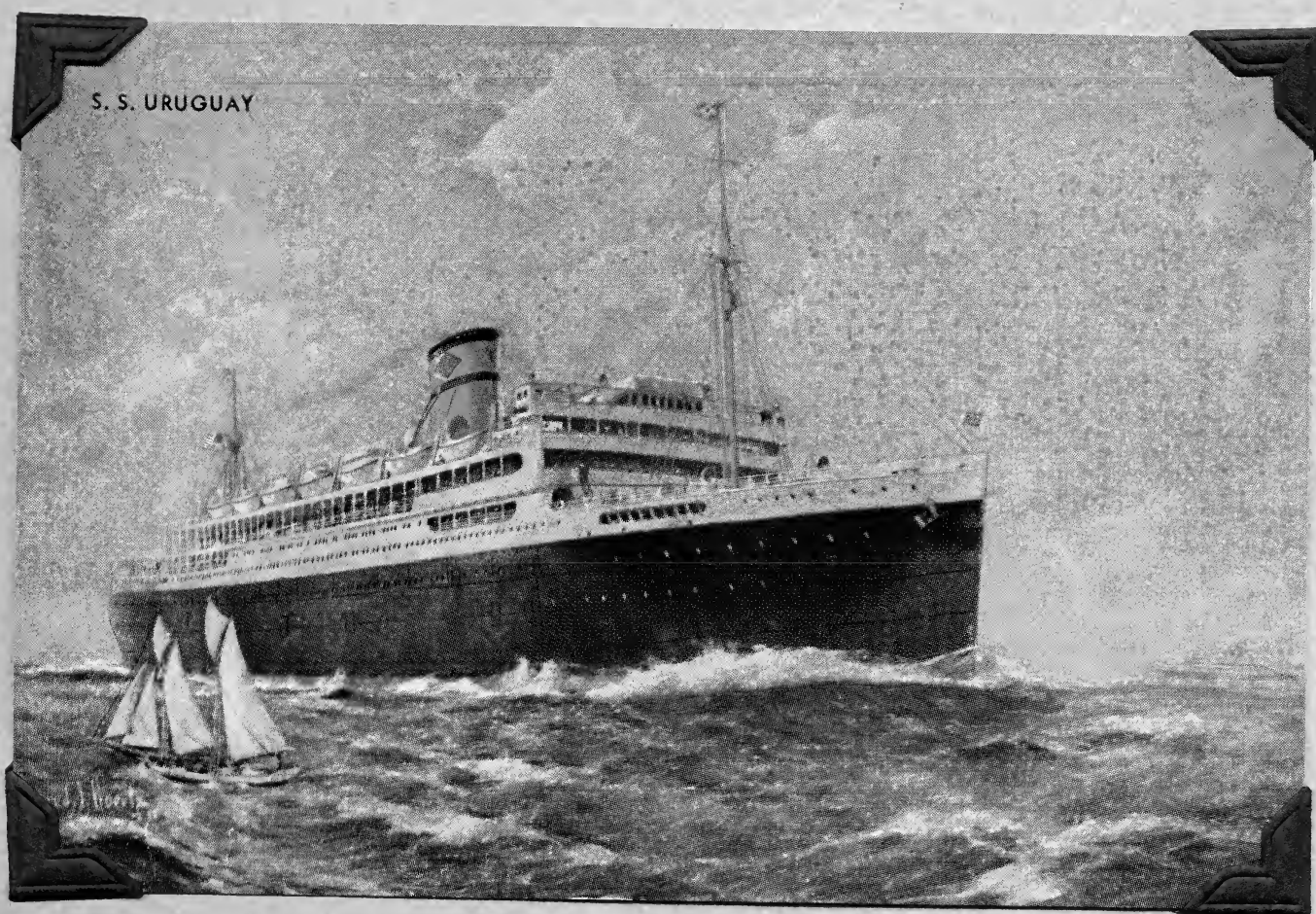
TUESDAY

10:00 A.M.—Continuation of Deck Sports Finals.
12:30 P.M.—Luncheon on deck.
3:30 P.M.—Water Sports.
6:30 P.M.—Cocktail Hour with the Trio playing.
9:00 P.M. to 10 P.M.—Sparkling Night Club Show in the Lounge, followed by awarding of Sports and other prizes.
10:45 P.M.—Dancing on deck. "Multiplication Dance."



S. S. URUGUAY

At Sea



Captain William B. Oakley, Master of the S. S. Uruguay, requests the honor of your presence at dinner this evening.

Please join him at his table in the First Class Dining Saloon at seven-thirty.

Daily Program

SOUTHBOUND

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The American Republics Line, both aboard ship and ashore wishes you a most pleasant journey.

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE
of
MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, Inc.

SATURDAY

- 10:00 A.M.—Deck sports set up for your pleasure.
- 11:00 A.M. to 12 Noon—Arthur Murray Dancing Class in the Lounge. Introductory hour.
- 4:00 P.M. to 5 P.M.—Tea Musicale in the Lounge.
- 6:30 P.M.—Cocktail Trio in the Smoking Room.
- 9:00 P.M. to 1 A.M.—Dancing in the Lounge. Arthur Murray's "Get Together Dancing Games" introducing the Glamour Glide.

SUNDAY

- 10:00 A.M.—Holy Mass in the Library.
- 11:00 A.M.—Divine Service in the Lounge.
- 4:00 P.M. to 5 P.M.—Concert Hour—Tea.
- 6:15 P.M.—Musical Trio—Smoking Room.
- 7:00 P.M. to 8 P.M.—Dinner Concert in the Main Dining Room.

MONDAY

- 10:00 A.M.—Meeting of the Committee for Deck Tournaments and other social activities, in the Library.
- 11:00 A.M. to Noon—Arthur Murray dancing classes, on deck.
During the morning, Pool will open, all deck sports available.
- 6:30 P.M.—Cocktail Trio in the Smoking Room.
- 9:00 P.M.—Introducing our Night Club Show, in the Lounge.
- 10:00 P.M.—Dancing with the Arthur Murray Dancers in the Lounge.

TUESDAY

- 10:00 A.M.—Start of Sports Tournament.
- 12:30 P.M.—Buffet Lunch on deck. (Regular lunch served in the dining room if preferred.)
- 3:30 P.M. to 4:40 P.M.—Tea Dansant on the Lido Deck.
- 6:30 P.M.—Cocktail Trio in the Verandah Cafe.
- 9:00 P.M.—Bingo Party.
- 10:00 P.M.—Dancing.

WEDNESDAY

- 10:30 A.M.—Arrive Barbados—Shore Excursion.
- 6:30 P.M.—Al Fresco Trio—Cocktail Hour in the Verandah Cafe.
- 9:00 P.M.—Movies, place of showing to be announced.
- 10:00 P.M.—Dancing on Deck—Arthur Murray Dancers, introducing the "Elinore Glide."

THURSDAY

- 10:00 A.M.—Continuing the Deck Sports Tournament.
- 11:00 A.M. to 12 Noon—Arthur Murray dance class in the Lounge.
- 12:30 P.M.—"Almuerzo" Buffet on deck.
During the afternoon, swinging to the musical rhythms of the orchestra.
- 6:30 P.M.—Musical Notes by the Trio. Cocktail Hour in the Verandah Cafe.
- 10:00 P.M.—Dancing on deck. Novelty Dances, presenting the Arthur Murray Dancers in the new "Shoe Fly."

FRIDAY

- 10:00 A.M.—Sports Tournament.
- 11:00 A.M.—Water Sports.
- 12:30 P.M.—Luncheon on deck.
- 2:30 P.M.—Bridge Tournament in the Smoking Room.
- 4:30 P.M.—Bingo on deck.
- 6:30 P.M.—Cocktail Hour.
- 9:00 P.M.—"Book" Masquerade on deck.
- 10:00 P.M.—Dancing on deck.

Star Reporter, on Zoo Cruise, Tells of Pets Kept on Deck

Buffalo (and Some Passengers) Lose Appetites, But Eagles Don't Mind It Rough

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the first of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. URUGUAY (By Airmail).—It's the second day we've been heading south.

Already tropical whites are appearing on deck. The ship's swimming pool is filling up, and the sun has broken through the chill, wind-harried clouds which prevailed yesterday.

The water, like the sky, is bluer and deeper. Any time now we'll see the flying fish that skip on jeweled wings through the rainbow on the bow.

Even Zoo Director William M. Mann's buffalo, in their shaggy, blizzard-proof coats, seem glad to be getting south.

Their crates are lashed on a work deck forward. The wind was howling out there yesterday and the spray had stinging force.

Appetites Lost.

I'm certain the buffalo didn't like it. They're just yearlings—18 months old—and they must have felt they were a long way from home in a strange environment. Anyhow, they had lost their appetites (like some of the passengers) on a deck that tilted to the shock of the waves that run off Cape Hatteras.

With the buffalo on deck are a pair of red wolves from Texas, two big American bald eagles, which still acted pretty cocky after a rough ride yesterday; a pair of Emperor geese from Alaska, whose honking is a source of great interest to the crew, quartered nearby, and several crates of prairie dogs.

A few tropical specimens are in the hold—a bear cat from the East Indies, and several civet cats from Sumatra and Africa, along with a big monitor lizzard. Dr. Mann plans to bring them on deck after the ship has poked her nose into a milder climate.

The ship is settling down to her routine. Passengers are getting acquainted, oriented and accustomed to the isolated little community whose interests they will share, for a brief time anyhow, with every other member. One hears a bit of gossip; characters and celebrities are emerging, and little cliques forming.

Snake Rumor Spreads.

Members of the crew have heard



WILLIAM H. SHIPPEN, Jr.

that one of Dr. Mann's snakes is loose below decks. This, it seems, originated with the seaman who got a glimpse of the monitor lizzard. Dr. Mann, however, brought no snakes.

"But why ruin a good story with a little detail like that?" asked Dr. Mann. "When animals go on a boat there's always a snake story. The captain of a ship my wife and I returned in from Northern South America started a story himself—just for fun."

"One lady passenger barricaded herself in her

cabin. She put her steamer trunk across the door, but left her trunk open. I'm sure the snake would have preferred this private entrance—had there been a snake."

"However, when we returned from Sumatra in the fall of '37 there was some excuse for a snake story—five excuses, as a matter of fact, 50 or 60 feet of excuses. A dealer had put over a faulty crate, and rough weather did the rest. It was in a hold piled with hay and grain, and not too well lighted. We caught all the run-aways, but we had feeding work to do down there while the hunt went on."

Didn't Want It in Papers.

"That would have made a good story. Why didn't you tell me—and that other Washington reporter—when we met your ship in Halifax that year?"

"Because," Dr. Mann said, "you might have put it in the paper!"

As we chatted, the noon whistle went—one short blast. I started aft to watch our wake stream away to a flowless horizon. The hum of the propellers I sensed rather than felt through the soles of my shoes.

"Just think," said a passenger, "it won't be long until our propellers turn up the Southern Cross!"

Strange new constellations over a continent stranger and newer still... to me anyhow! I'll have to confess I get a pretty big kick out of the idea!

Tomorrow: A reporter tries watering the buffalo.



Water sports -



Sunset on the Atlantic



Sports deck



Going ashore - Barbados - April 12



main street - Bridgetown

Siemel, While Sun Sets, Tells Of Jaguar Hunts With a Spear

Animal Collecting Not Entirely Adventure and Pith Helmets

Reporter Finds Combination of Rough Sea, Gravity and Irascible Beasts the Opposite

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the second of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. URUGUAY (By airmail).—Today, the third out of New York, I learned, among other things, that the life of an animal collector is not all one grand adventure.

Even an amateur, a volunteer amateur, begins to comprehend, once he penetrates the veil of mystery, and gets down to the facts of life, that a shovel, a pair of overalls, and a lot of elbow grease can be more useful under certain circumstances than a pith helmet and English-cut riding breeches.

Carrying water in large buckets down steep stairways that pitch in more than one direction can be as hard to learn as a whole book on travel. The law of gravity operates in unexpected ways on the landlubber. Ask any seaman.

And the male buffalo didn't seem to care for what water I managed to bring alongside his crate on a work deck forward. In the salon last night a lady passenger suggested one buffalo be called "Buddy" and the other "Sister."

"Butty" would be a better name for the male. Each time I got a bucket inside the crate he butted it over—never having drunk from a bucket before.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

"Butty" selected the moments when the ship rolled toward me. Thus I got most of his drinking water in my lap. The members of the crew, lounging about the galley, were too polite to laugh. They're all good American seamen and a few British tars—polite fellows, not entirely minus a sense of humor, but too sporting to indulge it at the expense of an amateur deck hand.

Zoo Director William M. Mann, despite the adventures of the day, still will let me help a bit if I don't overdo it. He has along only a few animals, compared with other trips he's taken, but is short-handed and anxious to keep expenses down.

The Texas wolves didn't seem to take to the water I brought either. One kept splashing his out of the pan with his forepaws as fast as poured. There was quite an audience. Passengers (including several elderly ladies inclined to the critical side) had come forward to see the menagerie.

Advice From a Woman.

"Young man," said one old lady, "can't you see that wolf doesn't want to drink from such a dirty pan?"

"Madam," I replied, "I've rinsed that pan four times!"

"Rinsed it," she exclaimed, "that's just the trouble. You take that pan and scrub it."

The upshot was that, being a timid soul, I did.

The wolf took one look at his bright and shining pan, sniffed contemptuously once, tipped it over and then went off to lie down in the rear corner of his cage.

The wild geese, the prairie dogs and the American bald eagles, however, are less difficult to please as are the civet cats and the bear cat.

As for the monitor, he may take on a little nourishment when we get to Buenos Aires, 15 days hence, or he may conclude to wait a few weeks longer.

He can take it or leave it alone!

Tomorrow: A man who hunts tigers with a spear.



Sasha A. Siemel shown with the spear he takes to the South American wilds to hunt jaguars. —A. P. Wirephoto.

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By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. URUGUAY (by Airmail).—By the fourth day out the passengers began to get curious about him.

He wore the only beard on board, which made him conspicuous at first, but scarcely could account for any sustained interest. Not even a set of Hollywood whiskers could do that.

There was something about the way he handled himself, walking a deck that could never catch him off balance, or swimming in the ship's pool. In trunks he showed a muscular development surprising to those who had seen him in a dinner jacket. Then he seemed a rather small man, studious and thoughtful—a clergyman on vacation perhaps.

"You know him, Bill," said Dr. William M. Mann today. "He's the fellow who lectured for the National Geographic Society in Washington recently. He makes his living killing jaguars with a spear in the Matto Grosso. He's an old friend of mine. Perhaps he'll join us in a beer."

Sunset Fantasy.

Sasha A. Siemel presently joined us. "Us" included Mrs. Mann, who had heard Mr. Siemel lecture in Washington, and Dr. Walter Swingle, the Department of Agriculture horticulturist who, among other things, imported an improved date palm to California, and Egyptian cotton to the Southwest. Dr. Swingle—on "loan" to the Brazilian government—was, like Mr. Siemel, bound for Rio.

"What a way to make a living," somebody said to Mr. Siemel. "Just how does a young man get started in a business like that?"

The Russian grinned and spread his hands. His blue eyes were animated.

"That is a long story," he said. "Now that sunset out there . . . it is more of interest, yes?"

We looked out over the ocean. Huge clouds were piled on the western rim, reaching an incredible height. Haiti lay over that way, about 500 miles west, maybe a little north of west now. The sun spread fiery colors through the cloud bat-

lements and then plummeted below the horizon.

The purple clouds grayed, and suddenly it was dusk.

"When I Was Little . . ."

"Sometimes, in the back country," said the Russian, "I see sights like that—maybe in the spring, with the trees blooming, and I laugh and shout. My dopey Indians . . . they think I am crazy, yes?"

"I think they are wrong," said Dr. Swingle. ". . . But how did you become a jaguar hunter?"

"When I was little," the Russian said, "my parents say to me, as parents say to you, and you—'Children should be seen and not heard.' I run away because I could not be heard. That was 1906. I was 16. 'I go to Germany a stowaway. I work my way to New York as a ship's steward. Two passages I work, saving a little, then in New York I duck out. I catch the train for Chicago. They are not too strict about immigration in those days."

"In Chicago I get a job—my life ambition! I am a candy salesman! Never could I get enough candy. I eat and eat. They say, 'The boy will get too much soon,' but they were wrong! For eight months I eat candy. Then I get fired. I don't blame them. The profits were going. I still like candy."

I Cook, I Chop, I Farm.

"Then I go to New York. I work my way to Rio as second cook. I couldn't cook, but I peel potatoes and boil water. From Rio I go to the back country. I learn to swing an ax, with a 5-foot handle."

"The first day the skin is off my hands. The next, when I caught the ax, electric shocks ran to my shoulders."

"I worked on roads."

"Then I took some wild land to farm. I chopped bushes, I chopped small trees, I pulled them together, I burned them. I girdled big trees. I planted something and I harvested. Then I quit farming. I wanted no more work so heavy, so stupid, so dull. I had a way with machinery."

"Always in the back country there is a ranchhouse with a broken sewing machine, a phonograph. I travel in the back country. I like the wilds. I began to hunt jaguars. Only down there they are not jaguars, they are 'tigers.' Try to tell those people they are not tigers!"

"Sometimes I kill a bad one. The rancher gives me a horse, a cow. I sell the skins. Then I see the Indian kill a tiger with a spear. I say I can do anything Indian can. If he can learn why not me? So we go together. The first tiger I hunt with a spear would have killed me but for the Indian."

"Only I wouldn't been there without the Indian."

"What if you trip when the tiger charges?" Dr. Swingle was asked.

The Russian's laugh boomed forth.

"What if you fall overboard, doctor?" he said.

It was getting along toward the dinner hour. The party was breaking up.

"Will you tell us more tomorrow?" I asked.

"If I do not bore you too much."

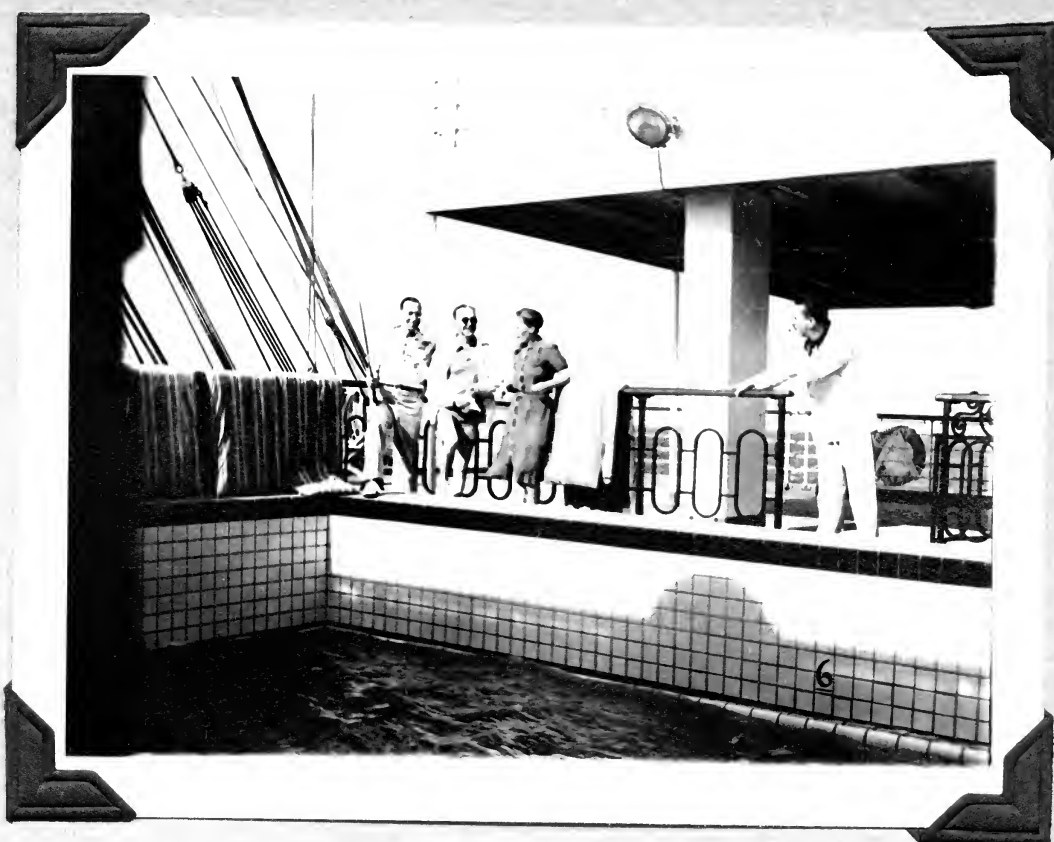


W. H. Shippen, Jr.

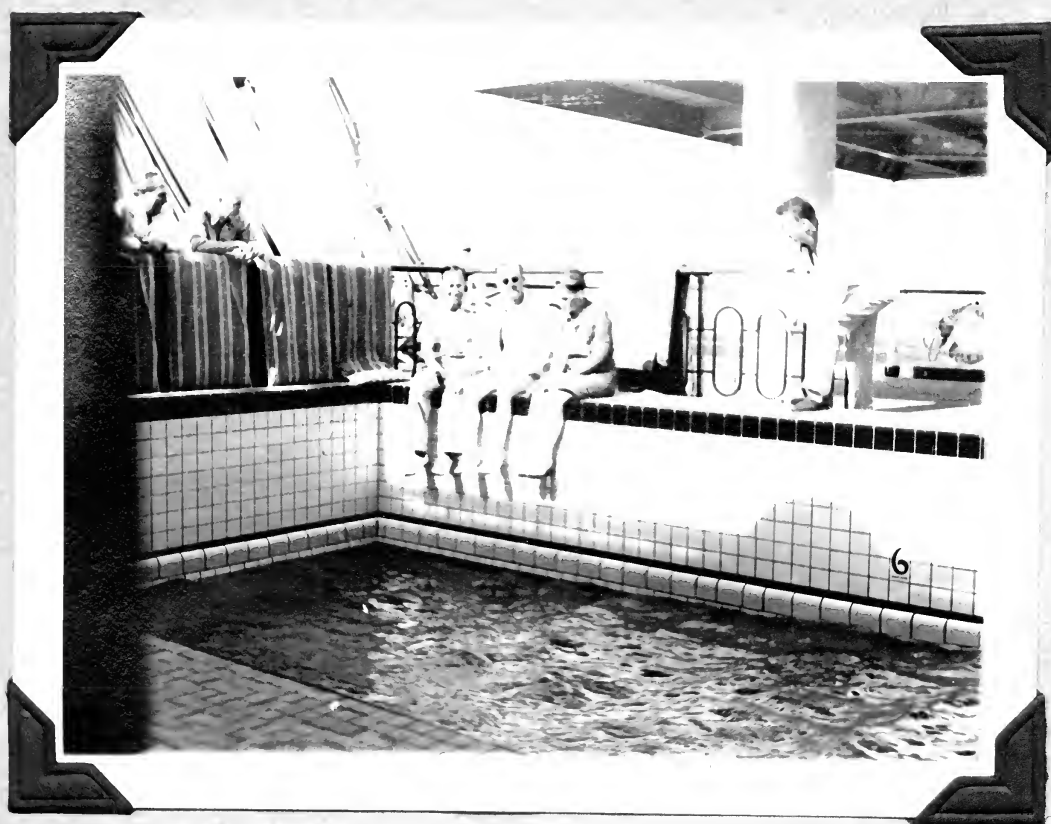
On Board S. S. Uruguay



Sasha -



Mrs. & Mrs. Burns - Mr. Brooks - Bill S.



L.Q.M. & Mrs. Burns



Dr. John Gray

Sasha Siemel Says His Spear Is Safer Than Gun for Jaguars

But the Dogs Do the Work, He Says,
And the Little Dogs Are Best

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the fourth of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition. In today's article the man who hunts jaguars with a spear continues the story he began yesterday.

By WILLIAM H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. URUGUAY
(By Airmail).—"Why do you spear jaguars instead of shooting them?"

Sasha A. Siemel grinned and folded his hands, leaning across the deck table. The question seemed to amuse him . . . still. He must have answered it many times.



"Because," he said, watching us to see the effect of his words, "it's safer. Much safer. No?"

"Yes?"

"Yes, to be sure. I have crosspiece on my spear. The tiger's skin is tough. It won't tear. That crosspiece stop him every time."

"But what stops the spear?"

"The ground. If he jump at my throat, I plant spear in ground. If he comes along ground at me, I joost give back a little. But I hold the spear. After 30 seconds fight is over."

Mr. Siemel, who is going back to Rio, and thence to the Matto Grasso back country—guiding a party which includes a Philadelphia society girl and several veteran big-game hunters—didn't seem to mind answering questions, although the ship was pulling into Barbados and preparations for going ashore were under way.

"Tigers" of 350 Pounds.

"Are your tigers big fellows?"

"Up to 350 pounds—big enough to kill a bull . . . some of them."

"How do you bring them to bay?"

"With dogs. They are the ones,

the dogs, who do the work, who take the risks. A pack of dogs with a smart leader—a dog of character, a self-respecting fellow. Without a fine leader a pack is joost nothing. My best leader he lost his life.

"That was when I quit hunting . . . for two years. He was my friend. I couldn't hunt any more."

Later Mr. Siemel, who has conducted members of the late Theodore Roosevelt's family and many other well-known sportsmen on his hunts, imported hounds from the United States—Virginia, North Carolina, Long Island, the Southwest. But for jungle hunting he likes mongrels best.

Little Dogs Best.

"Little dogs," he said, "they get about fast, they dodge and run, too, when time comes, and come back. Tough little dogs. How well I remember my little Vreena. She would slip behind tiger and bite his tail. Tiger swing around."

Little Vreena hold on. She is like sled behind the big horse. Then Vreena turn loose and run . . . how she runnn! And howl! How that little Vreena could yip and howl!"

"What became of her?"

"Ah, that is the accident—how sad. We change the subject, yes?"

"Why are there so many tigers in your country?"

"Maybe it would be better to say, 'Why am I in tiger country?' I'm there because tiger is."

Cattle Bring More "Tigers."

"Do you think the number of jaguars increased after white men imported cattle?"

"That is an interesting question. I believe tigers increase because of cattle. Before cattle come there was the natural balance. Tigers eat alligators, peccary, tapir. When wild game gets scarce, so do tigers in jungle."

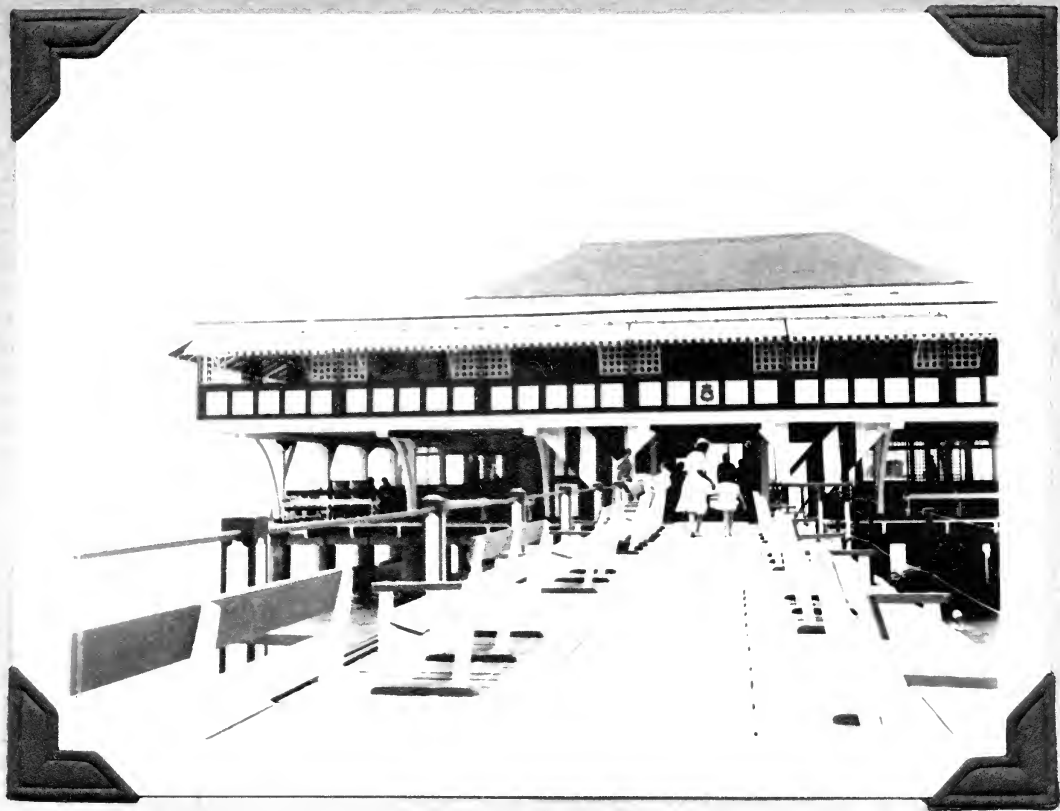
"But in cattle country all that is change. On one big ranch they get 3,000 head of stock in year."

The ship was heading in for Barbados and the clamor on deck grew. As we rose to go, somebody said:

"I sincerely hope, Mr. Siemel, a tiger never gets you!"

"Thank you so much," smiled Mr. Siemel, "... Me too"

The next article in this series will appear in The Star at an early date.



Barbados
Aquatic Club



Bill, Frances, L.Q. M.



Crossing the Equator - April 16-

rewd Natives Take a Toll s Zoo Ship Reaches Barbados

Even the Cab Drivers Prove
Tourist-Wise in West Indian Port

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the fifth of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By WILLIAM H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

S. S. URUGUAY.—When the anchor splashed down off Barbados today—five days out of New York—the good boat "Joe Louis Monach" hove alongside with Capt. "George Roosevelt Washington" in command.

At least, he appeared to be in command. He was wearing the only high hat on board (if little else) and kept giving orders in a loud voice. It presently began to appear, however, that the crew (which consisted of Mrs. George R. Washington at the oars) had independent ideas about navigation.

To say that the Washingtons received a cordial welcome at the gangway would be overstating the case. The captain, however, managed to leap nimbly by the ship's officer when a wave tossed his craft in reach of the landing stage. He sprinted up the ladder and made his way to the promenade deck, some 60 feet above water.

He announced that he, George Roosevelt Washington, was about to dive overboard. A few coins rattled at his bare feet. Then a prosperous-looking passenger threw him a half dollar, and demanded:

"What did you say your middle name was, boy?"

"Captain, suh, I'm just plain George Washington to you!"

They Know Their Tourists.

With that, George dived overboard in his opera hat. His black body made a perfect arc, striking clean, with scarcely a splash. The diver went all the way under our ship, which draws some 33 feet. Meanwhile, Mrs. Washington retrieved her husband's hat and dived for the coins that applauded his feat.

The Joe Louis Monach was only one of a swarm of homemade row-boats manned by George Washingtons. There was the "Mae West," the "Georgia Peach," the "Queen Mary," etc. Many passengers were weary of the old coin-diving stunt, but the swimmers revived their jaded interest with a running fire of repartee.

"I'm a British subject," called a lady passenger, "why should I toss coins to a lot of George Washingtons?"

"Me lydy, me lydy," shouted a colored boy, "Ah'm not George Washington—really now. Ah only use the nyme for Amelican tourists. Me proper nyme is Nelson—Lawd Nelson!"

When the low coast of Barbados came over the horizon this morning it seemed monotonous until details began to emerge—windmills (like those of Holland or Spain) whirling in the trade wind, tall palm trunks with feather duster tops, and, finally, a thriving harbor for scores of sailing and auxiliary craft.

Illusions of the Past.

Our anchorage was almost a mile off shore. Inland a British freighter was taking on a cargo of sugar from lighters. Natives of Barbados on our ship expressed the opinion that the port could have a channel and dock for steamships except that "several influential people own the lighters, you know."

We went ashore in a launch. It was a bright day, and the channels of the water front were choked with sailing craft—traders from the Caribbean, Trinidad and South America, discharging fruit and all manner of merchandise, and loading sugar, rum, molasses.

The scene might have been a throw-back on the Golden Age of the Spanish Main. There were two, three and four masted schooners, fishing boats of many types, and a great hum of activity on the wharves. The illusion of Barbados as it was a century ago was created by the fact that steamships anchor off shore and pleasure craft avoid the busy commercial water front.

In narrow, water front streets were ship chandler shops ancient enough to have outfitted many a buccaneer. One saw such signs as "Sailor's Knives," "Turn-buckles," "Rigging," "Water Casks," etc.

The port of the island of Barbados is called Bridg, British West Indies. It has its Trafalgar Square, its statue of Nelson, its Government



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

House. The streets and sidewalks, like those of most West Indian ports, are incredibly narrow to bear such dense traffic. Everybody walks on the shady side of the street. One soon learns it's hot, very not, in the sun—and quite cool in the shade, where the trade wind sends a breeze into the narrowest street.

Colored women stalked along bearing burdens on their heads. The burden might be a bucket of water or this week's wash, but the dignified bearing of the women was the only sign they were aware of their loads. They turned their heads freely to laugh, shout and gossip in their strange patois.

One type of woman vender carries a whole dispensary on her head. She sells a non-alcoholic drink brewed from the bitter bark of some tropical tree . . . two or three drinks for a penny. She produces a cup, turns the spigot and fills the cup from a stream which descends over her forehead. I saw one do this while gossiping with a party across the street.

Meal of Flying Fish.

We had a swim at the Aquatic Club, where the water is clear enough to show the fish in their marine gardens 20 feet or so below the surface, and lunch at the "Ice House"—or so it was known to old-timers. The place recently has been modernized, but thick walls remain from the day when the island's only ice was imported on ships and stored away from the tropical sun.

We sat on a breezy balcony and ate flying fish newly fried. Having seen these fish swimming over the waves ahead of our ship, I supposed a dish of them would be a light meal. They proved rather substantial, however. I was more than half asleep before I could get back on the ship.

Incidentally, the taxi driver who brought us back to the wharf was named "Cleveland."

"What's your full name, boy?" we asked.

"My name, suh, is Cleveland . . . Grover Cleveland Ohio."

Maybe he was just kidding us for an extra tip.

In any event, he got it.



Santos to Sao Paulo
Apr. 22



Butantan - April 22



Dr. James Calvente
director Butantan



Detectives Given The Works as Ship Crosses Equator

Mysterious Pair Led Handcuffed Before Neptune on the Uruguay

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of *The Star* staff, who here presents the seventh of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By WILLIAM H. SHIPPEN, JR.
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. URUGUAY.
—All day we have been skirting the east coast of South America while King Neptune dunked his neophytes in the ship's pool.

His majesty of the long, flowing beard and trident commanded a score of nimble assistants who began the initiation with a bride and bridegroom and worked up to a pair of mysterious, well-dressed, cigar-smoking detectives.

The latter passengers are on some rather grim business of their own. But on the southward journey they can and do relax. Oddly enough they're both Irish and tops at deck sports and horse play. Thus they have become popular and well known.

When they were led blindfolded and handcuffed before the throne of Neptune a great shout went up:

"Here come the cops! Give 'em the works, your majesty! So they won't talk?"

Plastered With Spaghetti.

To say the detectives got a thorough going over would be putting it mildly. It was no fault of Neptune or his assistants if the policemen failed to feel the bump going over the Equator. (See picture above.) The blindfolded victims got an egg shampoo and ice in their bathing suits. They were plastered with a hundred yards or so of spaghetti and seasoned with ketchup and various sauces.

Little is visible on the flat, low coast of South America—now a purple rim on the horizon some 20 miles off the starboard side. With binoculars one picks out an occasional exotic-looking palm and pillars of smoke in an otherwise flawless sky. The smoke must rise from swamp fires—like those in Dismal Swamp, near Norfolk.

The ship is continually passing strange little fishing vessels with sails of fantastic shapes. They bob about on an ocean which seems too immense for them.

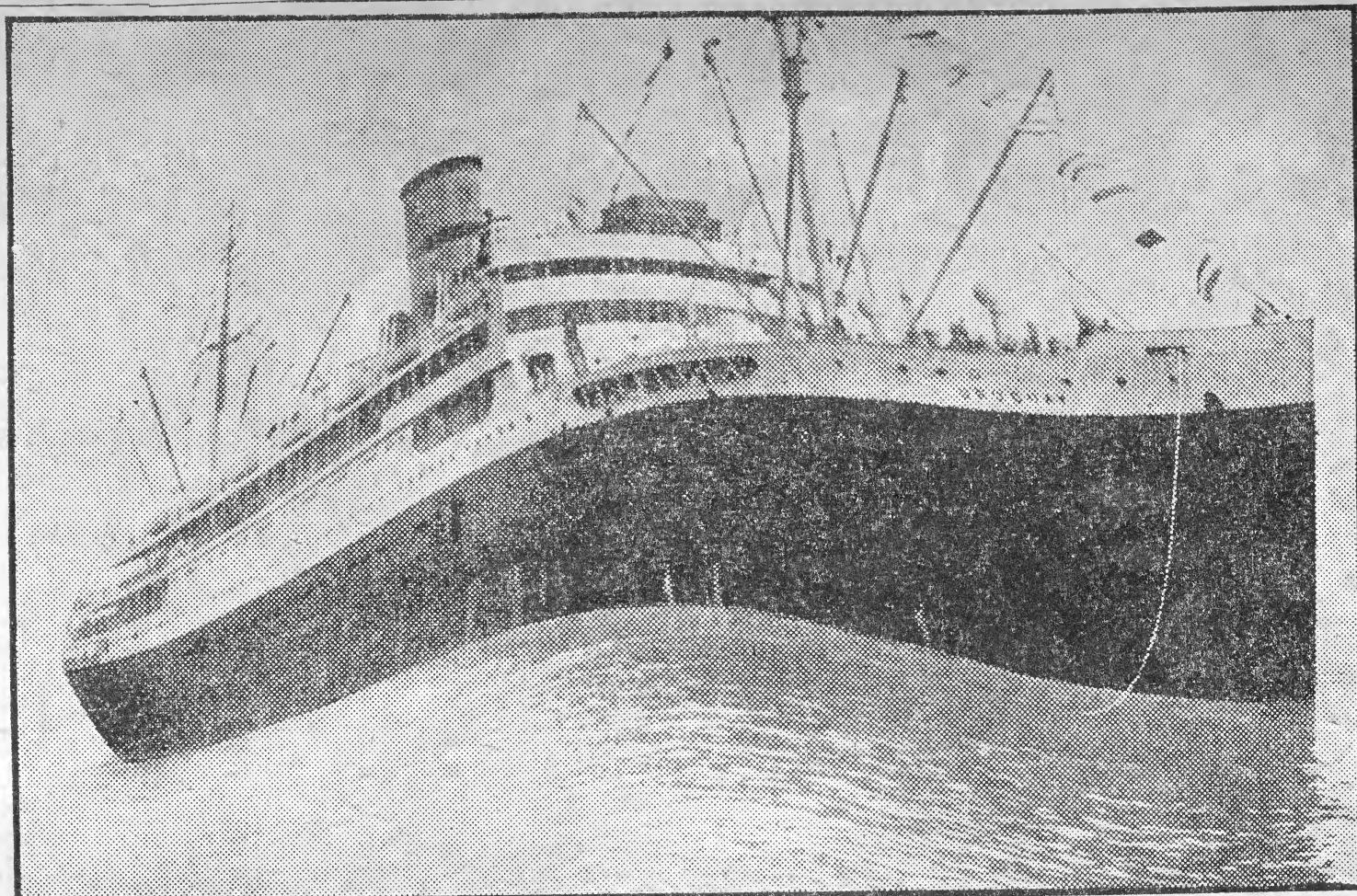
This is Monday, five days out of from Rio. Even the ship's officers are surprised at the distances in this part of the world. These big boats, the Uruguay, the Argentina and Brazil, have been in regular service down this way only a few months. All the ship's officers are studying Spanish and Portuguese.

The Tables Are Turned.

It's amusing to see big, sun-burned men accustomed to bawling orders now having to take them from a tiny Spanish school teacher. The officers come sidling in when they're tardy, and they don't talk back to the teacher.

"Senor," said the little teacher to one of the navigating officers, "Tell me in Spanish what fruits you like."

"Only apples," declared the officer in pretty good Spanish, and then added in English, "You can be-



"HITTING THE EQUATOR"—By a little trick photography, how it feels for a ship to cross the equator is shown here.

lieve it or not, but I never touch any fruit but apples."

"All right then," snapped the little Spaniard, "Please inform me in Spanish what fruits you don't like!" The officer went to the foot of the class.

This crew of 330 members is fed well. In the crews' galley forward

(from which I carry water for Dr. Mann's thirsty animals) are prepared such dishes as roast lamb, goose and chicken, done to a turn by Charley, a huge German, the chief cook. Charley, who is now closer to 50, has been sailing various oceans since he was 16.

He dishes out food in striking

contrast to that I saw aboard the Silver Ash, a British freighter in which Dr. Mann brought back animals for the Smithsonian-National Geographic Society expedition in the fall of 1937. I went to meet the Silver Ash in Halifax. The freighter had pick up a gang of Chinese coolies in Shanghai, shortly before

the Japanese began to bomb that city.

The members of the crew worked for something like six cents a day. Out of that sum they bought their own food—a community pot of rice. In the forecabin they squatted about their bowl of rice and curry on the floor, using chop sticks.

In port at Halifax, Boston and New York an officer, with a gun tucked in his pocket, stood guard over the gangway. The owners of the freighter would have been liable to a fine of \$1,000 had they lost a Chinese at any of these stops.

All of which might present a rough idea of what it means for American ships to compete on the oceans.

Tomorrow: A 10,000-mile fishing trip.

Party Traveling 10,000 Miles To Fish for Rainbow Trout

Fishermen Insist They Grow to Prodigious Size in Argentina

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the eighth of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By WILLIAM H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. URUGUAY.—“That’s a long way to go to catch a fish! Suppose they aren’t biting when you get there?”

Caleb E. S. Burns grinned and settled back in his deck chair. “In any event,” he said, “you’ll have to admit we fishermen are getting a pleasant ride!”

And so they were—a 10,000-mile ride. From their home on the island of Kauai, in Lihue, Territory of Hawaii, Mr. and Mrs. Burns crossed to Vancouver in a Canadian boat and flew to New York in time to catch this ship for an additional jaunt of 6,000 miles and more.

From Buenos Aires they will go by train to Mahuel Huapi, a national park in the lake region of the Andean foothills, to fish for a trout native to the United States—the rainbow which (if you would listen to fisherman) has grown to prodigious size after it was transplanted to the Argentine.

Son Will Join Party.

Even the prospect of fighting a big rainbow in a mountain stream fed by melting snow is not quite as exciting to Mr. and Mrs. Burns just now as the prospect of getting a radiogram from their son, Caleb, jr., 23, a sugar technician, who is planning to take a Hawaiian Clipper, fly down the West Coast of North and South America and join his parents in the Southern Andes.

With Mr. Burns, who is general superintendent of the largest sugar plantation in Hawaii, is Charles Aloysius (Father) Brooks, an executive of the sugar company and a great spinner of fish yarns while not organizing deck sports. Mr. Burns, a native of Maine, takes quite a bit of kidding from “Father” about how many potatoes he dug as a boy—before Maine and Vermont withdrew from the Union in 1936, etc. Being a Yankee, he bides his time until he gets an opening and then makes every shot count.

The globe trotters on board say Mr. Burns is one of Hawaii’s most genial hosts. His home overlooks the Pacific on the island which he manages—one terrace faces the harbor and another a beach where long rollers come curling in. Here “Father” Brooks displays his form on the surf board—none too smartly, if you would listen to his best friend and severest critic.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns call their

home Kauapaupili, which, translated, means “the mist that hangs like a grass skirt over the islands.” One Hawaiian legend is that Kamehameha III, first Christian king of the islands, used to take his followers into the mountains to collect “pili” grass with which to build churches.

Mist Turns to Rain.

On one of these trips, the story goes, the water supply ran out and the king and his followers nearly died of thirst. Whereupon the king prayed. A mist formed on the mountainside. Presently the mist turned to rain and the party was saved. Since that time the mist which drapes the mountains like a grass skirt is called kauapaupili, a name given by the king.

Mrs. Burns, an active and gracious matron, who swims and dances with the youngsters on board, is of island stock, a descendant of the early missionaries.

“It is a saying on the islands,” Mrs. Burns remarked with a smile, “that when the missionaries first came the natives owned the islands and the missionaries went to church, and now the missionaries own the islands and the native go to church. But don’t misunderstand me . . . that is not my saying. I merely quote somebody else.”

Last year the Burnses went to New Zealand to fish for trout. “We had fine luck,” Mr. Burns said. “People believed our fish stories when we got home.”

“But with Father Brooks along—he’s pretty well known as a story teller (too well known)—I think we had better bring back a few trophies!”

“I’ll catch them faster than you can stuff them!” said Father Brooks.

(Tomorrow: Plants with the potential strength of armies.)



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

Scientist on Zoo Ship Carries Tiny but Mighty Cargo to Brazil

U. S. Horticulturist's Gifts May Benefit A Whole Nation

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the ninth of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE STEAMSHIP URUGUAY.—The potential strength of the tiny plants which Dr. Walter T. Swingle nourishes in his stateroom may equal that of battleships and armies.

The Department of Agriculture horticulturist is going south in this ship to help Brazil get back her own again—quinine and rubber. The scientist also is importing a decorative palm discovered by President Roosevelt.

It seems incredible that plants which originated in Brazil and neighboring countries, and which are so much needed in South America, should be returned now from the other side of the world—from the East Indies, where they have been cultivated and improved for almost a century.

How Dr. Swingle got his quinine seed from the East Indies is something he won't talk about. The East Indians have a monopoly; they control the output, and the price is high—too high, often, for the poor of Brazil, who need quinine badly in the malarial areas. The export of the seeds of the best quinine species is jealously guarded.

Story of Quinine.

The Indians of South America knew the curative quality of quinine before the Spaniards and Portuguese arrived. They taught it to the white man. The discovery of the best quinine ever found is an interesting story, Dr. Swingle says:

About 1860 an Indian found a particularly potent cinchona tree, from which quinine is derived, in the high country of Bolivia. He gave the seeds to his English master, an exporter of Peruvian bark, who sent them to London. Later, it was said, the local officials learned about it. They beat the Indian who had given away the seeds so badly that he died. No one else has been able to find that tree.

The British, who (since the days of Capt. Bligh and the good ship Bounty) have been alive to such opportunities, sent the seeds to India and started quinine culture there. The Dutch in some manner acquired them for their possessions in the East Indies. For generations they have cultivated the trees and kept the price at a substantially high level.

Dr. Swingle, who has friends in all parts of the world, got his quinine seeds from a collector in the East Indies whose name he will not mention. Dr. Swingle for years had been after the collector to get him the seeds of a vigorous species of litchi, a delicious fruit with a rough, paperlike shell inclosing an aromatic pulp. The Washington scientist is a persistent man.

A Gift Grows.

Then one day (Dr. Swingle won't say where or when) the collector came to him and said: “Here’s a gift for you. Now will you shut up about those blankety-blank litchi seeds?”

“When I learned what I had (quinine seeds),” Dr. Swingle said, “I shut up!”

Dr. Swingle's seeds were planted in a departmental greenhouse in Washington. They matured enough last year for export to Puerto Rico, but a thousand plants of the two most desirable varieties were sent to Brazil.

One Brazilian planter, upon learning the seedlings were arriving, flew to Rio to meet the ship. Since he was first, he was allowed a few plants by the Brazilian government, although his region, from what was then known of quinine culture, had too low an altitude. Dr. Swingle, however, is convinced that this planter's seedlings (as well as others planted in the higher regions of Brazil) will do well.

Dr. Swingle said that recently a



DR. WALTER T. SWINGLE.

new system of growing quinine trees close together has been discovered. By the old system the trees were set 20 to 30 feet apart, taking about 10 years to grow large enough to yield a pay crop.

To Advise on Rubber Also.

“We learned,” Dr. Swingle said, “that the improved species can be grown thick when young. As the trees grow up they can be thinned out yearly. This thinning begins about the third year and young trees cut away after that will produce enough quinine to pay for the thinning. I am sure fine quinine can be grown in Brazil for distribution at a low price. I hope to see the day when every resident of South America—no matter how poor—can have all the quinine he needs.”

This expert on new crops plans to discuss with Brazilian scientists discoveries that may make rubber culture profitable in Brazil. Already South American plantations are developing a new technique in rubber culture, he says. Although the rubber trees originated in Brazil (the Indians used rubber for centuries to make balls for a game they played), the plant was taken to London by an Englishman and later commercialized in the East Indies.

There another monopoly was developed. Firestone now is growing rubber in Liberia, and Ford has thriving plantation of young trees the Papajos River, not far from

Amazon, in Central Brazil. Today in Brazil the only rubber trees (except those cultivated by Ford) are wild. Brazil produces only enough rubber in a year, Dr. Swingle said, to last the United States for a day.

A Reserve Supply for U. S.?

In event of a general war the United States might be cut off from her rubber supply in the East Indies. Rubber and quinine would be important. Dr. Swingle hopes to see Brazil producing them both in commercial quantities in a few years—as well as many other tropical plant products which can be imported to the United States.

He seems the sort of man who gets what he wants.

The expert is on “loan” to the Brazilian government. He is a distinguished explorer in plant fields and has traveled the world for years looking for the fruits and vegetables likely to benefit America.

He brought the first varieties of the improved date palm to California and Arizona, and by years of work established date culture on a commercial scale in these two States. He also co-operated in the establishment of Egyptian cotton culture on a 10,000-bale-a-year scale in Arizona. While working in Florida he hybridized the grapefruit with the tangerine and produced the “tangelo,” a breakfast delicacy much esteemed by epicures throughout the United States—and especially in Washington.

Has New Palm for Brazil.

Dr. Swingle went to school in Kansas with Dr. David Fairchild, author of the best seller, “The World Is My Garden.” The two have been friends and associates for the last 50 years.

In Dr. Swingle's stateroom is a small, triangular-shaped greenhouse designed by the English botanist Ward 150 years ago for plants in transit. In it he has the quinine and other tropical plants, including several beautiful ornamental palms new to Brazil. He also has tiny seedlings of a new palm discovered by naturalists who accompanied President Roosevelt last year on a trip to the Galapagos Islands. This palm probably will be named in honor of the President, an enthusiastic amateur naturalist. Dr. Swingle hopes the palm will thrive in the famous Botanic Garden at Rio, which has one of the most famous palm collections in the world.

To aid in his co-operative educational work Dr. Swingle is taking along a microfilm projector developed by Science Service in Washington to show enlarged photographs of reading matter on a screen. Thus a series of tiny photographs of the pages of a book can

be studied at leisure without the necessity of having the original volume at hand.

Wants Closer Ties With Brazil.

Many books of a technical nature cannot be loaned, but are held within the shelves of the great libraries in Washington. However, even a good-sized volume can be photographed in half an hour and the film is light enough to be sent by airmail at a small cost. If Dr. Swingle or a Brazilian expert co-operating with him should desire a copy of a certain volume in Washington it could be quickly received by airmail.

Dr. Swingle is anxious to promote closer relations between the United States and Brazil. “Brazil is a friendly country,” he said. “It's larger than the United States and has more land which can be cultivated. Brazil's climate is the best of any large tropical country, thanks to its plateau character, and takes up where our leaves off—that is, about New Orleans or Southern Florida.”

“Brazil's products, except for cot-

ton, do not compete with ours. The United States and Brazil can supplement each other if they only would.”

“More Americans should speak Portuguese now that thousands of Brazilians know English. I would like to see Portuguese taught in all of our colleges. It is spoken by as many people in South America as Spanish.”

At this point Dr. Swingle excused himself. He had an engagement with his school teacher, and, being a good scholar, did not want to be tardy.

The scientist is studying Portuguese, and how hard he studies!

Tomorrow: Good-by to a huntsman.

Dr. Boys, With Bow and Arrow, Thinks He's Unafraid of Tigers

Sasha Siemel's Companion on Zoo Ship Loses Some of His Optimism, However

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the tenth of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE STEAMSHIP URUGUAY.—"Well, doctor, we'll be seeing you!"

It was the night before our ship arrived in Rio, and the doctor was leaving us there.

We hoped we would be seeing him again, but we couldn't be too certain—he was bound for the Matto Grosso country to hunt "tigers" with Sasha A. Siemel.

Dr. Charles E. Boys of Kalamazoo, Mich., had done a lot of hunting in his day—kodiak bears in Alaska, Rocky



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

Mountain sheep in the United States and Canada, quail in Michigan, etc.

Dr. Boys is a big, husky man, but a lot of his new friends were worried about him. They had just heard Mr. Siemel lecture in the dance salon, telling how he speared jaguars and dodged alligators and pharinas, the little cannibal fish which swim in schools and strip a body to a skeleton in less time than it takes to mention it.

A Testimonial, Free.

"I'll catch your ship on the way back about the first of June," said Dr. Boys.

"What makes you so optimistic?" "I have my bow and arrow along. If I miss my shots I'm sure the little lady from Philadelphia who is accompanying us will kill the tiger."

As a matter of fact, the girl, who has been to the Matto Grosso before with Mr. Siemel and his hunting parties, is pretty good with a bow and arrow. Twice each day she and Mr. Siemel riddle a target fixed on the freight deck forward.

The target is beside a passage from which I bring water from the crew's galley for Zoo Director William M. Mann's menagerie. If the girl hadn't been good at archery I probably would have been buried at sea some days ago.

Dr. Boys puts more faith in gunpowder than bows and arrows. He's

heard a lot of snake stories about the interior of Brazil, although Mr. Siemel says there are no poisonous varieties—just a few anacondas, one of the world's largest boas.

Copper-Lined Boots.

In New York Dr. Boys got fitted at a swank sporting store in a pair of copper-lined, snake-proof boots. His wife (who plans to leave him to his jungle adventures while she sees something of Brazil's more civilized life) told him not to get the boots. She saw him trying them on and they seemed cumbersome.

"I'd rather see you bitten by a snake than unable to outrun a tiger after you shoot him with a bow and arrow," she said. So the doctor came along without his boots. "You'll need some track shoes if one of those 'campo' fires begins to run toward your camp?"

"That's true," admitted Dr. Boys, "and I've brought along a mosquito net to keep off the vampire bats." "How can you take a bath in one of those rivers full of man-eating fish and alligators?"

"That's one of the reasons why I'm on my way to Brazil—I won't have to take a bath!"

"Do you think you can sleep in a hammock?"

"I think I can sleep anywhere after this trip south. You see, my cabin is up forward—next to Dr. Mann's buffaloes."

The hunter insisted he wasn't afraid of fire ants, sunstroke or electric eels.

"But the food, sir. After the elaborate meals you've been enjoying on the boat, how can you accustom yourself to camp fare?"

"Ah," cut in Dr. Siemel, "no matter how bad our food, our appetites will be magnificent!"

"Dr. Boys, have you heard of Col. Fawcett—late of his majesty's

royal artillery, or some such regiment?"

"No, what happened to him?" "Nobody knows. He went into the Matto Grosso in search of a 'lost world.' Nobody has heard from him since, and that was 10 years or so ago."

"Did you say you are catching a boat back in a month, doctor?"

"I hope so," said Dr. Boys.

Wild Bill Throws Tantrum as Ship Pulls Into Rio

Shipmates Relieved as Yearling Buffalo Quiets Down

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the 12th of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

S. S. URUGUAY AT RIO DE JANEIRO.—Nobody is disappointed with Rio, not even Wild Bill, the yearling buffalo.

Bill, who was called Ferdinand by the crew until he began trying to kick the slats out of his crate, and buck the top off, quieted down after we docked this morning.

Quite a few persons aboard ship were relieved when Wild Bill got so busy gathering hay he forgot to raise Cain.

The drumming of his hoofs and horns had been an entertainment by day and something more than that by night.

"Not even a young bull buffalo can hold that pace," said Dr. Mann. "If he keeps fighting his crate, he won't be Wild Bill, but just another Sweet William—by the time we hit B. A."

Mountains Gird Port.

The mountains which loomed about the port as we came in this morning strained the credulity of this Southern hillbilly.

I couldn't believe in such fantastic shapes. The mountains were broken and twisted, some stood on end, for no apparent reason, others were folded like a sheet of paper wadded and tossed aside—but what a sheet!



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

The gulls, too, had a strange shape—thin wings like scimitars and forked tails. The harbor was full of shipping. Sailors shouted at each other across the water in an unfamiliar tongue. We were scarcely prepared for the modern city of skyscrapers and huge, thriving docks... but, after all, that's in every guidebook.

The guidebooks, however, probably overlooked the white mongrel puppy which rode with us on the cable-car to the top of Sugar Loaf. The puppy rode on the roof—on an unguarded platform, no bigger than a postage stamp, where his master, the mechanic, sat just under the cable to watch for the possible parting of a strand and to see how the wheels function.

The puppy came up with us and made a return trip. From the top of Sugar Loaf I watched him through binoculars. He was frisking about at his master's knees, while half a mile below buzzards wheeled and the jungle yawned.

Motif Taken From Palms.

Over across the way—surmounting a mountain still higher and almost as precipitate as Sugar Loaf—stood a heroic figure of Christ, with arms outstretched. As we watched a cloud broke on the mountain, spread and streamed up its face. It flowed over the top, severing the figure from its mundane anchorage. For an instant it seemed that the statue, serene and far away, was moving through the sky—actually moving and trailing flowing robes of mist.

Rio's water front on the ocean side is a wide beach, a curving drive and a series of tall, modernistic apartment houses. The builders must have taken an architectural motif from the royal palms, which shoot up 50, 100 feet, straight and flawless as an arrow-shaft or a cathedral candle.

The surf today came in with a boom and a great rush and smother of foam—enough to chill a life guard at Nags Head, N. C. The guards just stick a red flag in the sand, and after that a swimmer is on his own. The bathing season is almost over, and after that fall approaches. Already beach accommodations can be had at off-season prices.

After glimpsing the statue of Christ from afar, we motored to its base today, zig-zagging on turns that would balk a Rocky Mountain goat—moving under palms clustered with parasites, and strange, creeper-hung trees, all packed together in a jungle density. Tiny monkeys fled through the tree tops and parrots broke from cover, always flying in pairs. Once on the concrete parapet at the base of the statue the sheer drop on all sides made a few of us a bit dizzy—especially those still accustomed, after more than a fortnight at sea, to the motion of a boat.

A Day to Be Remembered.

Buzzards banked in the strong up-draft about the statue and Rio's vast panorama was almost dwarfed by the reaches of the ocean and the purple mountains, faintly glimpsed like clouds, high on the Western horizon. It was a day of sunshine, mist and brief rain flurries—a day long to be remembered!

The lights of Rio glittered through the dusk as our car wound down from the mountains.

Back on board the Uruguay we saw her sister ship, the Brazil, casting off from a berth just forward—bound for the States.

We watched the tugs worry her into the channel, and saw her lights dwindle and vanish as she went out past Sugar Loaf.

For a moment, I was homesick... the Brazil would be pulling into New York while we were a long way south of this city. Homesick, but only for a moment.

Too much, I felt, lies to the South.

Tomorrow: Reducing the death toll from snake bite.

Dr. Mann Widens His Circle Of Friends on Rio Voyage

Zoo Director and Ambassador Caffery Discover Mutual Interest in Circuses

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the 11th of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD S. S. URUGUAY, Nearing Rio de Janeiro.—A lot of people who seem to know their way about the world have suggested that Dr. William Mann be dubbed a "good will ambassador."

His friends are scattered all over the globe—Europe, Asia, Africa, the East Indies, Japan, Hawaii, Mexico, Central America and the Amazon country of Northern South America. Now he plans to go into a new country—Argentina.

Although he knows few people there, he does know how to make friends. As a card of introduction, Dr. Mann (director of the National Zoological Park at Washington) is taking along a number of gift animals—American buffaloes, a pair of wolf-coyotes, two American bald eagles and various other specimens.

Dr. Mann plans to present the animals to the zoo at Buenos Aires. Included in the shipment on the S. S. Uruguay is a binturang (or "bear cat") from the East Indies, and civet cats from Sumatra and Africa, as well as American prairie dogs and a collection of native turtles.

May Go Into Patagonia.

The zoo director and Mrs. Mann—who has accompanied him on many previous expeditions—will spend a month or so in Argentina, going by train from Buenos Aires to the lake perhaps into Northern Patagonia. They hope to collect rare animals, birds and reptiles in the Argentine, and at ports of call on the return trip—Montevideo, Santos, Rio and the Island of Trinidad.

The return collection will of necessity be small. On previous trips—to Africa, as leader of the Smithsonian Institution-National Geographic Society expedition—Dr. Mann was accompanied by assistants trained in the care of animals.

On this trip his only experienced assistant is his wife. I have volunteered to help water, feed and clean cages, but Dr. Mann—who likes newspaper reporters, but doubts their capacity for day-by-day, twice-a-day work of a menial nature—only shrugs and says:

"I respect your enthusiasm, but question your persistence!"

On the trip down from the States Dr. Mann met and made friends with our Ambassador to Brazil—Jefferson Caffery. The two hadn't been talking long until they discovered many mutual friends in

various quarters of the world, and a common hobby—the circus.

Both had seen the opening of "the big show" at Madison Square Garden, just before the Uruguay sailed, and both had been thrilled and chilled by the same performance.

By this time, Dr. Mann had met and learned the life history of about everybody on board—Brazilians, Uruguayans, Argentines. They liked him well enough to tell him where they were going and why; to give him letters of introduction, as well as detailed information as to climate, train schedules, port regulations and the availability of various animals.

If Dr. Mann has any controversial ideas about world politics he refrains from expressing them. He visited in Japan in 1937 and then went to Shanghai—just before the Japanese bombed that city.

In both places he made friends he wants to see again. He refused to criticize either side.

On vacation last summer the Zoo director went to Norway, Sweden, Russia, Germany, France and England. He left Germany just before the conference at Munich. The distressing circumstances which have developed since that time have not wiped out his memory of the warm welcome his old friends gave him in Germany.

In other words, Dr. Mann is a "good neighbor," sailing with this "good neighbor" fleet, to make friends first—and, secondly, to collect animals. It was President Roosevelt's idea, I'm told, to put these big ships, the Uruguay, the Argentine and the Brazil, on a regular passenger run to Buenos Aires.

Service Bears Fruit.

Already the service appears to be bearing fruit. Many North and South American passengers meet to exchange ideas. It becomes apparent that more South Americans speak English than North Americans speak Spanish or Portuguese—the language native to Brazil. Many passengers—even traveling salesmen bound for Rio—were surprised to learn the language is Portuguese here. Too, South Americans seem to know more about our country than we do of theirs.

Yet today, going up the Sugar Loaf, and visiting other sight-seeing points, I heard German tourists, who can come to this port in less time than it would take the Uruguay to return to New York, speaking excellent Portuguese (I'm told) and discussing Brazil as if they knew all about it—which they did, in all probability.

The big derricks traveling along our wharf are German-made, like the intricate machinery that carries the cable cars to the tip of Sugar Loaf with such regularity and safety.

Mutual Benefit Plan.

In any event, we need a few more "Good Will Ambassadors" down this way—in Brazil, whose potential wealth is larger than that of the United States, and in the Argentine. That is a statement I won't need to qualify—what with Brazil (as near as it is to West Africa) capable of supplying, however, unwillingly, a key to the Panama Canal, and the Argen-

tine with its German sympathies and connections.

Dr. Mann, however, is not concerned with these things—he's merely making friends, as usual, and collecting animals on the side. He has no interest in exploiting the faunal resources of any country—he merely wants to trade fair . . . something we have in our country which would be valuable down here for something they have here that would be worth while back home.

A sort of mutual benefit proposition, with nothing up this sleeve, or that one!

Tomorrow: Arrival in Rio.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

Snake Bite Deaths Reduced At Sao Paulo Institute

Shippen Sees Variety of Poisonous Pets
As Mann Arranges Swaps

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those accompanying him is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the 13th of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

SANTOS, Brazil.—Cutting down the death toll from snake and spider bites has been developed into a fine science in these parts.

The barefoot native working in some remote jungle no longer need curl up and die when struck by some snake he never saw—nor need poisonous and sometimes fatal infections progress after an encounter with a hairy tarantula or a wolf spider in the bush.

Curative serums have been developed and widely distributed from the famous "snake farm"—the Institute of Butantan, operated by the State of Sao Paulo, on the outskirts of the city of Sao Paulo, about 60 miles across the coastal mountains from this coffee port.

Zoo Director William M. Mann of Washington has given several lectures on the work of the institute, but never had an opportunity to see it until today, when he and Mrs. Mann were guests of the director, Dr. James Calvente. Both scientists are untiring collectors, and soon were swapping snakes as well as stories.

Dr. Mann plans to present to the institute several Gila monsters, the large, poisonous, orange-and-black lizards native to the deserts of our Southwest—part of a zoological collection he is taking to Buenos Aires as a gift to the Zoo there. In return, Dr. Calvente probably will have several bags of snakes waiting at this port when Dr. Mann stops by some six weeks hence.

Arrange Future Swaps.

Few if any poisonous lizards live in South America, and Dr. Calvente considers the Gila monsters a valuable addition to his "farm." In addition, the two scientists arranged for the exchange of snakes in the future—swaps to enable both to round out their collections.

Even persons who are repelled by the sight of a squirming serpent would enjoy the architectural and floral beauties of the "farm"—its impressive buildings, collection of palms and pines, formal gardens, vivid flowers.

Less obtrusive are the little concrete "pill boxes" scattered over sunken grass plots inclosed by low walls—the home of the snakes, one inclosure for the cobra type, whose bite attacks the nervous system; another for vipers, poisoners of the blood stream, and still another for non-poisonous varieties—boas, etc. In the latter inclosure are trees whose branches, on sunny days, are laden with huge snakes whose coloration blends them with the foliage. The colored skins and patterns of these climbers made them things of beauty—to the naturalists, anyhow.

All in Knowing How.

A bored attendant in a white coat leaped into an inclosure with a stick that had a metal crosspiece at the bottom. He hooked a squirming mass of rattlers from a pill box and caught one by pinning it down with the stick and grasping it just behind the head with his right hand. The huge, flailing body he tucked under his left arm. (Incidentally, he was smoking a cigarette.)



Dr. Calvente.

The attendant ran nimbly along a wall and leaped into the midst of some 20 spectators. Everybody (with the possible exception of the amateur photographers, who are afraid of nothing—I've noticed—except a poor exposure) drew back. An assistant director produced a glass dish.

The attendant hooked the inch-long, curving fangs of the rattler over the edge of the dish and squeezed the snake's head.

A drop, two drops of clear fluid came from the snake's poison glands.

"One drop," remarked the assistant director, "would do for us all—if properly distributed!"

Thus is the poison obtained for developing a serum from the blood of infected animals.

The institute handles some 60,000 snakes a year. They are sent in by donors, and transported free from distant parts of South America. One phial of serum is given for each fourth snake. The institute also sends out educational literature.

How Bites Appear.

For instance, a poisonous snake usually makes two clean punctures in the skin, while the non-poisonous variety probably would inflict many punctures, or scratches. A picture of how the two bites appear on flesh could save some persons from a nervous breakdown, when all they

had to fear was a local infection, and others from disregarding the widely spaced, clean punctures. Often in densely vegetated areas a victim never glimpses the snake that bit him.

In the institute's museum are some 200 varieties of snakes preserved in alcohol, and an impressive collection, living and dead, of tarantulas—or mygale, as they are called here—and wolf spiders, of the family lycosidae. The tarantulas often are imported to the States in cargoes of bananas. Some of these, in natural position, are 6 inches across, from leg tip to leg tip. They are not as aggressive as the wolf spider, however.

Both are hunters which spring on their victims. Their game includes small birds. The bite of either may cause a fatal infection. The institute is developing a curative serum.

In the States, it was said, a serum for victims of the black widow spider is being made from the pulp of the spider's body.

The institute also is experimenting with preventative measures for yellow fever and other tropical diseases.

One theory being investigated is that monkeys carry yellow fever germs.

Tapir Has Many Friends.

The pets at the institute include a squealing little tapir. The stripes on his coat run lengthwise, a marking which will disappear later. Just now he has a fine time with the free run of the institute's menagerie, making a lot of friends and a general nuisance of himself. His name is something in Portuguese which I won't attempt to translate. (It sounds a bit profane.)

The institute was founded some 40 years ago and its methods are studied all over the world. It is credited with saving some 5,000 lives a year from snake bite in Brazil alone.

The British recently sent a group to compare what is being done at Sao Paulo with their own work to save the natives of India from the cobra.

In Rio the other day Dr. Mann visited the snake farm established by Dr. Vital Brazil, founder of the Institute of Butantan, and the discoverer of snake serum, who resigned to pursue independent researches. Dr. Brazil, among other things, is interested in poisonous toads found in many regions of South America.

One toad has poison glands in its back. It cannot inject the poison by biting, but can inflict awful punishment on anything which bites

it. For example, a snake bites the toad, and the membranes of its mouth become so inflamed it dies in convulsions in a few minutes. This was demonstrated.

There is one snake, however, which is immune to toad poison. Still another snake in this vicinity, a relative of the rattler, poisons its victims in two ways—through nerves and blood stream.

The institute, it would appear, has accomplished much, but is not inclined at this time to rest upon its laurels.

The scientists were willing to admit they have a lot to learn!

Tomorrow: Impressions of three cities.

Santos Ships Coffee by Tons, But Cup Is Hard to Find

Sao Paulo, 3,000 Feet Up, Is Modern City of 1,200,000 Population

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those accompanying him is William H. Shippen, jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the 14th of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

SANTOS, Brazil.—Seeing three such cities in two days—Rio, Santos and Sao Paulo—one collects impressions and jots down a few facts for future reference. The impressions come to mind, and the facts can wait. "Hasta manana," as they say—"until tomorrow." Sometimes tomorrow never comes. American go-getters down here are sure it never comes.

Anyhow, "the Sleeping Giant," as the sailors call the long, jumbled mountain that lies on the starboard side of ships going south out of Rio, looks strangely like George Washington as he must have appeared on his funeral bier.

There is the same rugged nobility about the head. The body is less clearly defined, crumpled—that of an old man who has served his time—"doffed his wrinkled gear." The whole length of the giant is 4 or 5 miles. His toes are the pinnacle from which projects the high statue of Christ. As we went out of the harbor in the dusk the giant's purple figure was lined at the base with a row of twinkling lights along the bay drive.

The tiny, dwindling Christ statue, lit by floodlights, was the last we saw of Rio.

In Rio we seemed a long way from the news of the world. The papers were printed and hawked in Portuguese . . . airmail took a long time, it seemed, to get through. A matter of days, of course, but it seemed a time. Yet, later—in an automobile winding down a jungle-grown mountain—the driver turned on his radio. To my ears came "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" through the courtesy of a breakfast food company. Then followed a resume of the United States news, including the latest Hollywood divorces, marriages, rumors, etc.

In Rio they have 7½ miles of almost vertical, cork-screw roadway, called the "Devil's Springboard." Each year motor drivers from as many as 15 foreign countries race local contenders up and down seven times for such prizes as they survive to collect. There are many hair-pin turns (a better engineer could

have widened them. North Americans say) which are nothing but an invitation to eternity for racers. A German holds the one-way record—7½ miles in 7 minutes and 55 seconds.

A German also designed the "highway" for commercial purposes.

The Brazilians say there has been no race without its casualty. The "best" races have several fatalities. Great crowds assemble.

"It is magnificent, senior!" exclaimed our host.

Incidentally, no driver from the United States has entered the race to date.

But enough of Rio.

But Not to Drink.

When we arrived off Santos yesterday morning, very early, just after daylight, I awakened to a fragrant smell of coffee. The shore breeze brought it to my nostrils. I rang for the steward to ask for coffee. I learned the coffee wasn't quite ready, since it was so early. So I went back to sleep, still sniffing coffee—our ship was docking at the world's biggest coffee pot.

I slept so heartily and well I didn't awake until after the shore trippers had gone down the gangway. I rang for coffee, but the dining room had closed. (Please understand this is no reflection on the service of the ship, which has been more than excellent in every respect—don't let a propagandist tell you different.) I went ashore in search of coffee. I walked through a mile of warehouses, all loaded with beans for that good American drink. I couldn't find a cafe in walking distance of the docks which sold coffee—partly, no doubt, because I didn't know where to go, but mostly because the citizens were too busy storing coffee.

After that we went to Sao Paulo, about 60 miles across the mountains. I was so busy following Dr. Mann about the snake farm there I never had a chance to get my coffee.

Coming back, our driver was de-

layed by coffee trucks en route to this port. When he arrived back on board, the dining room was closing.

"Can I have some Brazilian coffee, please," I asked.

"Sorry, sir, but I can bring you some American coffee—some Java, that is. Most of our cooks, you see, have gone off duty!"

Meanwhile, from the docks just outside, I could hear the funny little locomotives, whistling, huffing and puffing, pulling carloads of coffee, and the creak of two-score derricks loading coffee.

P. S.—I don't like coffee much anyhow.

Heading Into Fall.

Getting to Sao Paulo is worse than climbing one of Rio's dizzy mountain roads. The highway 4,000 feet or so up the coastal mountain between Santos and Sao Paulo is one of the world's steepest grades for motor cars, with reverse turns every 100 yards and several right-angle turns between. Coming down this highway in the darkness, with the lights of Santos almost immediately below, duplicates a view from an airplane, banking into Washington Airport.

A plateau extends beyond the coastal mountains, and Sao Paulo lies at some 3,000 feet altitude. It is a city of 1,200,000. The American consul advised us to have lunch at the city's leading department store, a modern building with stocks, personnel and prices about on a par with Washington's best.

The comparison held good in the store's lunchroom on the top floor, except that more men than women were lunching, and the crowd was such that the head waiter was quite unable to find tables. Another difference was the service was slow, very slow—and those at luncheon remained over their drinks and conversation for a long time after a Washington crowd would have gone elsewhere.

The people at luncheon were dressed in fall attire. Our summer clothing seemed out of place, although the day was decidedly on the summer side. Fall flowers decorated the tables.

(I'm only just beginning to believe we've headed into the fall while spring blooms in Washington.)

Tomorrow: A hero tends animals.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

Ship Hero Cares for Animals On Trip to South America

Tex Wyly Dived Overboard to Rescue Drowning Brazilian Stevedore

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those accompanying him is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the 15th of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. URUGUAY.—The hero of the Uruguay's maiden voyage with the "Good Neighbor" fleet is helping care for Dr. Mann's animals up forward.

Clark (Tex) Wyly, 28, now a bos'n's mate, dived overboard, last November 4, and rescued a Brazilian stevedore drowning in the narrow space between the side of the ship and the wharf at Rio.

Tex never mentioned the story during the many days we worked together at sea, cleaning cages, carrying water, feeding, reinforcing the crate of Wild Bill, the buffalo. All we knew was that he was quick, handy, cheerful and a worker!

The story came from Tex's shipmates forward. It seems that Tex, an able-bodied seaman then, was painting the side of the ship when a crate being shifted from a hold knocked the stevedore into the water. Only the floats or fenders held the rocking ship away from the concrete wall of the wharf. Down in that black well, between walls of steel and concrete, the stevedore floundered and sank.

Went Back to Work.

A lot of men ran about on the wharf, yelling and gesticulating. A life preserver was thrown down but the stevedore could not grasp it. Then Tex dived overboard. He tied a line under the man's armpits and saw him hauled onto the wharf. After that he climbed a rope that held a fender and went back to work—painting.

It was not known until later that the fall between the ship and wharf had knocked out the stevedore and broken his leg in two places. The officers of the Uruguay heard nothing of the incident until the ship put in at Santos, Brazil, on the return from B. A. A message requested Wyly's full name. When the ship pulled in at Rio a reception was ready.

Tex was very much surprised and a little taken aback. He was pulled into the main salon to listen to speeches in a strange tongue, and presented by the stevedores of Rio with a beautiful gold filigree model of a Portuguese galleon, 14 inches from stem to stern; a gold medal and a scroll signed by the President of the Republic of Brazil granting him citizenship and guaranteeing

him a lifetime job any time he wished to take one.

Then followed a parade, led by a band in splendid uniforms to the hospital where the stevedore was recovering. Tex shook hands with the man whose life he had saved and hurried back to work. He won his recent promotion by seamanship rather than heroism.

Presented With \$25.

The stevedores also presented Tex with \$25. Tex still has the gold galleon, the medal and the scroll... he keeps them in the purser's safe. As for the \$25... well, that's another matter!

Just now Tex is almost as anxious as Dr. Mann to bring the gift collection from the National Zoological Park safely through to its destination—the Buenos Aires Zoo.

When Wild Bill, the buffalo, begins trying to tear his crate to pieces, Tex usually is first on deck.

"What that fellow wants," he says, "is water. He's a wild one, and he don't like his meals and drinks at regular hours. He wants what he wants when he wants it!"

Tex learned to handle stock on a ranch before he was 16. Then he joined the Navy and has been at sea since—some 12 years. He says his chief ambition is to be a Government forest ranger or game warden.

Every sailor, it seems, wants a change—a job ashore, to hear them

talk. I wonder how many would take such a job if they could get one. I asked Tex about that.

He only grinned and shook his head.

He is a pretty competent man at sea. He started out as second assistant to Dr. Mann. I was first assistant, and worked pretty hard to hold my job.

Now I'm helping Tex!

* * * *

Climate Bewildering.

This shifting climate—spring, summer and fall in two weeks—is a bit bewildering to an amateur traveler.

This morning, some 16 hours out of Santos, and still a day from Montevideo, I went on deck for a pre-breakfast swim to encounter a chill wind with its hint of fall. The officers had changed from white to dark uniforms, and passengers were following suit.

Already people are packing summer things, yet it seems only yesterday the sun struck with blistering force—in fact, I'm still smart-

ing from my introduction to the equatorial sun. The sun lived up to all I've heard about it, although the Southern Cross (while we're on the subject of astronomy) was a bit disappointing—lopsided at this time of year, and not as bright as I had imagined.

"But wait," the sailors say, "until you see the Clouds of Magellan from Patagonia!"

Tomorrow: Arrival at Montevideo.

Zoo Ship's Passengers Are Eager to Reach Buenos Aires

Montevideo Stop Brief; Dr. Mann Most Anxious To Get Pets Ashore

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those accompanying him is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the 16th of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

S. S. URUGUAY AT MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay.—We arrived here at dusk tonight, in the midst of a gaudy sunset that dimmed, temporarily anyhow, the glitter of the city's lights—and will shove off in the morning before we sight-seers get a chance to do the town.

But a lot of people on board want to get on to B. A.—journey's end for many. The Argentines have been a long time away from home, and businessmen are anxious to get back on the job—they have to be on their toes down here, they tell me, what with plenty of competition from abroad.

Nobody on board will be gladder than Dr. Mann when our ship pulls into B. A. The welfare of his gift collection for the Zoo there has been his constant anxiety since we left New York just after midnight Friday, April 7—it seems a long time ago.

The young buffalos, including Ferdinand, alias Wild Bill, apparently will pull through O.K.—a bit emaciated, perhaps, after almost three weeks in crates on a tilting work deck, but still able to take on nourishment. For a time it looked as if we would lose Wild Bill, who kept trying to buck himself overboard, crate and all. He has calmed down, however, as he nears the end of the journey.

Four Gila Monsters Left

After giving three gila monsters to the São Paulo "snake farm," Dr. Mann still has four left, along with the bald eagles, the Texas red wolves, the civet cats, binturangs, turtles, etc. He is making arrangements from here to have them cleared through customs and quarantine and transported to the Zoo

Another passenger who will be glad to get ashore at B. A. is Charles Twist, formerly of Albany, N. Y., who, since he was graduated from Yale in 1932, has been knocking around down here with a gang of prospectors—from Bolivia down the Andes to the Argentine, working for a great North American mining company.

Young Twist (called Oliver by the passengers) is a sort of "streamlined" prospector, 1939 style. He and his fellows—several score of mining engineers not too long out of colleges in the States—comb this continent from the Amazon and its tributaries to the lower reaches of Patagonia, searching for minerals in pay quantities... gold, silver, tungsten, etc.

They have discarded the burro—that faithful companion of the old-timer who said, "Thar's gold in them thar hills, stranger"—in favor of a Ford "tin goose," balso rafts on the wild rivers, trucks, automobiles and various other types of locomotion.

The aviator who flies the young prospectors here and there—into

homemade landing fields no bigger than postage stamps, tucked away in some mountain cove—is "Santa" Tinkapaw, formerly of New England. Santa, as he is known up and down the Andes and its foothills, won his nickname by flying toys and gift packages at Christmastime and dropping them to isolated lighthouse keepers along New England's "rock-ribbed" coast.

"Santa," said Oliver, "can fly that tin goose around a corner of the Andes and set it down on a pocket handkerchief. He also can fly it out again. He can't go back and try again if he misjudges things... not on that kind of field!"

Just now Oliver and his friends are prospecting for tungsten in the foothills of the Andes, about 400 miles west of B. A., in the province of San Luis.

He flew up to Rio to meet his mother and is returning with her to B. A. She expects to visit him in the camp—just to make sure he wears his overshoes and doesn't go out in the rain without an umbrella.

Oliver—from the way he greeted his mother at Rio—doesn't seem to mind a bit of maternal supervision for a change.

Tomorrow: Arrival at B. A.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

"The Three Freshmen"

1902-1903

Class of 1903

} Louis Regan
Fred Rich
James Carter

Virginia Henry (for H. Henry)



*St. Paul
N.Y.
Boyle N.Y.*

Mine Buntrock

Autographs

*John H. Gray,
Calit Burns*

Edw. Loring

P.L.

10/24
 10/24
 John H. Gray.
 Calist Bensus
 Florence H. Bensus
 Phil
 Kana

Father Breaks. Kana
J.
arco Stoff Lakawin man
N.Y.C. W.H.

~~James M. Mulvaney~~ Wis. U.S.

~~just~~ ~~the day~~
 J. C. Boys - Kalamazoo!
 Myrtle Ford - Boys " "

(Re.) R. O.
 N.Y.C.

WILDBILL

Wm H. Shippen, Jr. - Wild
Bill's sailing mate..

Patuca Honeychile Wilder
Homer D. Perry

Randy, I saw

Yrae Sabat - Vicente Lopez 1729-
Es dices -

Roland Kamenster -
Ingrid Rich New York City USA.

Superior Lith New York
To Lacq — Francis

Wm. J. Phillips, Surgeon, Hungary
 Mrs. Charles H. Frost 950 Madison Ave
 Albany, N.Y.

SPORTS COMMITTEE

Hon. Chairman
Chairman
Secretary
Treasurer

Captain Wm. B. Oakley
Comdr. Raul Reis
Mrs. Helen Pierce
Mr. Franklin R. Hall

Sub Committees in Charge of Events

DECK GOLF

BRIDGE

SHUFFLE BOARD

9 TEE GOLF

DECK TENNIS

PING PONG

BIDOU

Mr. C. W. Brooks & Dr. E. Zorraquin
Miss M. Bruckman & Mr. J. B. Wise
Mrs. J. M. Ribeiro & Mr. R. B. Miller, Jr.
Mrs. W. B. Brown & Mr. T. G. Burke
Miss Pat Wilder & Mr. C. E. S. Burns
Mrs. E. Zorraquin & Mr. N. L. Griggs
Mr. R. A. Hummel

King Neptune and his Court



H. M. Neptunus Rex
H. R. H. Aphrodite
Royal Prosecutor
Royal Barber
Asst. Royal Barber
Royal Surgeon
Asst. Royal Surgeon
Chief Royal Police
Royal Cops

Mr. R. A. Hummel
Dr. E. Zorraquin
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Mr. Jorge de Mello, Dr. A. F. Diehl
Mr. P. Wattel, Mr. M. Gusmao
Mr. S. Simel, Mr. H. Zinke
Mr. A. Caixach

MENU

Dubonnet Cocktail

Fruit Cup, Victoria
Iced Table Celery

Cape Cod Oyster Cocktail
Queen Olives

Salted Almonds

Green Turtle Soup, Canterbury
Chicken Cream, Dame Montespain
Swiss Cheese Canapes

Fresh Lobster a la Newburg
Nova Scotia Salmon, "Buena Vista"

Filet Mignon with Foie Gras Puree, Mushroom and Truffle Sauce
Pommes Julienne

Baked Virginia Ham, Burgundy

Roast Breast of Vermont Turkey, Marjoram Dressing,
Cranberry Sauce

Fresh Asparagus, Sauce Hollandaise
New Green Peas

Dauphine or Delmonico Potatoes

Combination Salad, American Dressing

Baked Alaska
Assorted Nuts
California Figs
Petits Fours
Table Raisins
Fresh Fruit Basket
Champagne Sherbet
Tunis Dates
Preserved Canton Ginger
Cafe Noir

F. UHLMANN, Chef de Cuisine



Farewell Dinner

ON BOARD

S. S. URUGUAY

AT SEA

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1939

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, Inc.

American Republics Line

CAPTAIN WILLIAM B. OAKLEY

Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N. R.

OFFICERS:

Chief Officer: **RUSSELL B. WILKE**
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.

Chief Engineer: **P. NEWMAN**
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.

Surgeon: **Wm. GRAY PHILLIPS, Jr., M. D.**

Chief Steward: **CHARLES H. HEIDORN**

Chief Purser: **Wm. GEOGHEGAN**

Travel Officer: **TELL C. SCHREIBER**

ENROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO BUENOS AIRES

Zoo Animals Arrive In 'B. A.' In Good Condition

**Wild Bill Picks Fight
With Buffalo Twice His
Size (Through a Fence)**

(No. 17 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, JR.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—Uncle Sam's gift animals, at long last, have arrived safely at their destination—the local Zoo.

There's Wild Bill, the yearling bull buffalo, whose rampages in his crate one gray morning on the Atlantic far north of here—brought him to the verge of destruction . . .

And the Texas red wolf, which chewed and wrenched away a wooden bar on his cage, escaping to run free on the work deck forward one

early morning at sea. Only the monitor lizzard was lost—a 4-foot veteran traveler which Dr. Mann had transported to Washington from Sumatra, on the other side of the world.

The bald eagles came through in great shape—even the wild one which thrashed its wings against the cage each time a member of the crew or curious passenger stopped to peer in at it. The prairie dogs, the civet cats, the East Indian bingurang (or "bear cat") and the Emperor geese from Alaska stood the 6,500-mile journey very well.

The Uruguay arrived here last night after dark and moved up to freight wharf this morning. Dr. Mann had arranged in advance through the consular service to expedite the passage of the animals through quarantine, customs and port authorities. Two big, horse-drawn drays awaited the crates on the wharf this morning, but some hitch developed.

Each Crate Handled Carefully.

It was not until this afternoon that the crates went over the side. In some ports an animal shipment gets rough handling—boxes are slammed about and dropped on the wharf. But today Tex Wyly, the boss's mate who helped care for the animals on the way south, was superintending the job. The shipment was handled gently as it came off in cargo slings.

It was dusk today before the two buffalo were turned into their paddock at the zoo. Dr. Mann was eager to see them outside their crates. For weeks he couldn't be sure, peering in at the buffalo in their dark quarters, how they had fared.

The female emerged a bit wobbly on her pins, but Wild Bill charged out on all fours and tried to horn a buffalo bull twice his weight—it was lucky for him that a fence separated them. The newcomers will occupy their own paddock until they get better acquainted with the herd whose blood they are supposed to improve.

Shortly before the S. S. Uruguay reached Rio, Wild Bill managed, in some incredible manner, to turn completely around in a crate designed to give him just enough room to lie down, but no extra space in which to gather force to hurt himself. He defied the laws of gravity and probability with a great clatter that brought members of the crew on deck before daylight.

A Kicking, Bucking Demon.

Then Ferdinand—as he had been called up to that time—went berserk. He became an 800-pound bucking, kicking, butting demon.

His crate began to splinter. It broke at the top and front . . . broke and bulged with each shock. The crate shifted aft and almost rolled over on the tilting deck.

Dr. Mann's face was white and drawn—not with fear or anger, but with pain. "Poor buff!" he exclaimed, while the crate rocked almost on top of him, "I hope we won't have to destroy him!" An officer was standing by with a gun.

With the aid of Tex, "Chips," the ship's carpenter, and various sailors, lines were passed about the crate and tied forward to hold it upright. Then the case was hauled back in place with block and tackle, reinforced with heavy planking and shored up, top and sides.

Wild Bill, having reversed himself, was standing in his feed box . . . kicking, rather. He was in momentary peril of breaking a leg. He also was almost certain to inflict a fracture on any person reaching inside the crate to pry loose the feed box. Tex managed this somehow, with the aid of a crowbar, without hurting himself or the bull.

Didn't Miss Any Meals.

Thereafter Bill was fed and watered through a slot designed for cleaning his crate. For days on end there was a great thundering and rattling of hooves and horns.

"I wonder," Dr. Mann said, "if Bill, the buff, would feel any better if he knew he was practically spoiling my trip."

Through all this Wild Bill never missed any rations.

When he charged out of his irksome crate here tonight, with wounds on hocks and back nicely healing and obviously feeling his oats, Dr. Mann said:

"Maybe he was just having his

setting-up exercises on the boat! There's nothing like it to keep you in shape on a long voyage!"

The wolf-coyote which escaped had been crated with his mate. They were separated by a partition of wire, which he gnawed through. Then the male took all the female's

rations. He was shifted at sea to a smaller crate.

The wolf went to work on this crate with his teeth one night. He shredded a board a half-inch thick and some 4 inches across, pulled it aside and squeezed out of prison. The jail-break was discovered about daylight by a sailor, who roused Dr. Mann. But let Charley, the German

cook for the oilers and firemen in a galley forward, tell about it:

"That doktor Mann, he knows animals, huh? The wolf he was prowling about. Then a sailor gets a line. It's as big as a hawser. He twirls it about his head. I say, 'Hold on Cowboy—you go get doktor Mann, huh?' And close those doors to the passengers' quarters, huh?"

"The doktor he just blinks and slides over toward the wolf. 'Open the door in one of those empty crates,' he says to a sailor. The wolf he looks sideways at the doktor. He don't want trouble. He's more scared than me, huh? The wolf, he sidesteps away. He sees the crate door open. He starts in, and then

he tenses his muscles, huh? He's ready to jump back, huh? The doktor just goes up and spansks him on his rear, huh? The wolf jumps in instead of out.

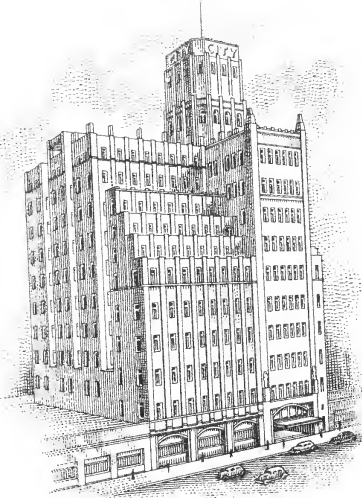
"Very simple, huh?"

The big monitor which went overboard died for no particular reason. A phlegmatic fellow, he had plenty

of room, air and food and had made at least two previous ocean voyages—he just curled up and expired.

"The more I travel with animals," Dr. Mann said, "the less I'm inclined to see red when a dealer shows me a price list!"

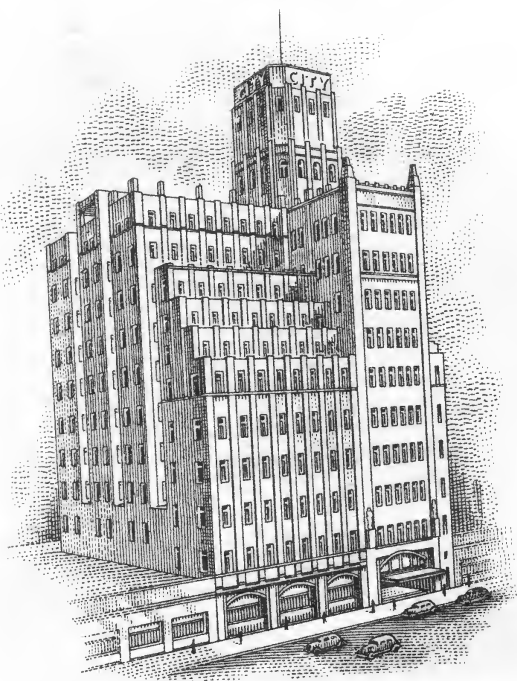
Tomorrow.; Notes on Buenos Aires.



DIREC. TELEG. "CITYHOTEL"

CITY HOTEL

BUENOS AIRES



BUENOS AIRES

Good morning

Your eminence!

That the proper
way of addressing you or
any other cardinal -

Cheerio -

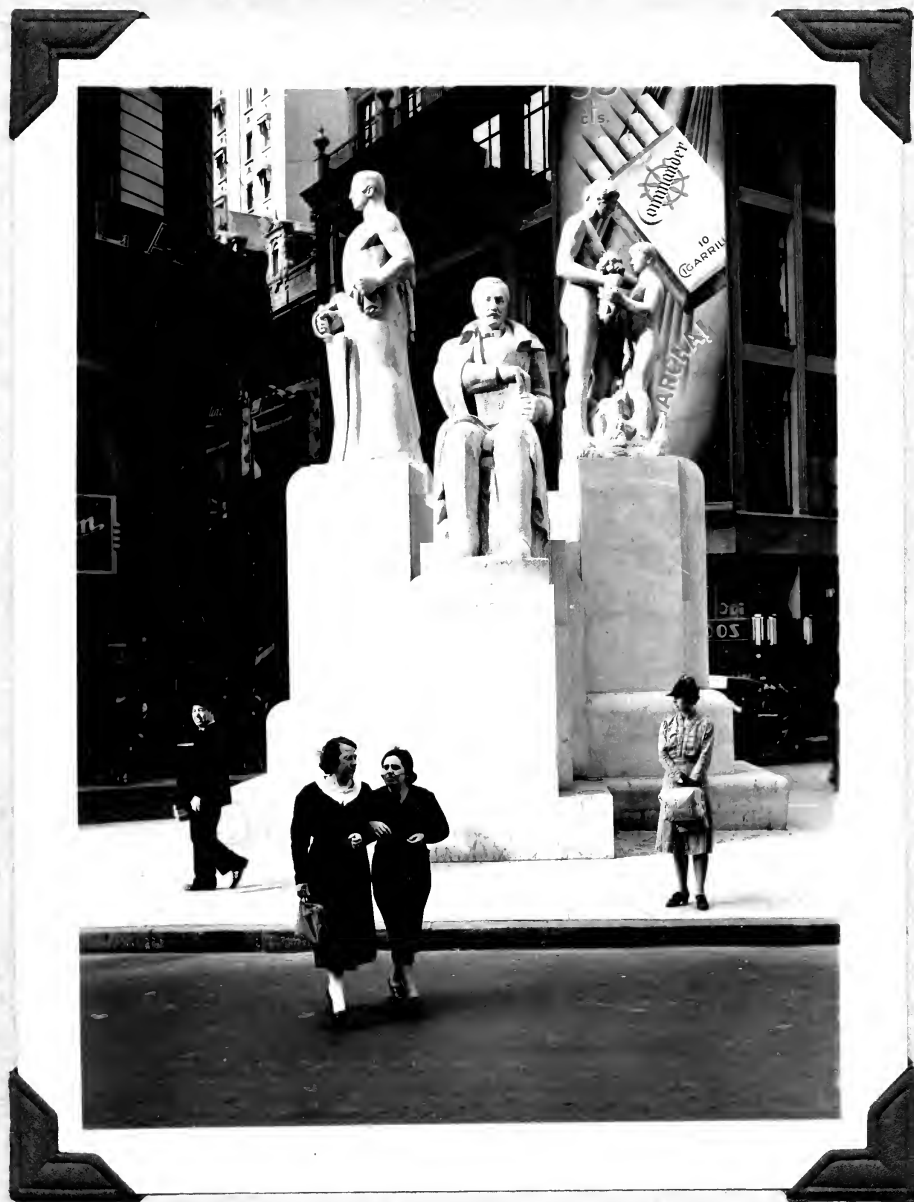
Tom Power,



Modern B.A.



Waterfront Shop



Roque Saenz Peña
Monument



Downtown B.A.

Buenos Aires Tries 'Pedestrian Control' Much Like D. C.

City Carries On Program Of Education With Loud-Speakers

(No. 20 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—The heretofore emancipated pedestrian of this metropolis today forfeited his liberty—his right to dodge, hop, skip and jump (and sometimes bleed and die) for the freedom of the streets.

A pedestrian control something like that recently inaugurated in Washington went into effect on May Day. The innovation was introduced on a labor holiday when almost no motor vehicles, public or private, were in operation.

For days now the efficient police have been carrying on an educational campaign like that in Washington. Loud speakers and screens were mounted at principal intersections, on which were projected practical (and often humorous) suggestions about how to walk in compliance with the new regulations.

The pedestrians of this city are noted all over the world for their daring, dexterity and nonchalance. There exists some doubt as to how they will take to the new restrictions. Today was no real test, as the pedestrians had the streets to themselves from dawn until midnight.

The only taxicabs abroad charged double fares—one fare for the ride and the other to console the driver for his humiliation in being compelled to work for himself on a labor holiday. Persons who usually go about in opulent private cars spent the day unobtrusively—their chauffeurs were on holiday, and they had no desire to invite undue attention to themselves.

Police Are Plentiful.

The police, too, were unobtrusive, but plentiful. While thousands of workers assembled in the wide avenues for a parade in the afternoon, the officers lined the curbs, alert, well-armed and smartly uniformed. Their discipline is of the best—you have the word of two of "New York's finest" for it. The way the mounted police handled their horses in advance and at the rear of the marching column won the praise of officers who had helped put down riots at Madison Square Garden.

There was not the least disorder in the marching procession—thousands of young men with almost no women or elderly marchers. All were strangely quiet. Only an occasional clenched fist was raised in the Communist salute. One red banner bore a modification of the Communist sickle and hammer. The inscriptions on the banners were not demands on the Government for shorter hours, more pay on relief, etc., but rather requests for larger youth opportunities in the fields of education and employment. One sign said, "No help, no protection for the Nazis or Fascists!"

Today only the blue and white flags of the Argentine floated over the wide avenues. Other flags, especially the swastika of Nazi Germany, had been the signal for riots in the past—for the smashing of windows and the charge of the mounted police. Today all foreign flags were banned. Along the line of march many plate windows were protected by sliding doors of corrugated iron—an unnecessary precaution.

Last night we noticed a squad of mounted police in the vicinity of a hotel popular with visiting Germans. There had been a demonstration there previously, but none developed today.

Americans Well Received.

Steamships up and down this coast usually manage, as unobtrusively as possible, to be at sea on May day—their masters are happier to have it so.

American ships of war and commerce get a friendly reception here. Residents of B. A. still talk about the visit of the Army's "flying fortresses" on the occasion of the presidential inaugural, and President Roosevelt has gripped the popular imagination. Residents say that when United States Navy ships are in port officers and men of the Argentine Navy can be seen fraternizing with the visitors.

All this is true, one native of Argentina told me, despite the fact

that the nation's pride has been wounded by the refusal of the United States to accept Argentine beef. They can understand how the United States produces enough beef for her own needs, but think it unfair to exclude a fine product on the grounds of quality.

The two countries are alike in many ways—the "melting pots" of the New World. The Argentine may be of English, Irish, German, Italian, Scandinavian or Swiss descent, but he's as much an Argentine as the Spanish pioneer—from his viewpoint, anyhow.

I met one the other night whose name was even more indicative of his ancestry than "Jeremiah Aloysius Patrick O'Leary." He couldn't understand a word of English, but spoke perfect Spanish (I'm told), gestures and all, despite an Irish brogue!

Tomorrow: Birds of the pampas and lagoons.



T. H. Shippen, Jr.

Pampas and Lagoon Reveal Birds Strange to Dr. Mann

National Zoo Collectors Explore Beautiful Lakes Near Buenos Aires

Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is now in Argentina collecting birds, reptiles and animals. Among those accompanying him is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the 21st of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—The wild birds we saw today on pampas and lagoon surprised even an experienced collector like Dr. Mann.

Flamingoes, wild swans, cormorants, black ibis,



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

coots and wild ducks waded, swam and circled the green lakes, while the vast plains and planted groves were alive with bird life.

Tinamou, the big Argentine partridges, ran ahead of our car; oven birds fluttered about their clay apartment houses, erected on fence posts and in trees along the roadway, and gravelly owls watched our passing.

These latter live underground, the uninvited guests of the viscacha, a burrowing rodent. They are not as brazen about moving in on strangers as their cousins of the United States, which exist in prairie dog villages, where their life is complicated by the presence of rattlesnakes.

Find Flamingo Colony.

In motor boats, with engines throttled down, we approached a colony of flamingoes peacefully sunning on the green shore. They were of the Chilean variety, accustomed to a colder climate than the Cuban types, many of which have been imported to Florida. They took off in perfect formation, flying single file. The individuals looked like flying sticks, with long necks and legs stretched in a horizontal line, and the flock might have been a string of roseate pearls against the blue sky. Dr. Mann took color movies of the spectacle.

Several black-necked swans rose ahead of us and the water and low shore line teemed with wild ducks, coots, plovers and cormorants—the latter making gluttonous forays upon the pejerries, a small game fish rippling the surface of the lagoon in all directions. The natives call the black cormorants "fish eaters." In Spanish the name sounds a bit profane, as well it might, for the cormorants feed upon a prize table delicacy—one of the most esteemed of fresh-water edibles.

The sea-going Gaucho at the controls of our boat cast fierce glances at the feeding flocks. He told the consular officer, in rapid-fire Spanish, that the "fish eaters" gang up on the pejerries. They form a great circle on the water, each cormorant diving inward and closing in, driving the fish into a smaller and smaller area until they can be gobbled up in one grand finale.

Fresh Fish Luncheon.

The boatman was also fisherman for the estancia, and should know what he was talking about. I did not witness his story, although I can testify to the veracity of part of the tale—the edibility of the pejerrey. The fisherman cast his net upon the waters and we had a luncheon dish (it was the second or third course, I believe), which had been alive and kicking all the way to the frying pan. In addition, there were succulent little shrimp from the lagoon—a treat the "fish eaters" had overlooked.

The estancia buildings of old brick and tile were surrounded by a grove in which lived thrushes, wrens, doves, song sparrows and many vivid, semi-tropical songsters I never managed to identify, even with a zoologist present. Life on the estancia, I am told, is much of the same pattern as that on the Western ranch—free and easy, with plenty to eat, more leisure than luxury, and nothing to worry about

today that can't be postponed until tomorrow.

Our hostess, the wife of the estancia manager, was amused, rather than harassed, when her native servants, a bit confused by so many unexpected guests for luncheon, were slow about getting food on the table. She spoke French (learned in a convent in Paris), Spanish and Portuguese, the tongue of her native Brazil. If she was surprised to learn that several of her guests understood none of these languages, there was nothing about her gay and gracious manner to indicate it—rather, she seemed to apologize for having neglected to study English. Her husband was a native of Holland, who had spent most of his life in Brazil. He knew English and proved a willing interpreter.

A Pleasant Memory.

The hours we spent cruising about the lagoon will long remain a pleasant memory. The Latins, who had made the excursion many times before, became even more excited than their guests, pointing out the natu-

ral beauties of their country. Their exclamations, ready laughter and swift, musical comments mingled with the cries of birds high in the air or on some far shore.

We returned across the pampas at dusk. The sun was setting behind us, and ahead a huge, orange moon rose through the autumn haze.

Gauchos on sturdy, cattle-wise ponies called greetings, or courteously directed us on our way, and flocks of birds wheeled into the sunset. There were few automobiles on the highway to B. A.—only farmers' carts, mounted on two huge wheels, and boys and girls carrying jars of wine for the evening meal.

The vast pampas, with picturesque life, extended to the edge of Buenos Aires—a city of 2,500,000. The contrast surprises even the natives. Our host, a resident of B. A. for many years, exclaimed:

"Sometimes I cannot believe it myself! Now we are on the pampas, with all those cows and gauchos! Then a few bumps, and caramba!—a traffic cop he peenches us, yes?"

"In that case, señor," said a member of our party, "would you mind slowing down a bit? We do not wish to be projected into another world with such magnificent promptitude!"

Tomorrow: Markets in B. A.



Sol deslumbrante - Tigre.



Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Benne, L.Q.M.
El Tigre Club - May 1

El Día - La Plata

LLEGARA HOY A BS. AS. EL DIRECTOR DEL ZOO DE WASHINGTON

Llegará hoy a Buenos Aires el Dr. William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington, zoológico y hombre de ciencia, pero sobre todo naturalista de escuela. Perteneció a una generación de investigadores norteamericanos que van dando buen nombre a su país. Allí en Estados Unidos se honra el saber cuando el extranjero oye decir refiriéndose a alguien que reúne estas condiciones: pertenece a uno de los "doce"... Estudió en Ann Arbor donde enseñan el renombrado ictiologista Hubbs, no desconocido para quienes cultivan esta rama de la historia natural y el mastozoológico. Vice, también de nota para quienes trabajan en mamíferos y justo es decirlo que hoy van apareciendo en el país monografías iniciales del tipo que concibe Dice. Así, Mann fue compañero de Hubbs y de Dice.

Viene a Buenos Aires porque desea conocer la Argentina, impregnarse de sus bellezas naturales, hacer relación con sus hombres de ciencia trayendo una colección de animales para nuestros jardines zoológicos; también está animado en sus propósitos que le oyéramos en 1933 que haría su próximo viaje por la Argentina con el fin de hacer nuevos estudios zoológicos y asimismo por los buenos oficios que en este sentido interpone el Sr. Cónsul General de EE. UU. Mr. Monnett B. Davis, para que fuera huésped del país.

Trae el Dr. Mann en el vapor "Uruguay" que llegó a Buenos Aires procedente de Nueva York: dos bisontes, un bintunong, dos zorros colorados, una civeta, una civeta de Las Palmas, dos gansos imperiales, dos águilas calvas, doce coyotes, seis monstruos gilas, una iguana y ocho tortugas, todos ellos embarcados en buenas condiciones y con el visto bueno del embajador argentino Dr. Espil.

El Argentino - La Plata

EL DIRECTOR DEL JARDIN ZOOLOGICO DE WASHINGTON LLEGARA HOY A BS. AIRES

Desde hoy será huésped de nuestro país, el doctor William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington, zoológico y hombre de ciencia, pero sobre todo naturalista de escuela. Perteneció a una generación de investigadores norteamericanos que van dando buen renombre a su país.

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Hizo sus estudios en Ann Arbor completándolos en Europa; viajó por Oceanía y exploró los países nórdicos de Sud América enviado por su Universidad. Publicó excelentes monografías sobre los formicidos.

Perteneció también al cuerpo de especialistas de la Smithsonian Institution y sus trabajos entomológicos son los de una autoridad, sucediendo con el fallecimiento del profesor Hollister en la dirección del National Zoological Park, que también integra el cuerpo de instituciones que forman la élite de esta clase de funciones en Washington.

Viaja con el doctor Mann su esposa doña Lucila N. de Mann, compañera asidua de sus tareas. Periódicamente

efectúan salidas y organizan expediciones con el propósito de coleccionar animales vivos con los cuales completan los cuadros del citado parque. Para dar una idea de la actividad y compromiso que importan estas iniciativas, en 1932, recorrieron la Guayana Inglesa y los datos obtenidos están consignados en las exploraciones y trabajos de campaña de la Smithsonian; los resultados de ese viaje fueron la incorporación de cerca de 350 especímenes al zoológico de Washington incluyendo 128 aves, 21 mamíferos y 189 reptiles, de los cuales muchos eran nuevos para la historia de aquel zoológico.

Trae el doctor Mann en el vapor "Uruguay", que llega hoy a Buenos Aires, procedente de Nueva York: dos bisontes, un bintunong, dos zorros colorados, una civeta, una civeta de Las Palmas, dos gansos imperiales, dos águilas calvas, doce coyotes, seis monstruos gilas, una iguana y ocho tortugas, todos ellos embarcados en buenas condiciones y con el visto bueno del embajador argentino doctor Espil.

Octopus Poor Food, Buenos Aires Visitor Discovers

Other of Cephalopoda,
However, Prove to Be
Delicious

(No. 22 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—Tender octopuses from the mouth of the La Plata, sweet mussels, fat snails, tasty sting rays, tortoisés and terrapins, fruits of many climates and meats beyond compare.

A cornucopian horn of plenty is poured out here at the city's markets—some of the finest in the world. To learn how B. A. dines, the wise visitor hikes through miles of meat and produce stalls before sitting down to such educational exhibits as the restaurants offer.

Take the biggest market here—a block square and occupying five or six floors above and below street level. The endless foodlined corridors are an invitation to a stroll long enough to counteract later investigations with a knife and fork.

The thing that first hit my eye—and the market is laid out to please the eye as well as the appetite—was a stall of strange creatures that swim, crawl and run in the sea—octopuses, etc. Tender little fellows galloped over the bottom of their tank or shrank timidly from the public gaze. Their big brothers had been stripped of their arms, all eight of them. These limbs, geometrically arranged, were laid out before me in boxes of ice.

Smothered in Onions.

Having read about octopuses eating men, it occurred to me that I might turn the tables on the greedy cephalopod. I therefore ordered octopus tonight—large octopus, the bigger the better.

The waiter, who is my pal (I overtopped him several times before I learned the difference between the milreis of Brazil and the pesos of Argentina) brought me my octopus smothered in onions—pretty well smothered, I'm happy to say.

Such sections of the cephalopod as I had the temerity to excavate tasted like slices of last year's garden hose, plus a rather pungent odor which anybody who ever ate fish in a boarding house should be able to identify. So much for the octopus, but the mussels, the snails, sting rays, etc., were a happier experiment—much happier. They were done to a turn (many chefs here are Parisian, and one I know of catered to a Balkan King, who didn't die of overeating) and garnished with delicate sauces.

The meat stalls at the market were artistic triumphs—carcasses of baby lambs, suckling pigs, fattened ducks, geese, chickens, partridges, pheasants, all arranged in patterns of color, size and shape. Even the edible interior arrangements of sheep and cattle were plaited and festooned in garlands. Bright, varicolored cheeses made pretty mosaics, and, in luxury meat stalls, special cuts bore the hair and hide of the contributing animal so that fastidious Argentines could identify their favorite breeds.

Lambs Sell for \$1.50.

Choice fat young lambs were going for 6 pesos each, less than \$1.50 in our money, or about the price of a second-rate leg of lamb in the States. Other prices were in proportion.

In a vast underground market auctions disposed of wholesale quantities of beef in rapid order. The proceeding sounded like a dozen North Carolina tobacco auctions all conducted simultaneously in Spanish. I was glad I didn't have to bid on my beefsteaks there.

The fruit and produce sections combined the best from temperate, cold and semi-tropical climates of this vicinity—pineapples, citrus fruit, bananas and avocados from Brazil, huge Chilean apples; grapes, peaches, plums, olives from Mendoza, Argentina; chicory, lettuce and watercress, vast mounds of cauliflower; Japanese persimmons in graded boxes, pomegranates and countless melons, fruits and vegetables I had never seen or heard of.

But tonight, after miles of walking between abundant quantities of the world's finest food, I found I wasn't hungry.

I'm afraid that octopus got me after all!

Tomorrow: A Woman's View of Argentine Women.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

Brilliant Shops Of Buenos Aires Lure Feminine Eyes

Now, as Winter Nears,
Furs and Gems Glitter
Along Calle Florida

Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is now in the Argentine collecting birds, reptiles and animals. Among those accompanying him are William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, and Mrs. Shippen. As No. 23 of Mr. Shippen's series of articles, Mrs. Shippen herewith provides the "woman's angle" on Buenos Aires.

By FRANCES SHIPPEN.

BUENOS AIRES.—Nowhere else in the world, so they say, is the woman more pampered than here in Argentina.

She is less emancipated, perhaps, but certainly more feminine than her sisters in the States—and obviously doesn't suffer in a material way from the difference, judging from her furs and jewels.

A newcomer to Buenos Aires, especially a woman, is delighted with her first walk through the famous shopping district—the Calle Florida, which is closed to vehicular traffic during the day. For it seems that every shop along the narrow street displays exquisite furs, expensive perfumes, dazzling jewels or great baskets of flowers.

Although the furs and orchids may be the envy of feminine visitors from the States, readymade clothes here represent a comparatively new industry and are not quite up to the older standards of manufacturers at home. The sight of readymade clothes in store windows is still a novelty, we are told. They have been featured for only a few years.

Flowers Are Abundant.

Women here love flowers. Even the most modestly clothed worker wears a nosegay on her lapel, and no home seems too poor for a vase of flowers in the window. Seasons are reckoned by the flowers, and just now, with the coming of winter, the chrysanthemums, huge and brilliant in their strange color combinations, are at their height. One can buy a corsage of violets at the best stores for less than a quarter in our money and a dozen sunburst roses for less than a dollar. Eight lily-of-the-valley plants growing in a pot will cost little more than half a dollar, and gladioluses in every conceivable color combination are almost as plentiful as our daisies. The wholesale flower market here is supposed to surpass that of Paris and is visited by thousands daily as one of the city's most beautiful sights.

Although snow here is a rarity and stores display native-grown flowers throughout the year, groups of women already are getting together over their tea and talking of going north to the hills for sunshine and warmth. South winds will soon be blowing, they say, bringing a chill humidity they wish to escape.

Other than Spanish, the language most frequently spoken here is French, and the city has a decided Parisian atmosphere. Sidewalk cafes line the streets. Food is one of the most important reasons for living. Everybody has two or three hours for luncheon. Small shops tempt the passer-by, especially those which sell the inexpensive though somewhat ornate Bolivian silver, and the finely-woven Paraguayan lace—two of the best buys in Buenos Aires, I hear.

Women Stay at Home More.

One doesn't see as many women pedestrians as in the States. Here women are more emancipated in that respect than a few years ago, when it was almost unheard of for a lady to be seen—especially at night—on the streets without an escort. No gathering (whether it be a ship sailing, tea hour or a jockey club luncheon) is complete,

however, without the woman's derivative presence.

It is said that the finest plets in the world are gathered and sent here—platinum and silver fox, ermine and sable. And this winter, so the local stylists say, lots of nutria, a native fur and one that is being sent to the States, will be worn. Diamonds are the most popular jewels, with a preference, too, for Brazil's aquamarines, said to be good bargains.

One watches the Argentine woman rise to dance the tango with her escort. She has flowers in her hair and on her shoulder, a necklace and earrings—too much for us, perhaps, but somehow in good taste on the scintillating, feminine senorita.

Entertainment Plentiful.

Casinos—night clubs—are plentiful and the entertainers are among the best obtainable. Here, too, the Argentines seem to prefer the French. Josephine Baker, the toast of Parisienne night life, has just left. Mistinguette, that perennial French favorite, replaced her and received a tremendous ovation on her arrival. One is struck by the lack of South American music in many places of entertainment. Swing tunes—fortunately or otherwise—appear to be popular.

There are many fine legitimate theaters and several hundred movies, practically all showing pictures from the States. Just recently there has been a revival of Shakespeare's plays in Spanish. Last season there was some difficulty over the presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew," we were told. The translators had a hard time finding a word in Spanish for "shrew."

"You see," a native Argentine explained, "women here are not like that. After worrying about the word for quite a while the translators had to fall back on a Spanish word which means 'wild beast.'"

"It is very difficult for us to imagine a woman like that—especially us married men!"

The Argentine's wife smiled her



Frances Shippen.

Nutria farm - Estancia Laguna Colis - May 3 -



Paul Roosmalen with young
nutria



Scenes along the Delta of the Parana -
May 5 - 6



Sombardy poplar

Dr. Mann and Party Inspect Argentine Delta Country

Huge Fruit Plantations, Streamlined Gaucho Add Interest to Trip

(No. 24 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, JR.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE CERES.—All day, as guests of the Argentine Government, we have been cruising canals and rivers of the great Delta del Parana, that rich borderland of climates where the palm mingles freely with the pine.

Our tall mast, from the tip of which flows the sky blue and white official flag, with a yellow sun in the center, brushes aside the bright autumn foliage of sycamores; then our launch runs between green banks grown with palms and citrus trees weighted with ripening fruit.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

The delta and its network of rivers, canals and irrigation ditches, lies between the Parana and Uruguay Rivers above their confluence in the Plata. The great rivers, rolling down from the tropics in the north, bear floating islands of exotic vegetation, along with innumerable seeds and plant spores. Much vegetation from the hot countries has adapted itself to a colder climate.

We landed at many quintas or fruit plantations; to stroll through tropical and sub-tropical groves in our overcoats. The fall wind rattled the bare branches of Lombardy poplars and planted borders of sycamores were turning yellow and red.

Traffic Over Waterways.

All traffic of the delta moves over the waterways. Our launch ran by scores of river craft carrying fruit, cordwood, telephone poles and fence posts to B. A. markets. Vast areas of the delta are planted in Lombardy poplars. Their avenues stretch away in transit lines to the horizon. The poplars grow straight and fast in the rich loam. Their wood is put to all manner of uses in a country almost barren of commercial timber.

The cultivation of the great fruit plantations is brought to a high degree of perfection. Citrus fruit, peaches and sweet potatoes are processed in plantation canning factories. This morning we rode in a buggy behind a team of fine bays, mile after mile across a plantation whose seemingly endless irrigation ditches were bordered with tall poplars and cedars. Pond lilies floated on the water in the ditches and every tenant cottage was bright with fall flowers.

A gaucho in flowing breeches, wide hat, half boots and silver accessories superintended the hitching of our horses, but left the driving to an inferior. He strode about splendid stables, hung with silver trappings, with the rolling, bow-legged gait of the Western cow hand. He was more aloof, however, and seemed possessed of a fierce pride.

A Streamlined Gaucho.

"Just a streamlined gaucho," said one of four National University nature students accompanying us on the Ceres. "The real gaucho, he exists no more—not even in Hollywood!" The student, however, spoke in English and well out of the horseman's hearing. I was glad of that.

The stables were decorated with old Spanish tile and grillwork. The saddles, boleros, bridles, neck bells and other hand-wrought gaucho trappings were museum pieces.

We will sleep tonight aboard the Ceres—a 60-foot luxury launch assigned to the Department of Agriculture. Our host on the boat is Señor Estanislato Chiarelli, director of the department of fruits and horticulture, who conducts us on inspection trips and presides over the dining table in the little salon with all the grace of a Chesterfield.

The four college students aboard so far have been unable to outdo the older members of the party in the consumption of Argentine steaks, native vegetables and fruits; an Argentine dish which might correspond to a New England boiled dinner (puchero), except there is more

of it, and Argentine preserves and cheeses.

Studying Natural History.

The students are studying natural history—the plants, animals and insects of their native land—under the informal tutelage of Dr. Chiarelli and Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park in Washington, D. C. The Washington scientist helps them identify their collections. Students and their elders hold informal, round-table question and answer sessions in English and Spanish. All four college boys are studying English. All have asked me several times—without getting anything very definite—how many students in the United States are learning Spanish. The answer seems of importance to them.

Dr. Mann is learning all he can of Argentine, through travel and talks with the residents, in the hope of assembling a representative, if small, collection of native birds and animals for the Washington Zoo. There are almost no animal dealers here, and the collectors are attached to public institutions or are the owners of private estancias interested in the conservation of wild life.

Tonight we talked late on deck (I've learned a few words of Spanish) while a yellow moon rose over the Parana de las Palmas and the Southern Cross reached its zenith. The Latins sang their college songs, their tongoes and national airs.

One of the college boys said: "They tell us—the Germans, the Italians, the British—that we must beware of the North American with their big Navy, their doll politics, yes?"

"But we four don't believe that now... we think North Americans are very much like the Argentines, yes?"

Fire Ants Are Discovered To Chagrin of Correspondent

Forced Into Argentine Foliage to Discard Trousers and Stinging Insects

Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is now in Argentina collecting birds, reptiles and animals. Among those accompanying him is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the 25th of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's travels.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, JR.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE CERES.—Sure enough, they were fire ants!

I had read about them—how they descend, like a shower of sparks, upon unwary travelers who jostle certain trees in the tropics.

But the storied ants were big, arboreal creatures. These were minute, and swarmed about their burrow in the ground. They were my own discovery.

"Look what I've found," I called to Dr. Mann. "Maybe they're a new species—please come and identify them, doctor!" Dr. Mann, a world authority on ants, who began collecting them in the Solomon Islands as a Harvard student on a scholarship, strolled over—not too near, I recalled later.

"Just stand where you are, William," he said, "and presently you will identify them for yourself."

Presently I did. The ladies in the party thought I was practicing the tango—not too gracefully, with a hop, skip and jump, instead of a glide. I retired into some foliage of a happy density and got out of my trousers as rapidly as possible. They were only little ants—"chicos," the Buenos Aires college boys called them—but what they lacked in size they made up in numbers. Their stings, fortunately, were more alarming than harmful.

After recovering my trousers and my poise, I emerged from the foliage much wiser in practical entomology.

Stopped at Fur Farm.

The launch Ceres, on which we are cruising as guests of the Argentine Department of Agriculture, had pulled in alongside a citrus and nutria farm on the Delta del Parana.

The nutria is a big native rodent which, crossed with a larger species from the north, produces a chocolate-colored fur once worn by such fastidious dressers as Chinese mandarins and war lords, and now prized by ladies of fashion in Europe and the United States. The nutria looks like a 50-pound rat with a flat, pensive countenance and walrus whiskers.

The water rodents are bred in pens which contain a canal. An elaborate system of stud books is kept to improve the stock and fur quality. The nutrias are vegetarians, but fierce fighters. Their long teeth can chop through a riding boot in a flash. The individual breeding pens usually contain one male and four or five sisters from the same litter, because sisters never quarrel, or chide each other's children, in the best nutria families. They are death on strangers, however.

The coarse outer hair is removed from the pelts and used in the manufacture of felt hats. The inner fur, almost a half-inch thick, is comparable to fine seal—dense, soft and luxurious to the touch. (I had rather touch a pelt than a nutria—perhaps the fire ants have me intimidated.)

Floating School Buses.

Back on the canal, as the launch continued her cruise, we passed many landings where children, in their white school uniforms, waited for a floating "bus" to take them to their classrooms upon a Saturday.

"The chicos will be tardy," remarked an Argentine.

Apparently they were. We later passed the "bus." A red-faced driver was trying to start the outboard motor. As we swung around a bend he was still trying. Yes, the "chicos" probably were late for school today—very late.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

I hope they won't be late for church in the morning—a floating church, complete with its tall steeple and a crucifix mounted on the forward mast. The church ship was named the Cristo Rey—or King Christ. Later we passed a wedding party. Their launch was a bower of flowers and the Argentines in attendance were quite gay—probably with the wine of the land, which flows freely on festive occasions.

The grocer-butcher in his motor boat hung his meat deliveries on trees beside the landing stages. There are no roads or railways on the delta, which is covered with rivers, canals and irrigation ditches.

The flower-grown huts of the poor were made of reeds and clay, thatched with grass and mounted on stilts above the high-water line. Each house had its outdoor bake-oven of mud, its dogs, children and chickens.

Also a landing for its long Spanish bateau in a small canal cut through the thick, black loam and covered by a thatched shed.

Banks Lined With Trees.

The banks were lined with palms, pines, millions of tall Lombardy poplars, citrus trees, eucalyptus, sycamores, the native sauce, which resembles our willows, and weeping willows.

A Spanish college student asked about the latter trees:

"In the States what do you call those tree? The sobbing willow, yes?"

Geraniums, "the poor man's flower," grew to great size, and arbors were loaded with grapes. Benteveo birds ("I see you well," is what they are supposed to cry in Spanish) swarmed in the groves, their shrieks rising above the beat of our Diesel engine.

The four students from the National University at Buenos Aires, who are accompanying us on the Ceres, tried to teach us to sing tangoes and their school songs—a tough assignment. The timing was complicated and the words elusive. They found the same difficulty with our songs, with the exception of "Ramblin' Wreck." The rather profane and explosive nature of the chorus appealed to them. It seemed odd to hear four Argentine college boys banging out that familiar chorus as our launch slid between the strange banks of the Bara Grande:

"I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hell of an engineer!"

"Dose words," one of them said, "they sound magnifico! What do they mean, ples?"

I had a hard time explaining!

IONS TO PUBLIC CRITICS



Two buffaloes which were brought to the Palermo zoo yesterday by Doctor W. A. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park in Washington.

Nothing Wrong With William

Bounding Buffalo Reaches Palermo

S MOKING innumerable cigarettes and with an anxious frown on his brow, Dr. W. A. Mann, the director of the National Zoological Park at Washington, watched two buffaloes released from large wooden cases at the zoo at Palermo yesterday.

Dr. Mann arrived on the Uruguayan Wednesday night with these two animals, in addition to two Texas red wolves, two American eagles, two Emperor geese, twelve prairie dogs, three poisonous lizards and a number of turtles. Those which are not kept at the Palermo zoo may be sent on to La Plata.

Dr. Mann, who is one of the best known zoologists and scientists in the United States, told a HERALD reporter why he was worried. "It is William, the male buffalo," he said. "Four or five days ago we had some rough weather and William got himself into an awkward position in the case. He was bleeding, and I do not know how badly he might be hurt."

But the doctor need not have worried. When the animal was released he bounded forward like the 18 months-old he is, and Doctor Mann said: "I am pleased. There does not appear to be much wrong with William."

First of all Francisco, the 18 months-old female buffalo was released. She was not half as keen to get out of her case as William and needed a sharp prod in the rear quarters to make her reluctantly stroll into the cage and glare at the onlookers.

Read the label on her case concerning the cleaning of the animal's hind quarters with a scraper: "If kick, stop. Try again."

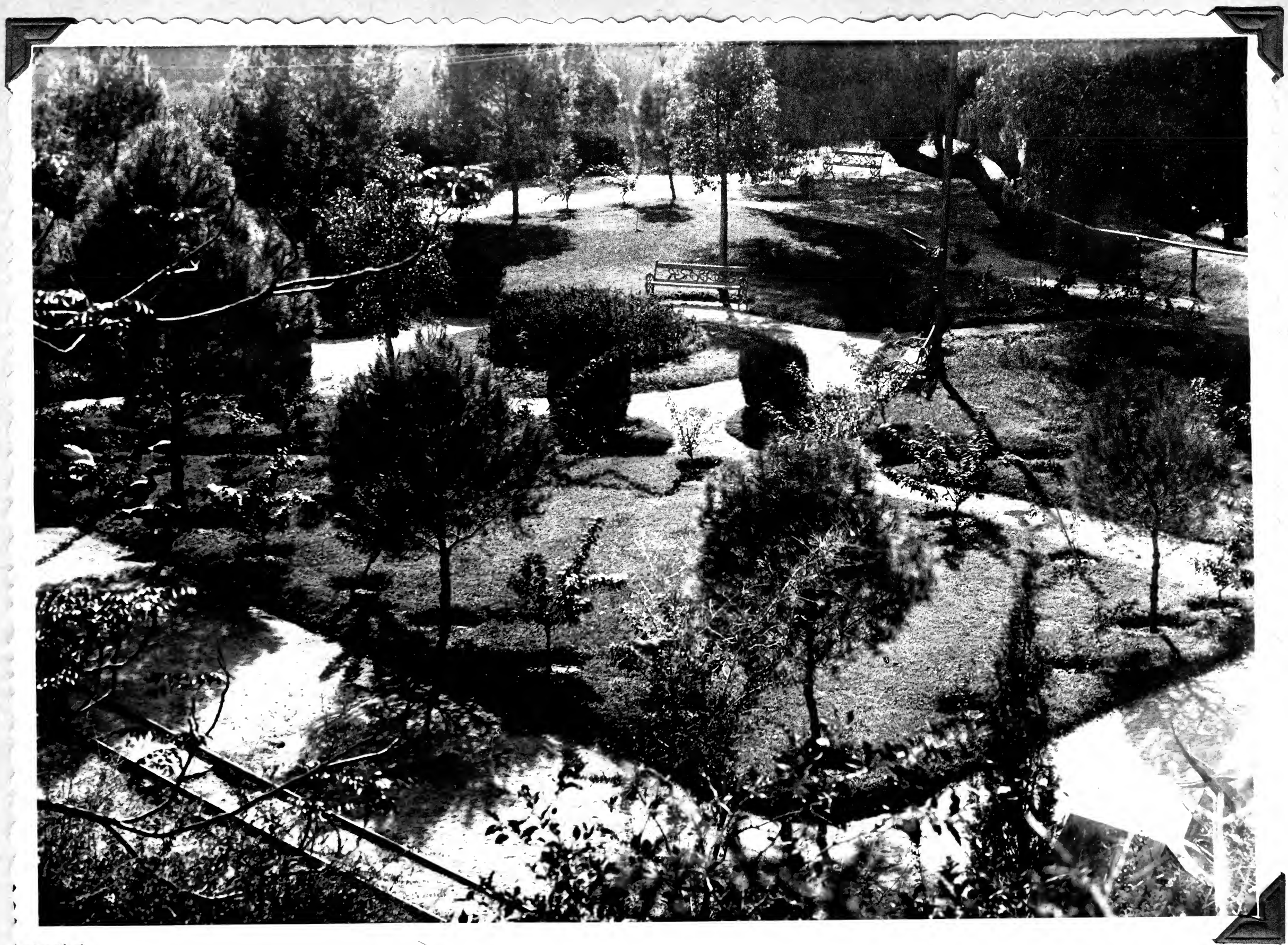
Dr. Mann said that the weather conditions during the trip had not been too favourable for the transport of animals. There had been rough and hot weather. The animals had been well cared for by the sailors, however. "Sailors are always fond of animals," said Doctor Mann. "The buffaloes each ate six quarts of grain and as much hay as they could consume every day. They also drank three buckets of water every day. The eagles each had one pound of beef every day and the wolves two pounds."

Dr. Mann has seen nearly all the big zoos in the world, but this was his first visit to Buenos Aires. He said that he was very impressed. Apart from the fact that the zoo had a number of unique specimens, he was very pleased with the way the zoo had been laid out, with the animal houses and with the idea of allowing some of the animals complete freedom.

Dr. Mann is to stay in Argentina for a number of weeks and hopes to collect a number of typical Argentine animals, reptiles and birds to take back to the States with him.

Of the specimens he has brought to Argentina perhaps the most unique are the Emperor geese, which come from the frozen north of America. The Washington zoo is probably the only one in the world to contain specimens of these geese.

Accompanying Dr. Mann are Mr. William Shippen, of the reporting staff of the "Washington Evening Star" and Dr. J. H. Gray, former professor of the American Economic Association.



Cordoba Zoo - May 8



Cordoba Zoo - May 8



L.Q.M. Dr. Gay Frances

W.M.M.

Bosch



Pereya

W.M.M., W.H. Skipper Bosch

Star Reporter, In Argentina, Gives Interview—and How!

Shippen Finds Himself
On Receiving End of
Journalistic Coup

(No. 27 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

CORDOBA, Argentina.—A lot of people have been interviewed, I'm sure. Having spent about 12 years asking questions, I ought to know! But I had to travel 7,000 miles to get caught on the sharp end of a repertorial pencil—an old interviewer being interviewed; no pretty sight, however just the retribution!

For the first time I felt a real sympathy for the innocents and otherwise whose affairs, enthusiasms, prejudices, pet theories and personal peculiarities I had aired in the public prints—too often those of a private nature.

To say that I squirmed would be putting it mildly. For one thing, the reporter who got me at last spoke English on a par with my Spanish—otherwise, I might have fallen back on such stand-bys as, "off the record," "just background, you understand," or "this is strictly between us boys—don't tie it to me."

Tries to Explain.

In desperation I produced my press card and tried to explain—by waving my hands—that he and I were just a couple of working newspapermen whose opinions were of no importance compared with those of people we wrote about—like Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park in Washington, for example. But Dr. Mann was walking far ahead of us, absorbed in the wonders of the local zoo. He had rather see new forms of wild life first and reporters later on.

My contemporary overlooked my police press card, but his gaze fastened on that of the White House Correspondents' Association, with its golden American emblem above an engraving of the White House. (The boys had been good enough to let me

Unidos Interesa Todo lo ere a América del Sud

Visitantes Norteamericanos

NOS DECLARA EL SR. W. SHIPPEN

Es un periodista de Washington, que realiza un viaje de estudio

Han visitado en el día de hoy a las personalidades más interesantes de nuestra cultura y la pecuaria. Se trata del Dr. Mann, profesor jubilado de la Universidad de Harvard, y el señor William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington, y el señor William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington, y el señor William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington.

La finalidad de esta visita es hacer efectivo el intercambio de conocimientos y experiencias entre los latinoamericanos y los norteamericanos. Hace una semana que los señores Mann permanecen en Córdoba y luego viajarán a otras provincias argentinas.

Hemos entrevistado a estos visitantes, mientras recorrían el Jardín Zoológico, acompañado del Ing. Abraham Villalba, subdirector de Agropecuaria de la provincia, el señor Alejandro Perera, encargado del establecimiento, y de otros empleados del Ministerio de Obras Públicas.

Elogian el Zoológico

El señor William M. Mann, en su calidad de director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington, ha visitado diversos establecimientos zoológicos en varias naciones. Es un inteligente conocedor de las especies de animales que se guardan en los mismos. Le preguntamos qué impresión tiene de nuestro Jardín Zoológico:

—La ubicación de este jardín, su exuberante vegetación y el acierto con que se ha procedido en proporcionar a los animales un fondo adecuado al ambiente de donde proceden.



ARGENTINO

Universidad de Harvard, director del "Evening Star" de Washington, y el señor William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington.

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tros: centro y sudamérica.

Un incansable viajero

Este es el título adecuado para

el Dr. John H. Gray, profesor publi

cado de Economía de la Universi

dad de Harvard. Ha viajado por la

mayoría de las naciones europeas;

ha visitado gran parte de Asia,

centro américa y sudamérica. Tie

ne en la actualidad 30 años de edad

While it's spring up here, it's fall in the Argentine. And while newspapermen do the interviewing here; in the Argentine they're liable to be interviewed, as Correspondent Shippen (left) is being interviewed above by a reporter in Cordoba. And, judging from the headline in the Cordoba paper, what a newspaperman says is pretty important.

into their association in case the card should be useful down here. The only assignments I ever had at the White House were the Easter egg rollings.)

"Ah," exclaimed the Latin American reporter, "your are assigned to the Presidente! A politico journalist when will the Presidente and the Congress of North America lift the

embargo on the beef of the Argentine?" (Or words to that effect.) "What is your opinion of the present relations between our republics? What have you observed of our internal economics?"

The reporter knew just enough English and I Spanish to get a rough (a very rough!) idea of what we were saying. Only he could wave his hands faster. "No, no," I said, "no, no! No, no! I am no politico journalist, no economic observer—I only write features for The Star."

"Ah, you are featured—the star periodist of Washington, yes?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes—sí, señor, your are modest!"

Enchanted With Country.

The reporter's pencil was going faster than he talked. Meanwhile, I said in English—although he didn't catch a word—that I was enchanted with the Argentine, thought the women the most beautiful in the world, the beefsteaks supreme, the mate (or native tea) excellent, and the cities superb, especially the inland metropolis of Cordoba, with its 300,000 population, its magnificent skyline, etc.

I also mentioned the fact that he might get something really worth while by talking to Dr. Mann.

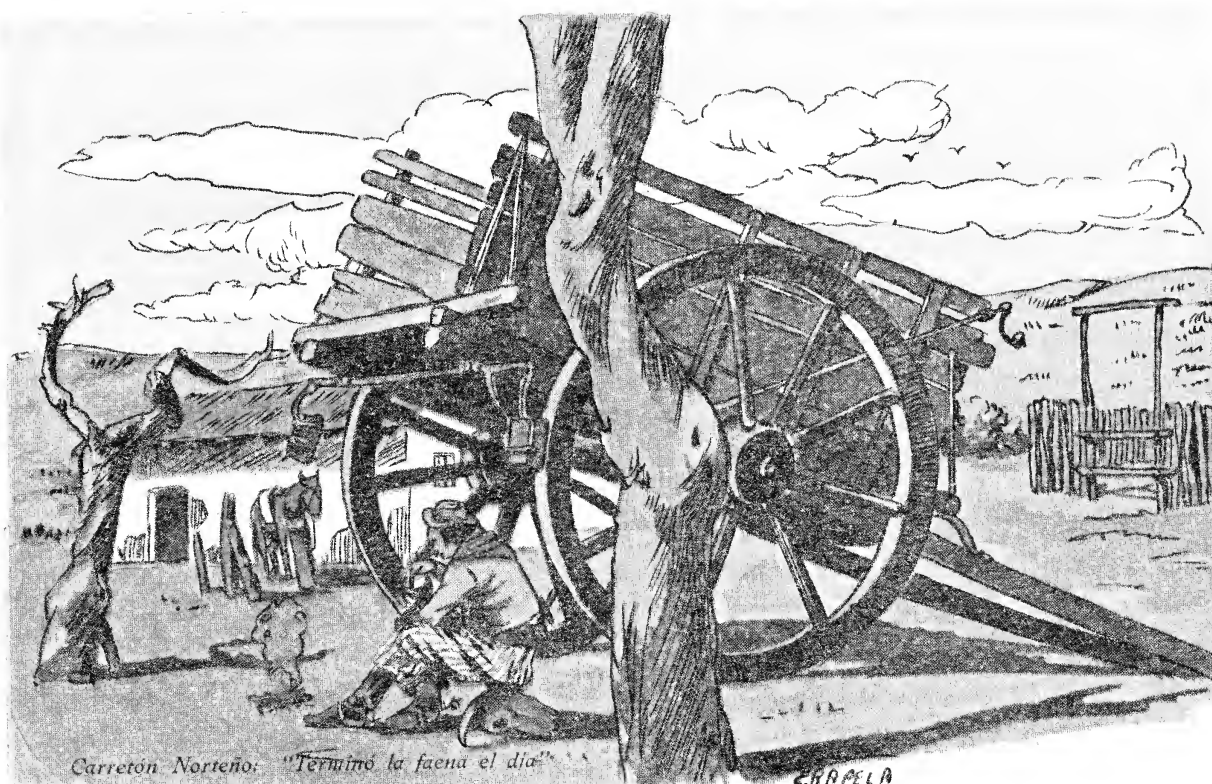
"Ah," he said, "is Meester Mann in your party?"

"No, no," I said, waving my hands and feet, "No, no! No, no! I'm only tagging along!"

"Si, señor," he said, and bowed himself away.

Tonight the reporter's newspaper had me in the headline. Dr. Mann, however, was mentioned—in an inside paragraph!

Tomorrow: An Unofficial Diplomat.



ARGENTINE CART

155 Nuevos Cargos de Maestras

NORTEAMERICANOS VISITAN EL ZOOLOGICO

En Estados Unidos Interesa Todo lo que se Refiere a América del Sud

Visitantes Norteamericanos



DIRECTOR DEL ZOOLOGICO EN WASHINGTON

El Sr. William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington, en la visita que ha realizado en el día de hoy al Zoológico de nuestra ciudad.

NOS DECLARA EL SR. W. SHIPPEN

Es un periodista de Washington, que realiza un viaje de estudio

Han visitado nuestra ciudad, en el día de hoy, tres distinguidas personalidades norteamericanas, interesadas en conocer mejor nuestras costumbres, nuestra historia y lo peculiar de Argentina. Se trata del Dr. John H. Gray, profesor jubilado de Economía de la Universidad de Harvard; el señor William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington y el señor William H. Shippen, redactor del diario "Evening Star" de Washington. Los dos últimos vienen acompañados de sus esposas.

La finalidad de este viaje es hacer efectivo el pan-americanismo por intermedio de un más profundo conocimiento de los países latinos del Nuevo Continente. Hace una semana que llegaron a Buenos Aires, permanecerán unos días en Córdoba y luego continuarán viaje a otras provincias argentinas.

Hemos entrevistado a nuestros visitantes, mientras recorrían el Jardín Zoológico, acompañados del Ing. Abraham Villalba, subdirector de Agropecuaria de la provincia, el señor Alejandro Pereyra, encargado del establecimiento y de otros empleados del Ministerio de Obras Públicas.

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—La ubicación de este jardín, su exuberante vegetación y el acierto con que se ha procedido en proporcionar a los animales un fondo adecuado al ambiente de donde proceden, me recuerda al Jardín Zoológico de San Diego en California. Detalles de esta índole son los que, precisamente, encarecen el valor de estas colecciones y hacen más grata la visita de los interesados y los curiosos.

—Y en cuanto a las especies?

—Naturalmente, hay una muy buena colección de animales del país; pero también tienen particular valor las especies extrañas que se conservan. Estoy particularmente interesado por algunos ejemplares autóctonos y confío que será factible un intercambio con especies de nuestro zoológico nacional de Washington.



SE INTERESAN POR LO ARGENTINO

El Dr. John H. Gray, profesor de la Universidad de Harvard; el Sr. William H. Shippen, redactor del "Evening Star" de Washington y el Sr. William M. Mann, director del Jardín Zoológico de Washington, los dos últimos acompañados de sus esposas, paseando por el Zoológico

están al momento los aficionados.

—Interesa lo argentino en Estados Unidos?

—Un solo dato — nos replica el señor Shippen — le dará una idea del incremento que está tomando la afición por todo el latino americano. Cualquier libro o revista que trate asuntos de centro o sudamérica tiene éxito seguro. El estudio del castellano aumenta día a día. Ya se ha roto definitivamente la indiferencia que antes había para la parte del continente americano que habla en castellano. Nos hemos alejado de lo europeo, preocupándonos de lo que está más cerca de nosotros: centro y sudamérica.

Un incansable viajero

Este es el título adecuado para el Dr. John H. Gray, profesor jubilado de Economía de la Universidad de Harvard. Ha viajado por la mayoría de las naciones europeas; ha visitado gran parte de Asia, centro américa y sudamérica. Tiene en la actualidad 80 años de edad y se conserva aun fuerte y robusto, dispuesto a recorrer aun varios otros países.

—Mi amigo el señor Mann — nos dice — me invitó a acompañarlo en el viaje que pensaba realizar a sudamérica. Siempre estoy dispuesto a viajar, pues los viajes son una gran fuente de conocimientos. Hace poco estuve en Lima, durante la celebración de la Conferencia Pan-Americana. Allí tomé el gusto a lo sudamericano. Y ahora me tienen recorriendo este gran país.

Interés por lo argentino

El señor William H. Shippen, redactor del "Evening Star", tiene la misión de estudiar nuestras costumbres, nuestras modalidades y el carácter argentino.

—Aunque a Vd. como periodista quizá le parezca raro, empieza por decirnos, mi misión no es informar sobre la política o economía argentinas. Creemos conveniente preocuparnos de lo argentino, en cuanto es argentino. Cada país tiene características interesantes, modalidades propias en todos los órdenes de la vida. Es precisamente estos aspectos los que yo reflejo en los artículos que mando, cada tres días, al diario a que pertenezco.

—Qué concepto se ha formado de nosotros?

—El argentino es amable y simpático. El extranjero que visita este país lógicamente tiene que recobrarle cariño. El idioma es dulce y suave. La vida aquí es más barata que en el Norte América. Hemos quedado admirados de los bajos precios de la carne y de su buena calidad, en comparación con las que consumimos en Norte América.

—Han probado el mate?

—A mí me gusta mucho el mate — nos replica rápidamente la señora de Shippen —. Ya se ha empezado a vender en nuestro país y por cierto que día a día

Sleepless Official Gives Tourists Smiling Service

**Veteran of Three Wars,
Argentine Travel Man
Is Steady as a Rock**

(No. 28 of a Series.)
By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

CORDOBA, Central Argentina.—
The young executive from the Provincial Tourists' Bureau hadn't been to sleep for five days.

No grandee of Old Spain, however, could have been more exquisitely polite. He poured tea for the ladies, he lit the gentlemen's cigars, he ran errands, answered questions, smiled and bowed.

He was dressed in flowing trousers of immaculate white linen, tucked into half boots, and a smart, double-breasted blue coat. His long-fingered hands were beautifully manicured and steady as a rock when he offered matches to the guests—first holding the flaming sticks away while the sulphur burned from the tip.

The tourist official had a Clark Gable mustache and was almost too handsome. He was at the beck and call of some 300 delegates and their wives attending an international congress of postal officials in the Argentine—guests from almost every country in the world, whose wants as to transportation, hotel accommodations, food, etc., were even more complex than their languages.

Off-Season Staff Suffices.

We met him at a splendid summer resort hotel in the Sierras of Cordoba—the Eden, about 50 miles west of here. The season for the mountain hotels is December, January and February, but the staff on hand was sufficient to provide an elaborate Argentine luncheon, including wines and champagne, for some 400 transient guests.

Our little party merely happened by, but the tourist official had time for us, although, for more than a week, he had been accompanying the postal authorities on a tour of the surrounding country. He and another young official—who was driving us on a cross-country trip—introduced Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, and Mrs. Mann to the Governor of the Province of Cordoba and found seats for us in the crowded banquet hall.

After we had been seated the first official bowed from the waist. "Zank you so much for coming," he said. The fellow had at least a score of immediate demands to attend to.

"How does he do it?" I asked.

"Ah," said the Argentine in our party, "he is an old campaigner!"

"But I thought your Tourist Bureau was less than a year old?"

Veteran Nevertheless.

"That is correct. But he is still the old campaigner. Before he entered the tourist business he was—what do you North Americans say?—the gentleman soldier of fortune. He has fought in three wars. The Chaco—the "Green Hell," you say and other places. He has been shot some times and knifed. He is an excellent rider, an old campaigner, and accustomed to stay awake at nights . . . otherwise he might not wake up feeling so good . . . you comprehend?"

After luncheon the "old" campaigner escorted us to our car. He saw the ladies and gentlemen comfortably seated, he offered cigarettes all around, shook hands and bowed many times.

"When do you plan to get some sleep?" I asked.

"Sleep, sir," he said, blinking his eyes, "I have no wish for sleep when so many charming guests are here to entertain me with their conversation! I look forward to enjoying them for two days yet!"



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

Service With More Smiles.

The young officer who was assigned to Dr. Mann and his party was equally as courteous. His car and his time were at our disposal some 12 hours a day. He drove us over perilous mountain roads, to ancient monasteries, shrines and spacious resort hotels; he saw that we enjoyed the best foods and service in a country where both are abundant; he arranged hotel accommodations, shopping tours, and side trips; he helped us cash travelers' checks and acted as interpreter in a country where almost no English is understood.

This evening, when Dr. Mann

called upon the Governor, His Excellency asked:

"What can we give you, Dr. Mann? What would you like to take home from our Province of Cordoba?"

"Well, sir," Dr. Mann replied, "if it's all right with you—I'd like to take home a couple of your tourist officials!"

Tomorrow: Impressions of Cordoba.



Cathedral

Scenes in the Zoo



Monkey pit under construction

Scenes along the Delta



Floating church - Christo Rey



Noel plantation



Citrus & nutria farm

'Americanos Work Too Hard, Miss Pleasure,' Says Spaniard

Argentine Resident Describes Living Methods to Star Correspondent

(No. 26 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

CORDOBA, Central Argentina.—The philosophy of Senor "Nickey" is not entirely of his own invention.

Too often I have heard the gist of it echoed in these parts—
"Ah, you North Americanos, you work too hard to find pleasure from the money you make!"

Senor Nickey took time to elaborate on this theme while tooling his American auto over the pampas. The subject—I noticed with some alarm



W. H. Shippen, Jr.,—was more to his interest than the dust traps and pot holes of the country road we were traversing.

"What do you North Americanos think of me? I am the loafer, yes? The laziest bones. Today I am suppose to work at my office. I, Nickey, declare the holiday. Yesterday was a holiday also, but no matter! Today is a better one!"

"I say, 'Nickey, today you do not work. You take your friends, the North Americanos, to the estancia. You and your friends will have fun, yes. You will drive in the country, row upon the lakes, look at the wild birds and fishes, drink a little wine and converse much, yes?"

"That's okay with me."
"Hokay!" shouted Nickey, "hokay!"

Just Around Lot of Corners.

Nickey took several wrong turns while we chatted. He was part owner of the great estancia we were bound for, but seemed to have neglected to notice, on previous trips, just where the land was located on the vast plain.

"Never fear, my franns"—Nickey gave the latter word a Rooseveltian pronunciation, "we will find heem, yes? He's just around a lot of corners!"

"I don't worry about it! I hate worry! My boss in New York, he was such a big worryer! I work for heem, learning the mining business—from the ground up, as you North Americanos say."

My boss, he kept worrying. "You must get to work at 9 o'clock," he would tell me, and then, "What you late again? Was the subway stuck? Did you break your alarm clock?"

"Finally I tell him no subway stuck, and I don't have alarm clocks on my premises. I say to heem:

"I come to work at 10 o'clock because I never get up until nine!"

"He don't understand. I work later than the others, but I nevair get up until nine. My boss say, 'Why take so long for lunch, why waste time dringing tea at 4 o'clock, why smoke at work against office rules'."

Hates to Hurry.

"I say to heem, 'That is my custom. I hate to work before 10 o'clock. I hate to hurry lunch. I hate to work without tea. I can't work without my cigarette. I can't think. My boss, he finally get the idea, maybe. He comprehend South Americanos are different. Maybe that's why his company sell much goods here, yes?"

The young Spaniard was quite positive about his dislike for the social customs he say in the States.

"The peoples I met drink too hard, they eat too fast, they talk too loud. I hate to get drunk, I hate to gulp food, I hate to shout! I love to be happy! ... to ge gay, yes?"

"How can you manage that on the long hours your business men spend downtown in B. A.?" I asked. "You get to the office at 9—or rather 10—you have two hours for lunch, an hour or so for tea, and then work until 7 or 8 o'clock before going to the movies or theater—after that there's dinner from 9 to 10 or later, plus a night club."

"Ah, you Americanos," smiled Nickey. "You pride yourselves on getting to work with your head as a bell. If I come to work with my head ringing like many, I say:

"Oh, Nickey—oh, oh, oh! Have

you forgot your morning coffee? Soooo! I go out and give myself morning coffee—again! It is very good—our coffee, yes?"

Has Work to Do.

For all Nickey's talk, he had gotten up at daylight—not 9 o'clock—and driven us some 400 miles over rough pampas roads, had walked about the estancia, rowed a boat and helped the estancia tenants with the outboard engines. Getting back into the city again, we "North Americanos" were worn out. Nickey delivered us at our hotel at 10 p.m. We asked him to come in for dinner.

"Oh, no!" he said. "I have vook at the office! I hate to work after dinner!"

The virtual embargo on American goods has deprived Nickey and other importers of many opportunities for toil.

"But don't worry about Nickey," said a business associate. "He knows how to get what he wants down here. If he can't get it today, he's Latin enough to remember there's always tomorrow!"

THE LOCAL ZOO

(To The Editor).

Sir,—As a lover of animals, may I suggest that Dr. William Mann and Mr. William Shippen should go very thoroughly into the matter of how the Buenos Aires Zoo is run before leaving their valuable collection of animals in the care of the Zoo authorities.

It has been admitted by the Zoo authorities that vivisection is practised in the premises. HERALD readers must remember the article which appeared in the HERALD of November 3, 1936, when strong condemnation of vivisection was made by the late Dr. Roberto Dabenne, the well known natural scientist, who resigned his position at the Zoo after twenty years' service there as Chief of the Bird Section. Dr. Adolfo Belmberg admitted, when interviewed by a HERALD representative, that vivisection was practised at the Zoo on dogs and rabbits, but Dr. Dabenne stated that in one year one Russian boar, an Argentine ostrich and various birds had been tortured on the operating tables, and he also said that the Buenos Aires Zoo was the only one of such institutions in the World where vivisection was practised, and suggested that it was foreign for a Zoo to possess such a laboratory, since its work was contrary to the ideal of the institution itself, which should preserve life.

From various sources complaints have been made to the Sarmiento Society and the Anti-vivisection Society, stating that live dogs from the Municipal 'Perrera' are given daily to the Bears, and an Argentine couple stated to a Sarmiento Member that they actually saw a police dog and a dachshund put in the Bears' cage, and said that the fear of the dogs was terrible to witness: they maintained that the dogs are given to the Bears after the Zoo closes to the public.

It is also admitted by the Zoo Authorities that the 'perrera' supplies dogs for vivisection purposes. It is to be hoped that Mr. Shippen, special feature writer of the Washington 'Evening Star' will get into touch with lovers of animals here, and find out how the 'perrera' is run by the Municipality in Buenos Aires. Dogs are stolen by the dog-catchers from their owners' gardens, in many cases, and kidnapped even when on the lead. In Suburban areas it has been known that dogs have been kept for three days in the 'perrera,' without food or drink, because the authorities had no place to keep them—so many were captured. In many cases dogs stolen by the dog-catchers have had to be destroyed because a suspected case of rabies was in the same dog-cart, and when the owners went to claim them a few hours after they were told that their cherished pets were dead.

It is suggested that both Dr. Mann and Mr. Shippen might very usefully go into the matter of animal welfare in this country, and if they are real animal lovers, let the World know what torture goes on here, and how disgracefully animals are treated. A trip to the Provinces, or even the Suburbs, would open their eyes to the cruelty which goes on, and the utterly uncivilized state of affairs as far as animals are concerned. I certainly would advocate a visit to the Mercado del Plata, in Calle Carlos Pellegrini, and other Municipal Markets, where the poultry are plucked alive in full view of the public: this is a sight that should not be missed.

Here the majority of the population have no love of animals, and nothing is done in the schools to teach children to be compassionate to animals. The mother of an Argentine girl of fourteen wrote to the Sarmiento Society that her daughter had to vivisection a pigeon, and a frog, if I remember rightly, at her secondary school, and asked the Sarmiento Society if they could do anything to stop children from seeing such sights as it upsets them very much. When such things are permitted by Argentine Education Authorities can one wonder that children have no love for animals?

Perhaps the Argentine Government might do something to help the animal welfare question if sufficient propaganda were made in America and the United States, and in Great Britain and other European Countries, regarding the inhuman and dreadful conditions prevailing here.

Let not the dust be thrown in the eyes of our visitors—the usual feasts and entertainments will be given to them, but if they want 'copy' and a knowledge of the true state of affairs they will find an

B. A. Herald
April 29-

abundance if they keep their ears and eyes open. Let them be very sure if it is wise to leave their valuable collection with the Buenos Aires Zoo. These animals would be much better off if re-shipped to America, and that country warned of the true state of affairs here. Our heartfelt sympathy is tendered to William and Francisco, and I am sure many animals lovers would gladly contribute towards a fund for their passage to North America.—Yours, etc.,

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Buenos Aires, April 26th

Mr. and Mrs. Monnett Bain Davis
request the pleasure of the company of
Mr. and Mrs. William M. Mann
at Dinner
on Wednesday, April twenty-fifth
at 8:45 o'clock.

R. L. V. P.

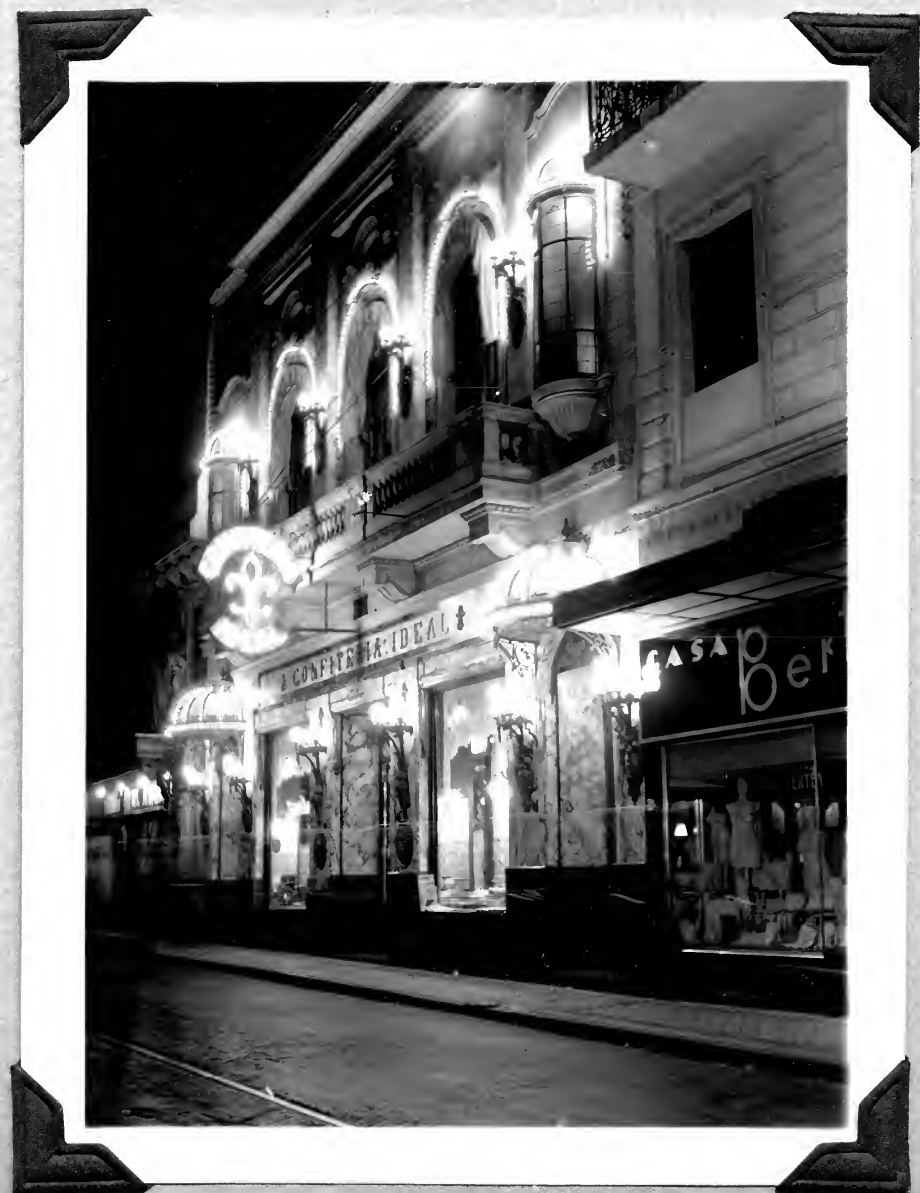
Juncal 1082-3A



Avenida de Mayo, B.A.



Argentine Capitol. B.A.



Restaurant at night. B.A.

Busy and Big 'B. A.' Built On a World of Ideas

Argentines Prove Agile in Dodging
Traffic Worse Than Washington's

(No. 18 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—Visitors who have seen Chicago for the first time, and without ample forewarning, ought to sympathize with an innocent from North America getting his first glimpse of B. A.

This city is too big, too noisy, too crowded and too busy to see, hear or estimate in a day or year. Perhaps, however, a newcomer in a day could comprehend certain differences that would be obscured by the months.

For instance, I get the idea that B. A. is part of everything her builders have seen—in Paris, Madrid, Berlin, London, New York or Chicago. The Argentines take a little of this and that from here and there, and mix it together after a formula of their own.

A downtown skyscraper, for example, looks like an office building—yet it's an apartment house. The structure narrows as it mounts upward. The outer design resembles that of Rockefeller City or the Empire State Building. On the other hand, the builders discarded structural steel in favor of reinforced concrete.

Traffic Belittles D. C. Jams.

The extent of traffic congestion on downtown streets would bewilder a seasoned Washingtonian. Rush-hour traffic creeps for miles in B. A., where it's a matter of blocks in Washington. Motor cars, trolleys and buses tie themselves in knots around 6 or 7 in the evening—the hour when the office employe leaves work and generally goes to a moving picture show before dinner—served too often—between 9 and 10 p.m.

Through a bedlam of traffic and street noises dart nonchalant bus riders whose daring is only excelled by their dexterity in emergencies. They brush street cars, taxis and speeding automobiles off their sleeves with a Latin shrug, and no able-bodied citizen ever thinks of entering or alighting from a bus unless it is in motion in the middle of traffic. Yet, they tell me, the death toll is quite low. After several rides through traffic, I am inclined to believe this. On many occasions, I, being a reporter with his full share of ambulance chasing, have reached for



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

my pencil and paper—to take notes on a tragedy that never occurred. I couldn't say why, unless it is that the Argentine has developed great pride in dodging motor vehicles, and, like the heroes of the bull ring, wins most approbation when he escapes death by the fewest inches.

* * * *

After meeting various members of the consular service here and on the way South, my idea about the desirability of their jobs has altered somewhat. I used to think, in all ignorance, that to be in the consular service was to sit on a veranda overlooking the sea while a native fanned one with a punkah and one decided, between sips at a gimlet, whether to accept the invitation of the Russian princess to dinner that evening.

However, from what I have seen, this is a pretty good composite picture of a consular assistant's day in these parts:

A North American is to be cremated at 7 a.m. A consular agent must be on hand to certify the validity of the corpse, or something.

Then a United States citizen is to be married. He insists on somebody from the consular office as a witness. After that the agent has an engagement with the local chief of police—it seems a North American is in jail.

Buffalos and Dowagers.

Then he may be called upon to help land a cargo of buffalos, Gila monsters, etc. (As in one case I know about.) When he has obtained all permits, official stamps, papers, etc., and seen the shipment through, he may be cornered in his office by a visiting dowager with an absessed molar.

Now a visiting dowager with an absessed molar is just as dangerous as a couple of buffalos and a crate of Gila monsters, especially if she has political connections. She must be "expedited" to the very best—and gentlest—dentist!

Later there's a formal dinner, given by the wife of an official who wants to form three tables of bridge, and after that an assignment by the boss to sub for him on the speakers' platform at a charity mass meeting to raise funds for something or other. Then a late dinner—say 10 or 11 p.m.—in honor of a visiting celebrity he never heard of.

"Is that all for the day?"

"All, of course, unless you keep remembering the sunrise ceremony you're booked for tomorrow * * * and the worst is, you do all that smiling! Like this!"

The agent smiled.

(Tomorrow: More B. A. Notes.)

Excellent Beefsteaks at 25 Cts. Found in Buenos Aires

'Chicken House' Also Is Good Place
To Eat, Visitor Discovers

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—When the Uruguay left for the States today many former passengers were on the dock to wave good-by—their tribute to a good ship, a willing crew and a pleasant voyage.

Along the rail were familiar faces—friends we would miss pretty keenly after weeks of association. Cruise passengers, officers, members of the crew... no telling when or where we would see them again!



Uncertainty adds to the drama of a sailing—the realization (half admitted) that, after all, new friendships, quickly made, can be as soon forgotten, however important they may seem at the moment. Still, some of my best friends were met on boats.

Nobody hated to see the ship go worse than two New York detectives who will be here for weeks yet unwinding the red tape involving an international extradition. They hope to take home a Sicilian charged with the fatal knifing of a countryman.

Some of the passengers brought up the ship's orchestra to the promenade deck. The musicians played "The Sidewalks of New York," for the special benefit of the detectives, while the breach widened between vessel and wharf. The "cops" brought out their handkerchiefs and pretended to blow their noses.

One of them snorted, "They would have to bring that up, wouldn't they!" But "they" were well out in the harbor, where the ship was swinging her bow around to the north.

We felt a bit let down, going back to the hotel. The crowd which had bummed around together for three weeks was breaking up. The party from Hawaii already was on the way to the Andes, to catch trout and to travel up the west coast. The young prospector soon would be going to the back country—the salesmen, executives, etc., had their jobs to look to... even the animals, some of which we had become fond of on the way down, had entered on another existence.

* * * *

Good Food Is Served.

But Buenos Aires has its consolations. Food is one of them—good food, well-cooked and faultlessly served, in great abundance and variety. The beefsteaks of the Argentine should be tasted, rather than described. How guilty I felt, passing that stuffed Hereford, a masterpiece of the taxidermist's art, which stands at the entrance of La Cabana, gazing pensively upon those who enter and depart. In those glassy, bovine eyes I read a sad reproof... I had eaten, in all probability, at least, her cousin.

Steaks are grilled over an open charcoal fire at the entrance, grilled and sliced 2 inches thick, to be wafted away and served on miniature ovens that keep them sizzling hot. Alongside each steak lies a gaucho knife for carving. And each steak sells for about a quarter in American money.

I remembered those steaks, my first Argentine love, until I met the spitted poultry they serve at a place which, translated, is called "the chicken house." Indeed, this was the resort of many chickens, all fattened in their youth, and whirling on spits before a crackling fire of hardwood. The chickens outdid themselves to surpass the ducks in

their well-filled skins turning a nice brown.

Life Begins at 9 P.M.

The "chicken house" is something like the Occidental in Washington, except that it is much larger. Up until 9 p.m. it is practically dark, with only a few waiters hurrying about polishing glasses. The only real sign of life is the majestic chef and his assistants attending the spitted poultry before the glowing fire.

Then at 9 p.m. the crowd begins to arrive—dark Latin beauties, turning a bit plump even at tender ages but furred, gowned and jeweled to outdo Paris or New York.

Their escorts are sleek and dressed almost too well. They wear Clark Gable moustaches, or perhaps Clark Gable got his ideas from the same place—Paris—and their hair is brushed to polished perfection.

The conversation is gay, animated and constant. One never hears a loud or raucous voice or the sudden little silences which sometimes follow.

The diners do a lot of talking and stow away a lot of food. I was puzzled to know how they accomplished this double function until I learned how long they dallied over a meal.

The Argentine allows himself plenty of time to talk as well as eat, without trying to do both at once.

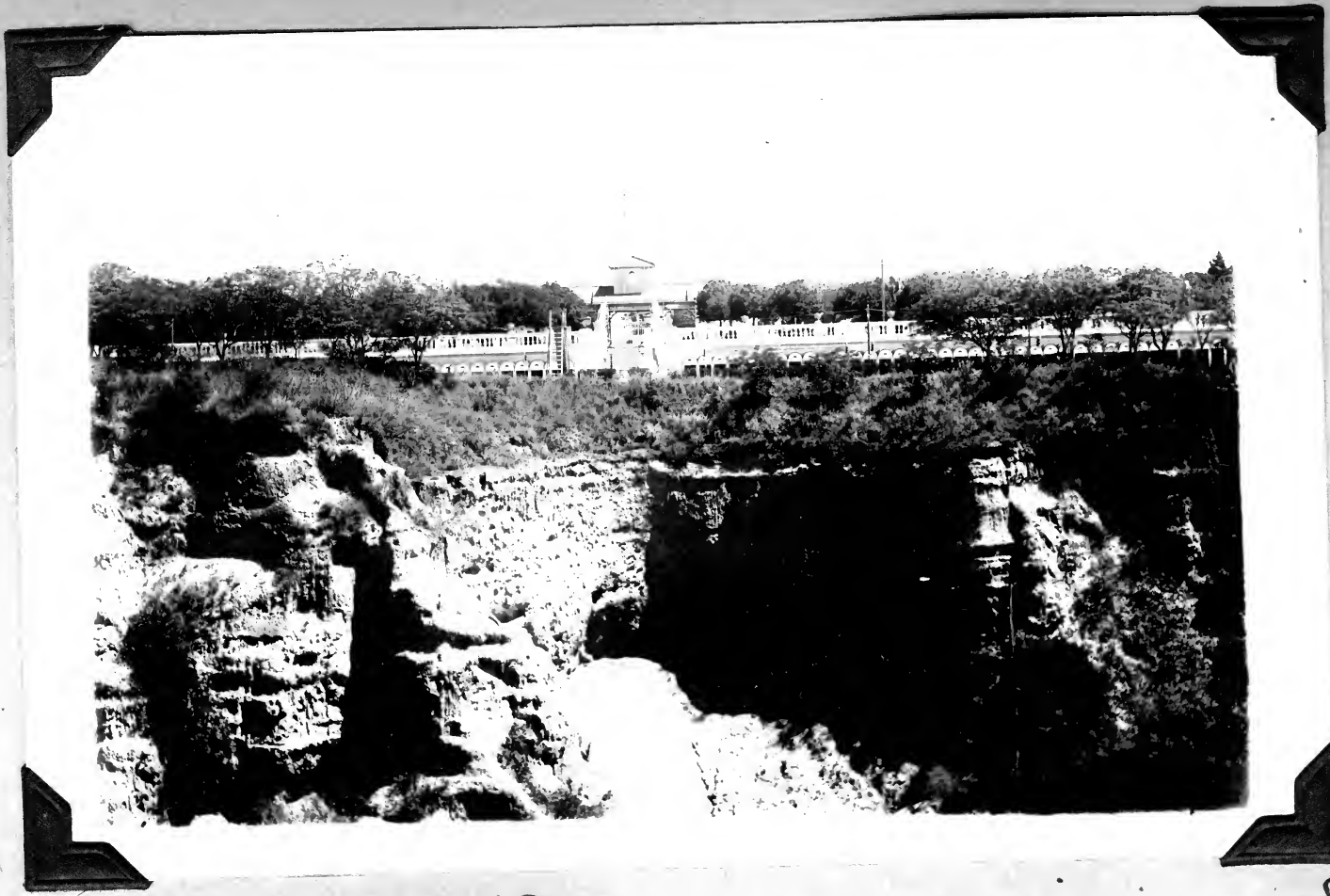
I'm endeavoring to learn that myself, at the suggestion of my wife.

Tomorrow South American pedestrian control.

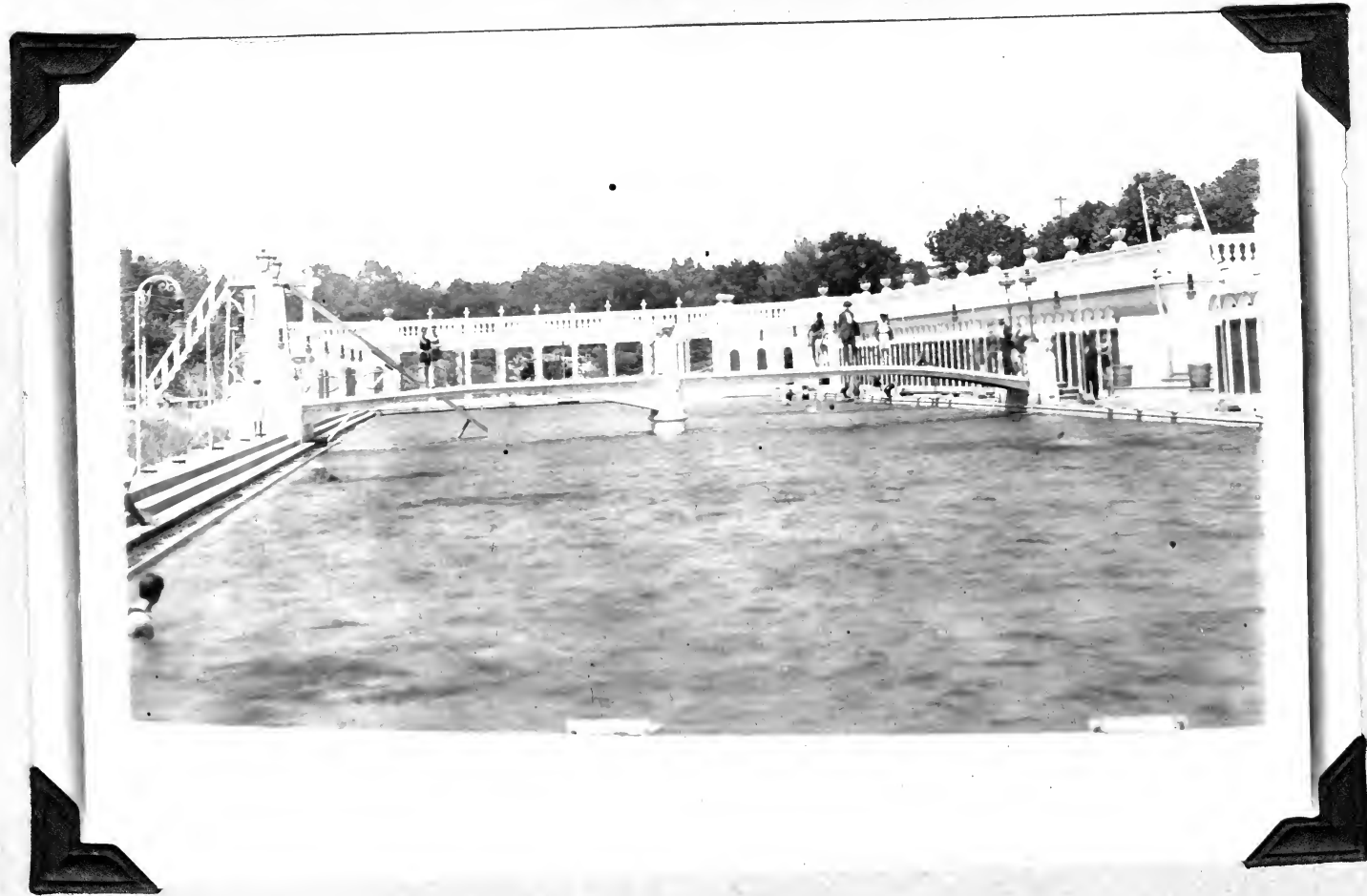


Cordoba Zoo - May 8





Cordoba - ~~Rose garden~~ & swimming pool



Rose garden





Harbor at Rio Janeiro



Rio streets

April 20



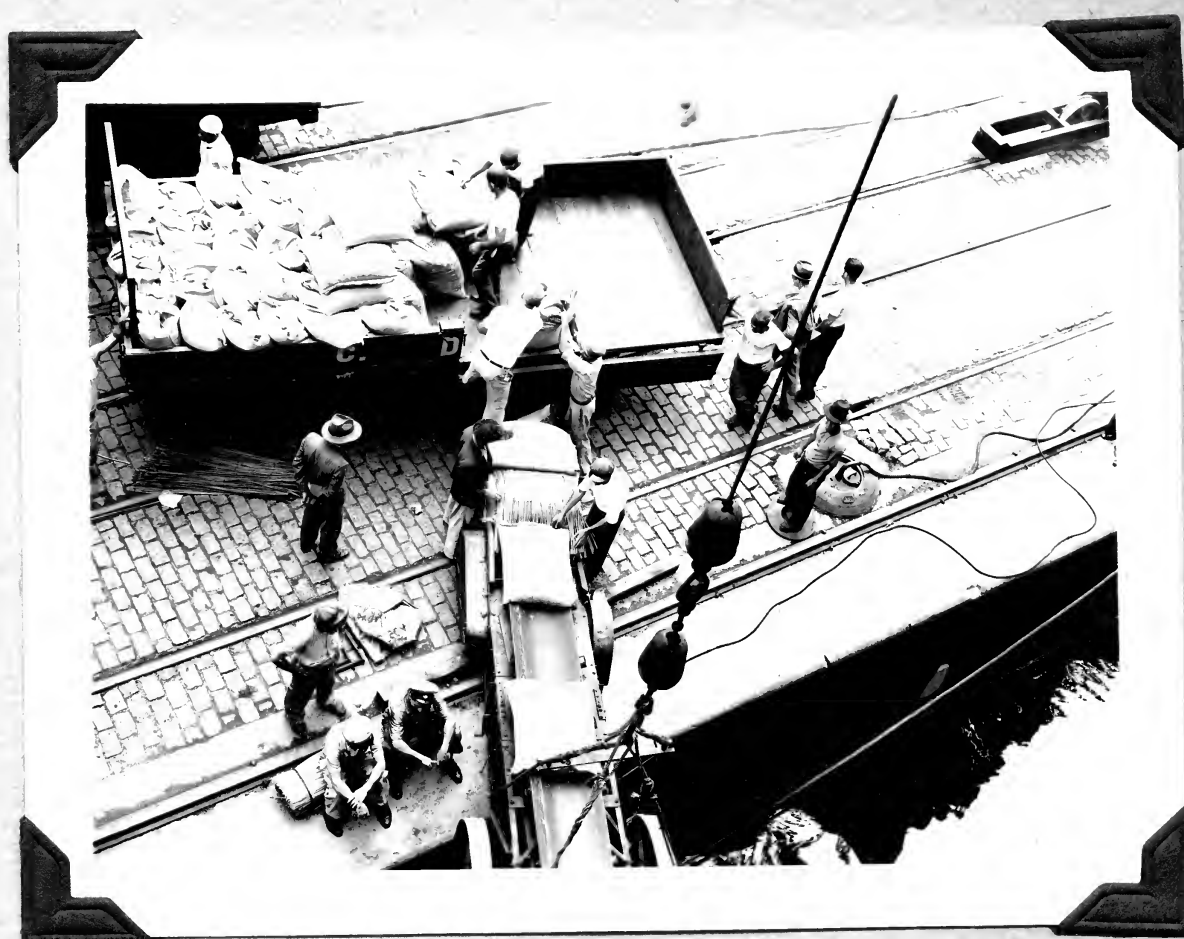
Durky Gillette - L.Q.M.
+ Dix. Drummond
Rio zoo



L.Q.M. & Bertha Sutz



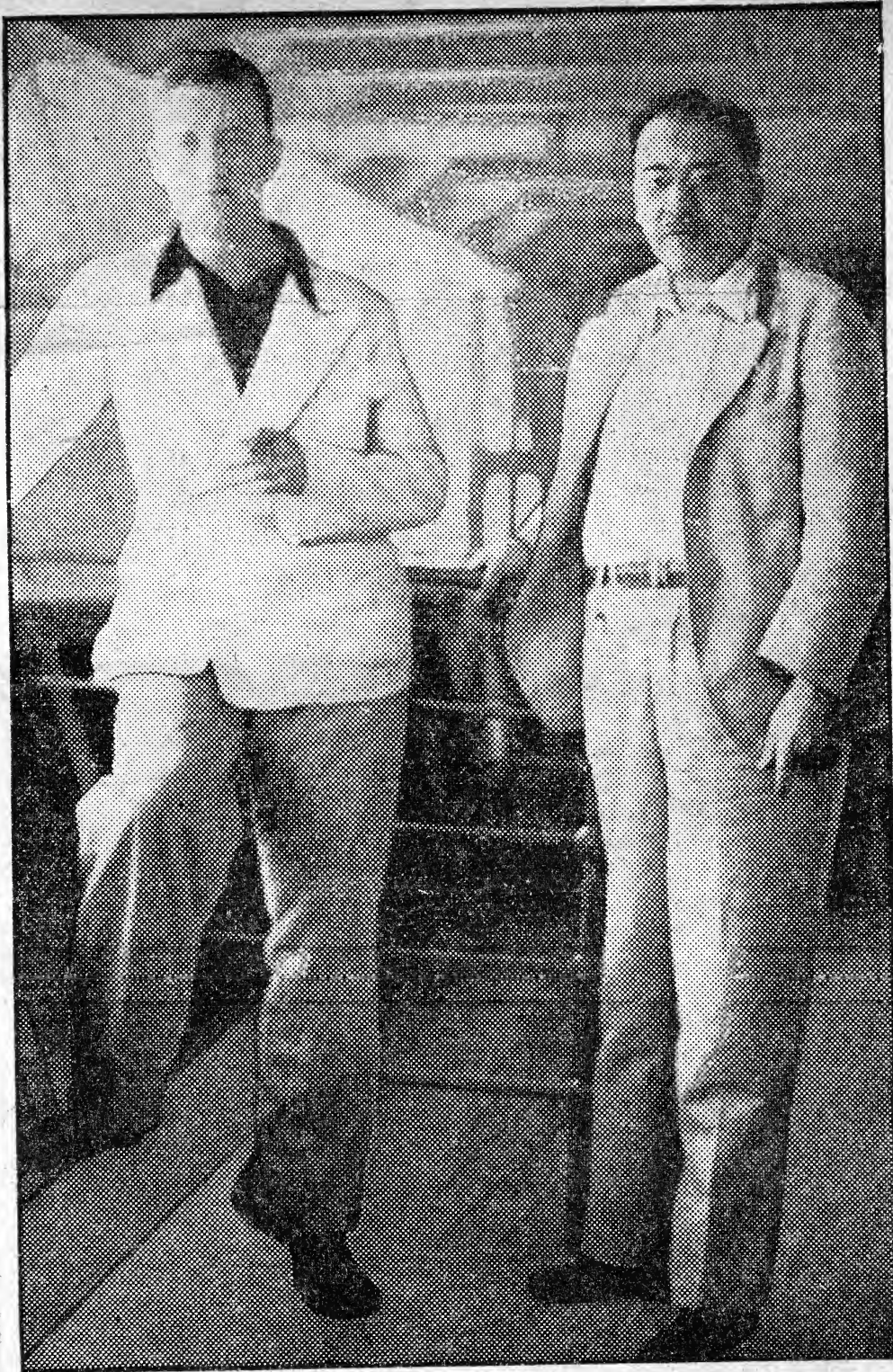
Santos - the channel -



Santos - loading coffee

April 22.

Dr. Mann's Sea-Going Wolf Gets Tough; Divorce Results



William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, and Dr. William M. Mann have a deck conversation interrupted by a man with a camera.

Bearing gifts for South American zoos, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, is en route to points in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay to collect birds, reptiles and animals. Among those on board his ship is William H. Shippen, Jr., feature writer of The Star staff, who here presents the sixth of a series of articles about Dr. Mann's expedition.

By WILLIAM H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. URUGUAY.
—For four days now—since we left Barbados—we have been going southeast by east, skirting the north coast of South America.

This is a fast boat and distances are huge. For example, we sail longer from Barbados to get around the hump of South America than the distance from South America to Africa—1,800 miles.

That 1,800 miles is spanned regularly by airplanes on passenger and mail runs. It's almost 5,000 miles from New York to Rio. Distances are all in favor of Germany and Italy in event they get a slice of West Africa. And I hear at least a million colonists of German descent live on the east coast of Brazil. (Just a thought.)

We have encountered fine weather on this ship as she hums along into the tropics. Zoo Director William M. Mann's animals are doing well on the freight deck forward. Their appetites are good—much better than when the ship rolled and pitched back north. The buffalo are taking on sizeable cargos of oats and hay, and drinking plenty of water—too much if you have to carry it from the crews' galley!

Wolf Making Trouble.

The Texas wolf, a cousin to a coyote (if not his brother), is making trouble. He chewed his way through the wire that separated him from his mate. I, in all innocence, thought he was just lonely on the long voyage. What he did, however, was to eat all his wife's meals—breakfast, lunch and dinner. He also drank the water brought for her. In addition, he snapped at her every time she raised her voice.

Dr. Mann decided to divorce the two. They weren't getting on so well on the cruise. He had the cages backed together while members of the crew collected in such numbers they jammed the corridors of the floating menagerie.

"By the way," said Dr. Mann to a big sailor, who had been teasing the eagles, "do the ship's officers carry guns?"

"What kind of guns?"

"Wolf guns. We are going to help a wolf move into a more desirable apartment. If he doesn't like it he may run around the deck and bite a sailor. I thought it would be nice to have a gun down here... just in case."

Ship Nears Equator.

In two shakes of a wolf's tail Dr. Mann had all the room he needed. The shifting v's mere

routine. After a bit the audience returned.

"Were you kidding us, sir?" one sailor asked. "Is that fellow there the original Big Bad Wolf?"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Mann, "that's Little Red Riding Hood. Why don't you shake hands with her?"

The ship has been going along the north coast of South America for days—some 300 miles off British, Dutch and French Guiana, Brazil and the mouth of the Amazon.

Soon we will be at the Equator.

My fellow passengers tell me I'm in for some fun when we hit the Equator. It's going to be great for me, a tenderfoot! They say King Neptune has given me a special invitation. And an invitation from the king is a command.

Well, I'll be seeing you!

Tomorrow: Crossing the Equator.

Reporter In Argentina Gets Sentimental Over Cordoba

Mountains and Tolling Of Bells Provide Tinge Of Excitement

(No. 29 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—The purple Sierras of Cordoba lie far behind us, 500 miles to the west, in the heart of the Argentine. None of us, in all probability, will ever see them again.

Yet, I feel that in months to come I shall often recall them—a background for the old cathedral across the plaza from our hotel, a majestic wall on the western edge of the pampas, and a series of nerve-tling shocks for the motorist who traverses their rugged contours.

Yesterday, from a balcony at our hotel, I watched the sun set behind the ranges. It was an autumnal spectacle accompanied by the chiming of the Angelus from ancient bell towers where pigeons fluttered to roost. I'm afraid I felt pretty sentimental about it all. The Cordobans had been more than kind to the strangers in their midst, and we were about to say good-bye.

The air was crystal clear to the farthest rim of the mountains. Then, with unbelievable suddenness, a wind sprang up. Dust whirled in from the cultivated pampas. The landscape was blotted out, the cathedral across the plaza faded and disappeared. The newly lighted lamps of the square were yellow blurs. Doors and windows were hurriedly closed.

Suffer No Embarrassment.

If the Cordoban tourist officials who were our hosts suffered any embarrassment, they failed to reveal it by word or sign. For days we visitors had been complimenting the Argentines on their ideal fall weather, clear, mild and sunny. We drove to the station through dust-choked streets. The ladies breathed through dampened handkerchiefs and the men coughed as discreetly as possible.

Our friends of Cordoba ignored the dust to see us off. They stood under a train shed swirling with the opaque stuff and waved until the final whistle blew. Such storms, I am told, are fairly rare, and never occur in the summer season of December, January and February, when South American tourists fill the luxurious mountain hotels to ride, golf, swim, dance and play tennis, or gossip in rocking chairs on wide terraces.

The pampas that extend from the mountains to the sea grow grass lush enough to fatten cattle the year round. Grain fields are tilled with a prodigal hand. The abundance is reminiscent of our own prairies. Seeing the dust storm, we wondered if the Argentines, in years to come, will suffer the same disaster which befell our farmers of the Middle West.

Monument to American.

On the pampas between the Sierras and the city of Cordoba stands a monument which seems to have captured the fancy of the people—a modernistic, marble shaft more than 250 feet tall, tipped by an airplane beacon. It is a lasting memorial to the late Myriam Stefford, a North American and the first woman flyer of the Argentine.

The flyer's husband, a wealthy Italian resident, had the memorial erected on the spot where his wife plunged to her death in 1935 while on a good-will tour of Argentine provinces. Her plane fell in a sudden storm. The woman flyer is buried in the memorial, along with a fortune in her personal jewelry, according to local belief. An inscription reads, "He Who Desecrates This Tomb Is Cursed."

Part of the broken airplane is mounted near the tomb, draped in the colors of the Argentine and the United States. On a pillar of stone outside the monument is the wreck-

age of the airplane engine. The perpetual light in the shaft is supposed to guide airplanes and dirigibles to safety.

Between the beacon and the city lies a government school for training army flyers and a thriving airplane factory. In Cordoba it is curious to hear the chimes from more than 140 old churches mingling with the drone of military airplanes in the sky.

Tradition Still Holds.

The city plaza, according to Dr. William M. Mann, typifies the best of innumerable others in Latin America and Spain. Dominated by the huge, 17th century cathedral and flanked by official buildings, it has its central equestrian figure of a liberator, its formal gardens, palms and shrubbery, its bandstand for evening concerts, and its promenades where young people stroll and flirt. In Cordoba the old Spanish tradition still holds—a chaperon for every courtship—sometimes several of them, according to rebellious young blades accustomed to the less-restricted ways of Buenos Aires and Spain.

The cathedral, with its bells of 100 tones, its ancient towers, dome and weathered facades, is known throughout this part of the world. Lacelike grillwork depicts the Apostles, and paintings by Raphael and the old masters adorn the walls above silver altars. An ancient Jesuit monastery in the hills once was connected with Cordoba by a 20-mile tunnel, now filled with rubble. Traces of the masonry still remain. The Jesuits built the tunnel as a precaution against successful Indian raids.

Dr. Mann's greatest interest in

Cordoba was the zoo, occupying a steep, winding canyon which, only a few generations ago, was the hideout of bandits bold and numerous enough to stand off the soldiery from their narrow defiles. The zoo planners took full advantage of the natural terrain. The steep walls of the canyon are grown with more than 60 species of native trees, palms and cactus, and exhibition buildings merge into this background.

Zoo Director Impressed.

The Washington Zoo director was much interested in a group of 40 Patagonian caviies; in the llamas, alpacas, guanacos and vicunas (all South American relatives of the camel family) and in the rheas or "nandus"—the South American ostrich which once provided American housewives with fine feather dusters. All of these are comparatively rare in zoos in the States. Dr. Mann saw a number of native birds and turtles new to him.

The vicuna, in particular, has

become almost extinct. The wild creature has been hunted for the mountains for generations for its fine fur and wool. We tried to bargain with the natives for robes of vicuna fur, but the prices came too high for our pocketbooks.

Curio shops in Cordoba, however, were less expensive. For example, I bought an old Gaucho knife, with a carved silver handle and a flexible Toledo blade, for 12 pesos—less than \$3. In the old days the Gaucho used his knife for two necessities—eating and fighting. Having an appetite for both, he was rarely without his knife, day or night. The handle of my knife is worn thin and the blade has been sharpened many times.

Old silver coins, in use for almost 400 years, make interesting souvenirs. They were poured at primi-

tive smelters, stamped as Spa currency, and come in every conceivable shape.

Prices Not Hiked.

There are Gaucho belts of many colors and hand-woven ponchos of llama, alpaca and lam's wool. Furthermore, the dealers don't hike the prices for tourists—you have the word of tourist officials for that!

One impression of Cordoba was the sight of a peon driving a string of cows through a downtown street jammed with motor traffic—delivering milk on the hoof! Beside him rose a modern building topped by a penthouse, where a butler was exercising a French poodle.

I wondered how the people in the penthouse got their milk!

The North Americans in Cordoba, a city of some 300,000, are less than a score, although the English col-

CORDOBA HIT BY CYCLONE

DISASTER has again struck at the Province of Córdoba, several parts of the Province having been laid waste yesterday by a wind of cyclonic force which struck Rio Cuarto first and then travelled towards the city of Córdoba leaving a trail of wreckage in its wake which it has so far been unable to adequately estimate.

Judging by the force of the wind, however, it is believed that considerable material damage must of necessity have been caused, while it is also feared that there may have been personal victims.

It was at 16.30 when the force of the wind began to make itself felt at Rio Cuarto. The sky rapidly became clouded over by flying dust and the sun disappeared behind a heavy black cloud. The wind steadily increased and those people in the streets hastily sought refuge. Stores and shops hastily slammed their doors and pulled down their shutters, and those people who remained in the street were almost blinded by the thick cloud of dust which the wind had brought with it.

Electric signs, sun blinds and other moveable objects in the street were torn from their holdings and sailed through the air and in the midst of the confusion the electric current failed.

All traffic in the streets was stopped, while telephonic and telegraphic communications were interrupted for various hours.

Whilst this was going on in Rio Cuarto, the population of Sampacho was undergoing a similar trial, with the added circumstance that an earthquake shook the ground for a whole minute causing the inhabitants to desert their homes and rush for open spaces.

The cyclone reached the city of Córdoba at 18.30 o'clock and similar scenes of panic to those in Rio Cuarto were witnessed. The electric light failed, transport and telephonic communication were interrupted.

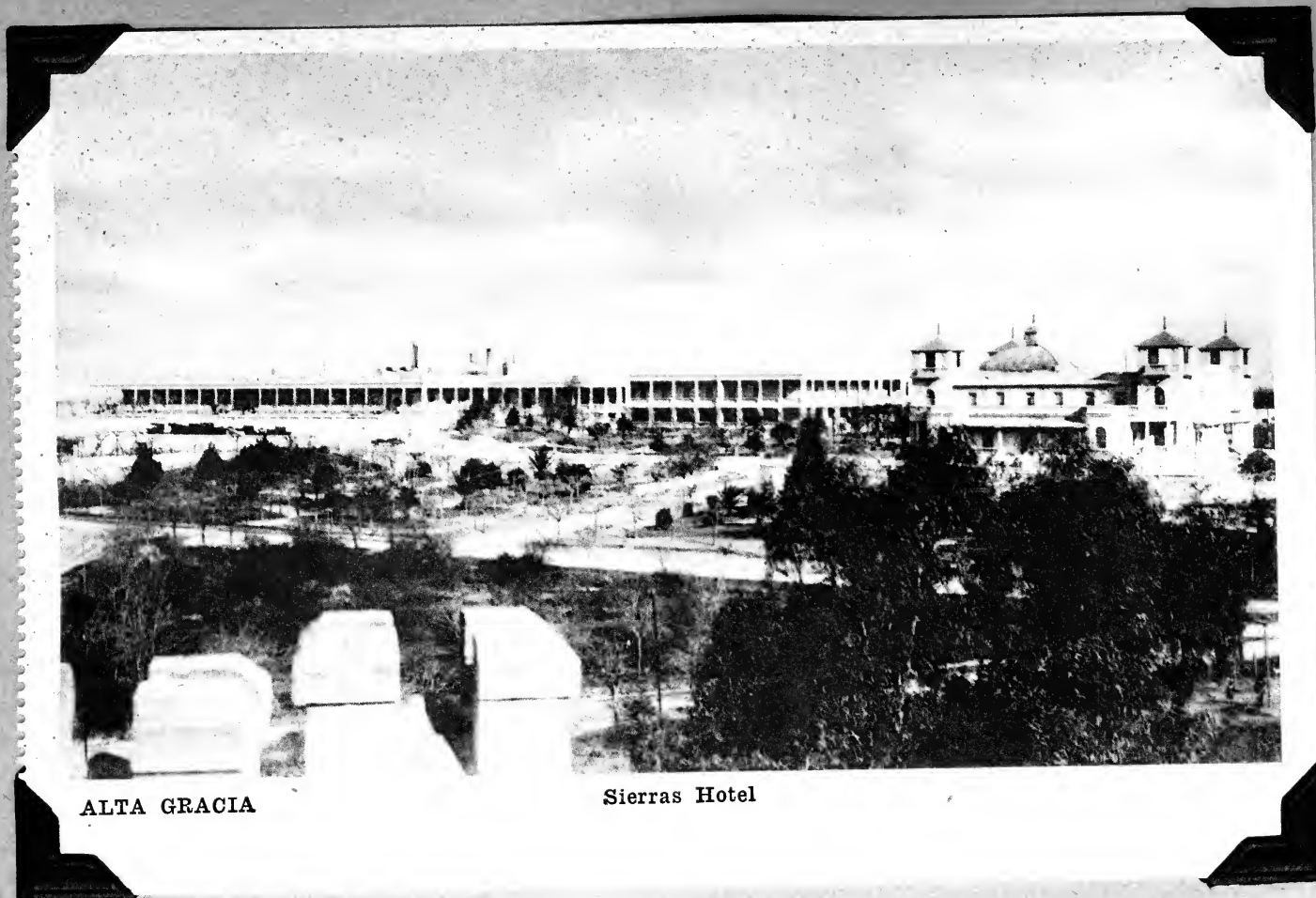
Up to a late hour last night no reports of personal injuries or fatalities had been received.



MONUMENTO A MYRIAM STEFFORD
Alta Gracia — Provincia de Córdoba



PLAZA HOTEL - CORDOBA



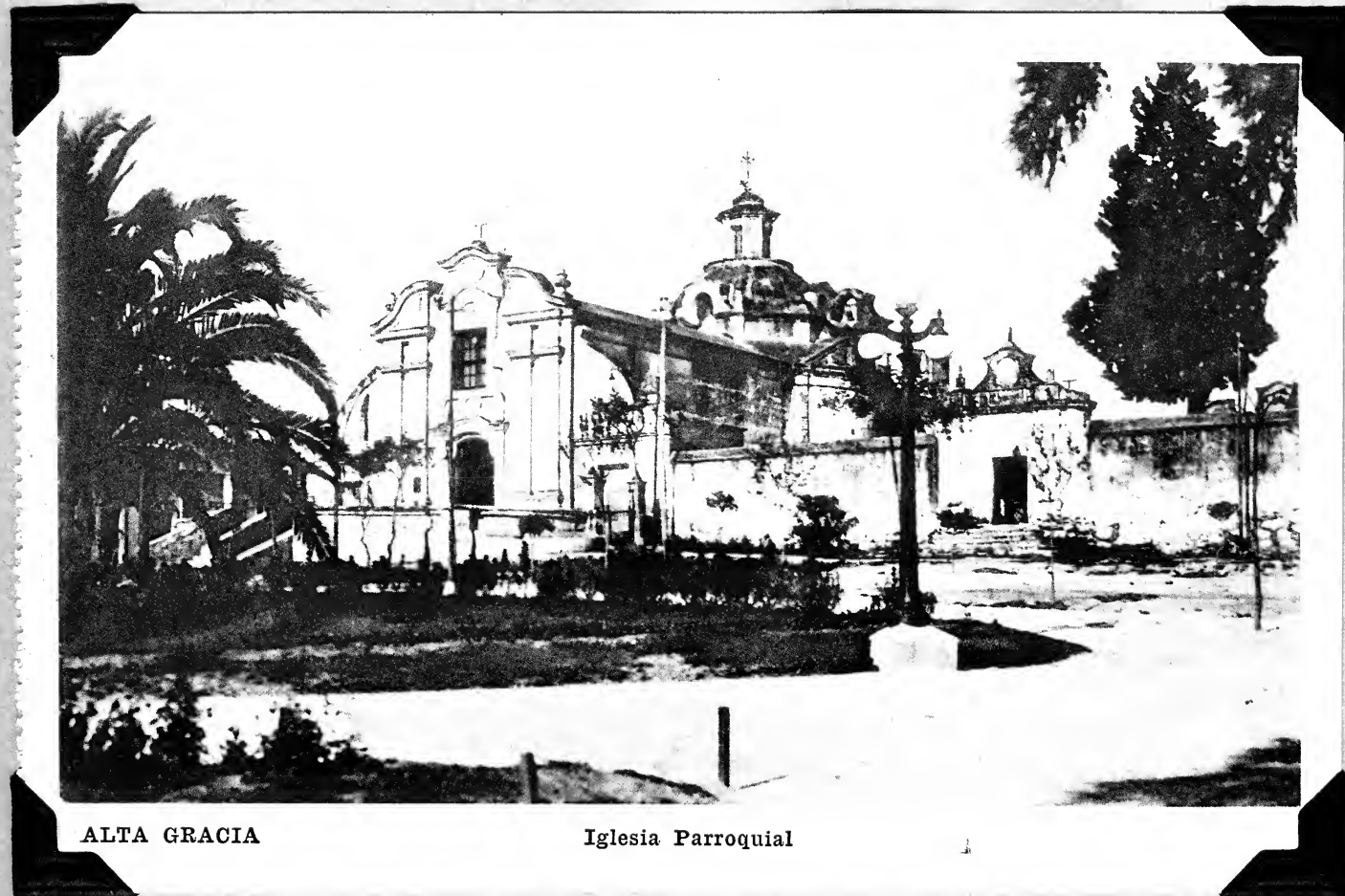
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Sierras Hotel



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El Casino



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Iglesia Parroquial



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Vista panorámica de la Capilla y de la Gruta de la Virgen de Lourdes



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El cañito



ALTA GRACIA

Una chacra en las Sierras



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Passing of Old-Time Cowboys Mourned in Argentina

Modern Gaucho Phoney, Students Say, Pointing Out His Defects

(No. 30 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES—What has become of the North American cowboy? Did he saddle his bronco and ride off into the blue, headed for the last round-up—

or flag a West-bound express with a Hollywood contract in his pocket?

The answer to that question might furnish the youth of the Argentine with a clue to where the Gaucho went . . . the restless Gaucho, who leaned against the free wind of the pampas with such regularity that his hat brim folded back against his forehead.

The Gaucho, part Spanish, part Indian, ranged far and wide—beyond the fences, the farm dwellings, the growing settlements. He had his horse, his great sheepskin saddle, his beloved silver trappings, his fine, hand-woven poncho, his knife for eating and fighting, his quirt, lasso, boleadoras and huge silver spurs.

He was an independent, self-sufficient man, free to follow the cattle which drifted like cloud shadows over the pampas. He was equipped to fight, frolic, race, gamble



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

the silver coins on his belt, or banquet on the fat of the land—the cattle and sheep whose flesh he consumed with such gusto. He drank his wine and he had his fun in his day.

That Day Is Gone.

But that day is gone now. The trappings of the old Gaucho are museum pieces and his successors fall short of traditions which survive only in story. Young people here read about the Gaucho and mourn his passing—even rather cynical college students, bred to the city.

Some of our friends, the students, were good enough, on a trip to the back country, to point out the defects of the modern, "streamlined" Gaucho—a "phoney," they called him.

"Look at his hat!" they said. "It has a flat brim. He never rode hard enough against the wind to fold his brim against his head! Look at his boots! His toes are inclosed in leather and he uses a modern stirrup. In the old days Gaucho boots were cut off at the toes. The Gaucho rode Indian fashion, gripping a knotted rope between his toes!"

"He fought with boleadoras and knife. Can you imagine a 1939 Gaucho challenging an enemy to a duel for his life? Or roping a steer, a horse or an ostrich with his boleadoras? He has sold all his boleadoras to antique shops!"

Lived in Mud Huts.

The Gaucho of old spitted his meat on iron rods dug into the ground and leaned over a bed of coals. When he wasn't lying out on the pampas he lived in mud huts thatched with pampas grass. His excess baggage was transported in a covered wagon on two wheels. He stitched into his belt the coins he did not hammer into silver spurs, bridle trappings and saddle accessories.

His knife, with its heavy silver handle, was made of Toledo steel, or improvised from the bayonets of invading armies. The British attacked the Argentine during the Napoleonic wars, and the liberator, San Martin, fought off the legions of Ferdinand VII of Spain, sent by the mother country to subdue rebellious colonies in South America.

The Gaucho used his knife, among other things, to slice his own cut from the barbecued meat. The college students told us he would take a piece of meat between his teeth and chop it off with a keen blade.

The old Gaucho ate beef and mutton in prodigious quantities—modern Gauchos follow suit, according to a young resident of Buenos Aires who employs them on his estancia in the south.

"Three of those boys," said the ranch owner, "can eat a sheep at one sitting! I ought to know—they're my sheep!"

Hollywood Offer Refused.

One of the best selling books here is a classic treating with the life of old-time Gauchos on the pampas. The widow of the author recently refused a fabulous offer from Hollywood for the film rights on the book. Her reason was that the film directors planned to edit the book after their own ideas. She insisted that neither the letter or spirit of the book be altered. She backed her refusal with the contention that even Hollywood could not duplicate the Gauchos of old.

Washington Zoo Director William M. Mann is inclined to agree. A friend of his with Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus asked him at the opening in Madison Square Garden to make inquiries in the Argentine about hiring some Gauchos for the Wild West spectacle.

"If you can find any Gauchos who will outride and outrope our rodeo boys," the circus agent said, "please get in touch with me. I want to hire them!"

Dr. Mann hasn't found any circus Gauchos yet. The old-timers, like the American cow punchers, have left for unknown pastures.

One thing more about the ancient Gaucho. He draped his lower extremities in a cloth that folded something like a baby diaper, and, believe it or not.

The hem of his trousers was embroidered!

Next: Beefsteak economics.

Poorest Argentine Laborer Enjoys Better Meat Than Average U. S. Housewife Gets

MAY 28 1939

Steak So Tender It Cuts With Butter Knife Is 23 Cents

(No. 31 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—People who dislike beefsteak had best wave this aside.

Their interest would be purely academic in the question: "Why can't the American family of modest means afford to sit down oftener to a tender, tasty steak?"

Why can the poorest Argentine laborer buy better meats for his wife and children than American executives, skilled tradesmen or salary and wage earners in the higher brackets?

At the best hotels here a peso (now about 23 cents) will provide a choice cut of grilled steak 2 inches thick, very sweet, and tender enough to be cut with a butter knife, a steak which might (but probably couldn't) be duplicated in the States for \$3—enough to buy half a beef in the Argentine.

The answer to the question is an involved one. Experts disagree and economists debate the issue. Lush grazing lands of the Argentine fatten cattle 12 months a year; stall feeding is a luxury rather than a necessity, and labor costs are lower all down the line—from gaucho to packing plant employee.

Britain Likes Argentine Beef.

The possibility of importing the foot and mouth disease to the States seems strong enough, from one viewpoint, to continue the embargo on Argentine meats indefinitely. It cost California and the Federal Government millions to eradicate the contagion on the West Coast 15 years or so ago. The epidemic, it was said, started from a shipment of meat to San Francisco from the Argentine. Even wild deer in public parks were rounded up and slaughtered to stop the spread of illness to hooved stock.

On the other hand, England imports great quantities of local meat without spreading the disease, said to be common there in a mild form. Our English cousins buy large amounts of meat, wheat and corn—and do not hesitate to point out, when they come in competition with American-made goods, that they accept a product the United States has sought to stigmatize.

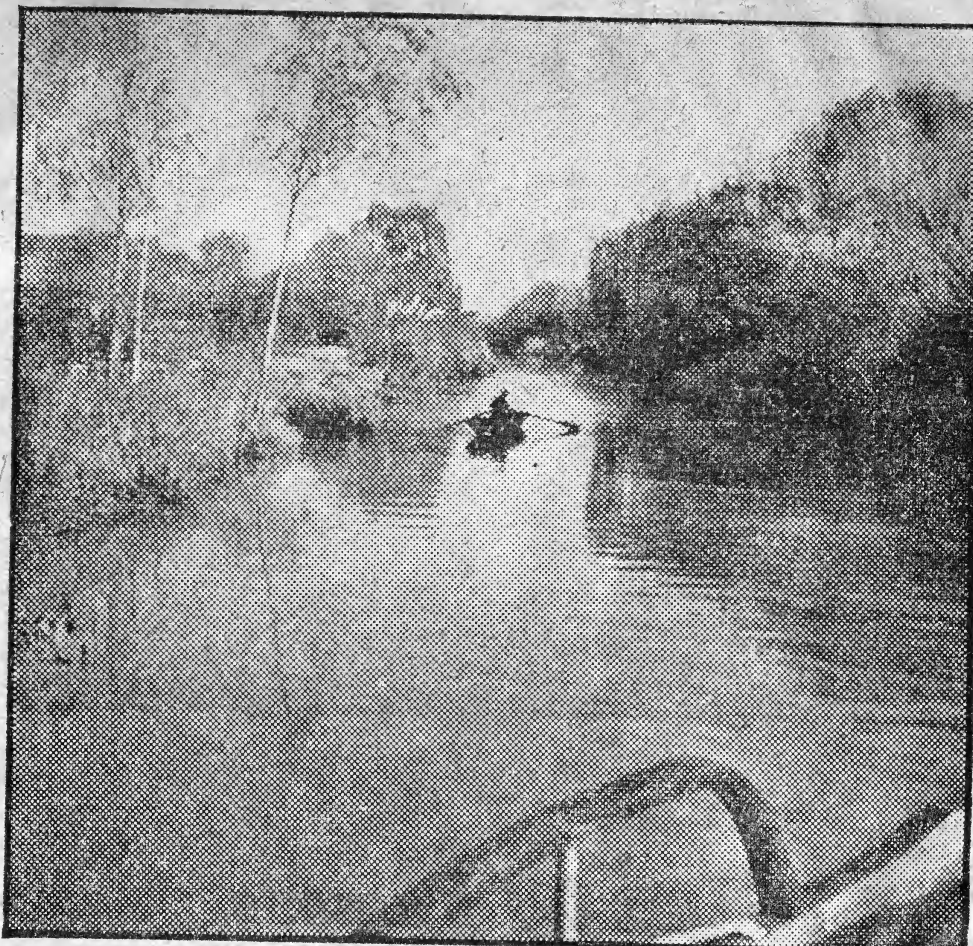
The Argentines are intensely proud of their beef. The people here (it's astonishing how many are interested in the subject) say President Roosevelt promised them he would do his best to break the trade blockade between the two nations. The fate of a bill in Congress to ratify a sanitary agreement between Argentine and the United States is front-page news in Buenos Aires almost daily.

The agreement was worked out by experts to permit a limited exchange of meat products between the two countries under a rigid inspection system. The United States was to send inspectors here to certify the quality of the exports. Another front page news story has been the controversy in America over the purchase for the Navy of Argentine tinned beef. Statements of legislators in the States are quoted here at length, pro and con.

Ban on U. S. Goods Continues.

Meanwhile a virtual embargo on American goods continues. Importers are closing shop or loafing about their offices with nothing to do but hope for the future. However, the Argentines still buy American motor cars, farm machinery and lumber, despite high duties and government restrictions on import permits.

The typical Argentine likes a big, roomy, powerful car. The tiny, economical machines of British and German manufacture cramp his style. Therefore he buys 94 per cent of his automobiles from the States, although they cost about twice the Detroit quotation. Too, the farm machinery developed for the prairies of the States is better suited to local needs than anything England or Germany can supply. The Argentines buy lumber from the States out of necessity.



AN ARGENTINE HUCKSTER—In a picturesque setting, the Argentine grocer in the Delta country makes his rounds in a rowboat delivering bread and fresh meat, which he hangs on trees at the landings. This photograph was made by Correspondent Shippen from the launch Ceres.

reduction on express train supplementary charge.

2. A National Exposition abonnement, available for 16 days, at the price of 45 francs, third class; 60 francs, second class, and 75 francs, first class. Within its validity this ticket entitles the holder to four days of unlimited travel over the Swiss lines indicated on the abonnement, the days to be chosen by himself. On the remaining 12 days the ticket will enable its owner to buy 20 single or return trip Swiss tickets at a reduction of 50 per cent. The abonnement is furthermore good for one free admission to the exposition. For a modest additional fee it gives the privilege of a 7-day extension of the validity.

Soccer Fans Take Game Seriously In Argentina

Two Die in Rioting As Crowd Protests Bad Decision

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—Gunfire and saber strokes, or a shower of pop bottles—the difference lies in the point of view.

The Argentine soccer fan can explode with all the violence of a World Series crowd when the umpire calls a sour one in the vital inning. Two fans were killed here this afternoon—one a 9-year-old boy!

The shooting started when the crowd, angry at an umpire for sending a popular athlete to W. H. Shippen, jr. the showers, tore through the wire netting and surged out on the field, bearing innocents as well as belligerents before it like chaff. The police say they fired in the air and used the flats of their sabers.

A panic followed. Spectators attempting to flee the place found exits closed or inadequate. When order was restored at last four gunshot victims were found, along with many others bruised and cut in the mad crush. An ambulance responding to an emergency alarm collided with an automobile at a nearby intersection.

Later the Board of Directors of the "Boca Juniors" met because of the "lamentable consequences" of the game. The board put up money to bury the victims and passed a resolution condemning the "brutal police" for firing on "defenseless spectators." The police, on the other hand, claimed it was the spectators who fired the fatal shots. Incidentally, the Boca Juniors won—1 to 0.

Our friends gave us the choice today between attending the soccer game and seeing the local zoo with



its Sunday crowds. Unfortunately (from my point of view, anyhow, although my wife disagrees), we chose the zoo. We wanted to see Wild Bill, the buffalo, and his mate, Francisca—a pair we helped import to the Argentine, along with various other gift specimens from the Washington Zoo.

Washington's Zoo Director William M. Mann and Mrs. Mann were supposed to pay a round of official calls this afternoon. We bade them good-by and set out for the zoo on the subway, together with approximately 90,000 other people. In the press of thousands to buy tickets at the gate, I fell in line behind a familiar figure. It was Dr. Mann, who had postponed his social duties in favor of another jaunt to the zoo—his sixth to date!

The B. A. zoo is an outdoor affair. Such things as South American ostriches, Patagonian cavies, tapirs, llamas, alpacas, agoutis, storks, peacocks and howler monkeys stroll about free within the huge, tree-grown inclosure. Dr. Mann was having a swell time. He kept pointing his camera this way and that.

"Ah, William," he cried, "I'll take those home with me . . . and those, and those . . . I'll take their pictures home anyhow; meanwhile, we shall hope, and also rely, upon the generosity of our good neighbor, the Argentines!

"I'd rather be here than any place else in the world—unless it's Washington! The circus is moving in back in Washington today. At this hour, this very minute, the red wagons are unloading; Beverly Kelley and the rest of the gang are in town! They'll be knocking around Melvin Hildreth and the circus. Maybe Frank Portillo is thru another party for the clowns!"

Dr. Mann produced his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. If he hadn't been surrounded by such a lively zoological panorama, I'm afraid he would have caught the next boat home. As it was, he hurried us to the restaurant to compare it with the one he hopes to build in Washington with a new P. W. A. appropriation for \$90,000. The zoo director got a cable yesterday from Secretary Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution announcing the award. Dr. Mann, for years, has been planning a fine restaurant in Rock Creek Park. He was elated to learn that his hopes may be realized.

"We have a lot people to thank for that appropriation," Dr. Mann said, "and not the least of them is Nickey Arundel—the fighting young editor of 'Nickey's News!' You remember how he campaigned for the giraffes until we got them?"

In the zoo here children rode llamas, ponies and tiny donkeys, or jogged along in miniature carts. They chased the cavies and agoutis over the grass, and fed animal crackers to the ostriches.

"How well-behaved these spectators are," Dr. Mann said. "Even the worst of them never mistreat animals. That's why all these fine specimens can roam free with the crowds. Now in Washington 99 per cent of the spectators are fine people—it's that onery one per cent we have to guard against, the uneducated minority!"

"But, doctor," I said, "did you see that swarthy-looking citizen who, just a minute ago, tried to give a lighted cigar to the baby tapir?"

"No, William," he said. "I didn't see that! And, besides, I'm a guest here!"

From what I saw today, however, of the free association between animals and men, it was the animals, as much as the men, who were educated.

The tapir, young as he was, turned down the cigar with a sniff of contempt, and I saw a llama, with a gleam in his eye, reject a bit of tin foil. The man who offered the foil moved away quickly.

"Why not educate your animals, doctor," I asked, "and let the public take care of itself?"

"William," he replied, "if I teach you too much about zoology you may take my job!"

Back at the hotel tonight, just to make it a perfect day, Dr. Mann got a cable from his circus pals, who missed him, they said, even more than the 60 or more tickets he buys for the Washington performances.

The cable was from Beverley Kelley, who has just completed a book on elephants. Dr. Mann cabled back something to the effect:

"Were those the ponderous pachyderms or just an earthquake we felt down here?"

Next: The difficulties of being a conventional guest.

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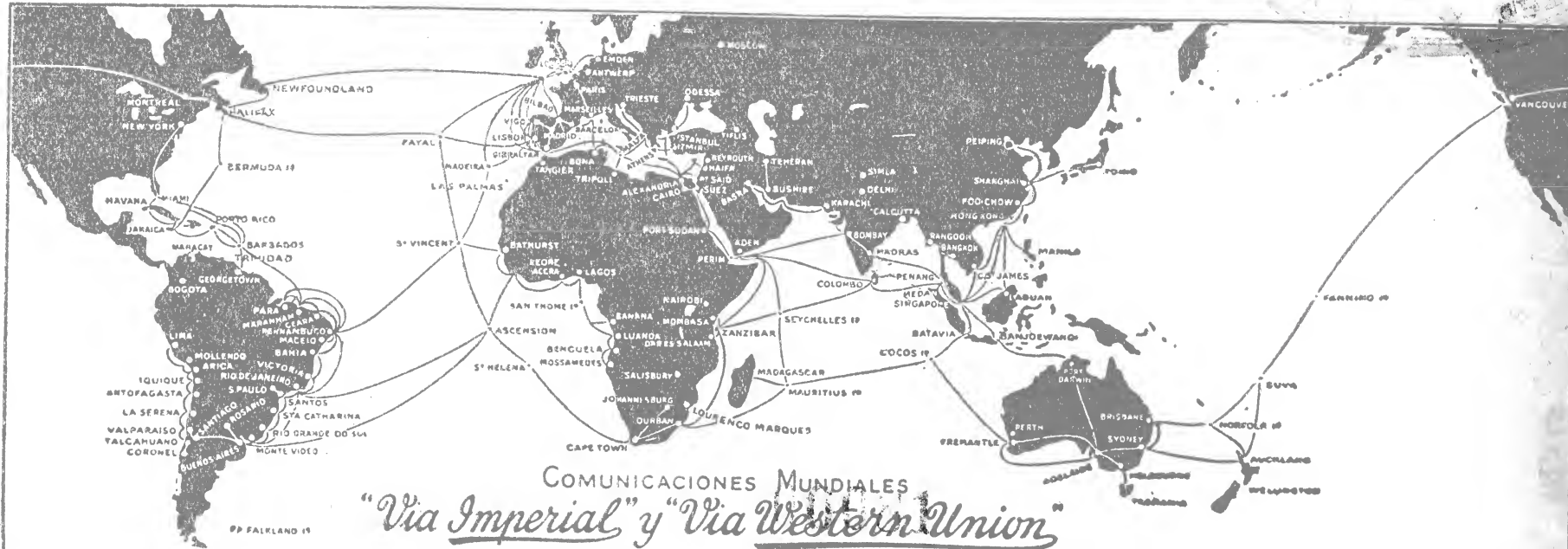
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WISH YOU WERE HERE

BEV KELLEY

Raymond, the Tapir, Jumpy at Whistles, Imprisons Cousins

Crates to Hold Those Dr. Mann Gets to Avoid 'Regattas'

(No. 33 of a Series.)

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES—If Dr. Mann brings home any tapirs I hope they won't be afraid of steamboat whistles!

Not as afraid as Raymond was, anyhow. Every time the captain blew the whistle Raymond jumped overboard. That went on for days and Raymond lost a lot of his popularity.

Dr. Mann, believing the boys and girls of Washington would like Raymond (even if he were a bit jumpy), was bringing him down the Amazon on a river launch some years ago. Every time Raymond jumped overboard the captain had to reverse his engines, drop the anchor and put a rowboat



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

overside. Raymond and the crew of the rowboat put on some splendid races, with the little tapir doing the Australian crawl, or something, and the seamen laying to their oars. It was hot on the Equator and some of the crew were slow about applauding Raymond's aquatic talents. The Indians on the shore, however, cheered and cheered! Being ignorant savages, with little more than a G-string to their names, they thought the white men were staging a regatta.

Now the captain, in addition to Raymond, had a lot of coconuts and Brazil nuts on board. Like many another Brazilian, he wasn't in too much of a hurry—there always being tomorrow or the day after—but he did hope to get down the Amazon by Christmas anyhow. He doubtless felt that a lot of small boys in the States would appreciate Brazil nuts in their stockings on Christmas morning.

Pre-Whistle Warning.

So the captain worked out a system. Being a Brazilian, he loved to blow whistles, Raymond or no Raymond. So he kept right on blowing the whistle for landings, curves and crazy Indians in canoes, but he began to seek out Dr. Mann in advance.

"Don Senior Doktor," he would say, "I am about to blow the whistle!"

Then everybody would jump up and search the ship for Raymond, who usually was busy about his own affairs—nibbling the crews' shirts on a wash line, squealing about under the cook's legs in the galley, etc. Raymond, being only a youngster, still in short pants (he hadn't outgrown the juvenile stripes on his coat), would get bundled off to the little boys' washroom and locked inside. Then somebody would run to give the "all clear" signal.

Even then Raymond would jump into the bathtub every time the whistle blew.

"I should think he would have caught his death of cold!" I said.

Dry Jump.

"That shows, William," Dr. Mann said, "that you don't know much about bathtubs on old Amazon River boats. In those days the last thing you'd see in one was water!"

If Dr. Mann gets any tapirs here (he hopes for two) they will be in crates going back. The ships of the good neighbor fleet have big whistles, and a tapir would have to be a high diver as well as a channel swimmer to duplicate Raymond's stunt.

Dr. Mann became quite attached to Raymond, as men often do to the creatures who give them most trouble. He got him safely through to the States. And then one day without any warning Raymond died. It wasn't pneumonia, overexertion, overeating or homesickness.

He just died—another of the heartbreaks that sometimes go with the collecting business.

Next: South American Journalism.

Argentine Editor Sorry We Arm Our Foes With Pictures

U. S. Magazines Wash Nation's Dirty Linen In Public, He Says

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES—"Why do you North Americans arm your enemies with such weapons as this?"

The editor held out a United States picture weekly and thumbed it to the photograph of a college boy and girl kissing as they sprawled on a sofa.

"For years I have advocated the exchange of students between our countries. I have planned to send my little girl to school in the States.

But after this, no! She will remain in the Argentine!"

The editor, director of a B. A. daily of 40,000 circulation, and two



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

weekly magazines, was educated in the States and broke in as a cub reporter on a Boston paper.

"We of the profession," he said, "know the tricks of the game. I know, as you know, that this is no true picture of North American college life . . . but my little girl, does she know? She gets too many ideas of life in the States from pictures like this and the movies!"

"If I, knowing the publishing business, knowing America from personal observation, am alienated from your country by such pictures, then what of the masses, the untutored, or, the conservatives among our leading people?"

America's Own Picture.

"I know that all American young couples do not—what is that dance, the swung?—perform in public like contortionists locked in amorous embrace; I know the governors in the States wear shoes, that visiting statesmen do not shave in public—that all society matrons do not pass out from alcohol at gay functions and have to be carried home.

"I know all this, but there are millions here who misunderstand. That is true also, I think, in Germany, in Italy and in the Orient. Such pictures are reproduced for propaganda purposes. The enemies of your country say, 'Here is America's own photograph of itself! Are the Americans not immoral and k-r-a-z-y?'"

"But you buy the magazine?"

"Ah, yes. Of course, I buy it! It is beautifully printed, it contains much of current interest—it has the punch, the sex appeal? . . . you say?"

If you of the States wish to picture your weaknesses, who am I to avert my gaze?"

"But you, as a journalist, must know the good of turning light upon little vices that thrive in the dark? Of airing certain affairs of bad odor?"

Washing Linen in Public.

"Such journalism, within the borders of your country, may be all for the public good . . . I cannot say. But when it goes abroad that is another story! Of this, I am sure!"

"Who created the taste for the bizarre in journalism? Did the public educate their publicists or the other way around?"

"Here it was a little of both. Our readers are cosmopolitan, well-informed from many sources, highly partisan to various causes, critical and suspicious of propaganda. We try to strip our news down to facts and let our readers interpret them for themselves.

"We do not sensationalize crime, divorce, or suicide. That news goes on a back page. We do not play up criminal trials. We have never published a picture of a corpse. If we use a picture of a Governor we think it just as good if he wears shoes.

"A long time ago—four, or was it five, years?—a wealthy man killed his sweetheart. We obtained photographs of the principals, but we did not publish them. We posted them in our office and informed the readers they could call to view them in private . . . Only four or five came, yet we received hundreds of letters thanking us for not exploiting the photographs!"

One Yellow Journalist Tainted All.

"From my point of view down here, it seems that one great leader of yellow journalism tainted, if he did not color, all the rest.

"The rise of the tabloid followed. Readers' appetites became jaded. Why read a love story unless illicit, why read of government unless corrupt, of crime unless violent. . . . why look at a picture of a Governor unless his honor is barefoot, or shaving?"

"As long as I live, and the men I've helped to teach remain in control of this publication, it will be the cleanest tabloid in the world!"

College boys here have some odd ideas about the behavior of their northern cousins—so do college girls. One asked me the other day:

"Do all the girls in America act like Carole Lombard?"

College boys here invited my wife and me to a big formal dance they were throwing. One of our hosts unobtrusively took me aside and inquired, in his best classroom English:

"Senor Beel, is it for you always on occasions of festivity to sing 'Rambling Wrecks of Georgia Techs?'" (I had tried to teach them the tune, several days previously, on a motor launch cruising the delta.)

"Always, Senor," I replied, "Always!"

The college boy gulped. For a moment he was at a loss for words, then took another, and less direct, tack. In 10 minutes or so he managed to convey the impression, without hinting, that a solo on my part would only confirm the misconception of North Americans entertained by his classmates. I promised faithfully not to sing a single solo.

"And Senor Beel," he went on, "if you wish to dance with the señoritas, we will superintend the introduction. You will not break the back of the señorita's partner, no? You will not—what do you say?—cut him, no?"

"No," I said, "No, no, no! That went out when I was in college—15 years ago."

Next: Meeting With "Beans."

DR. JUSTUS BRINCKMANN
EX MEDICO DIRECTOR DEL HOSPITAL ALEMAN

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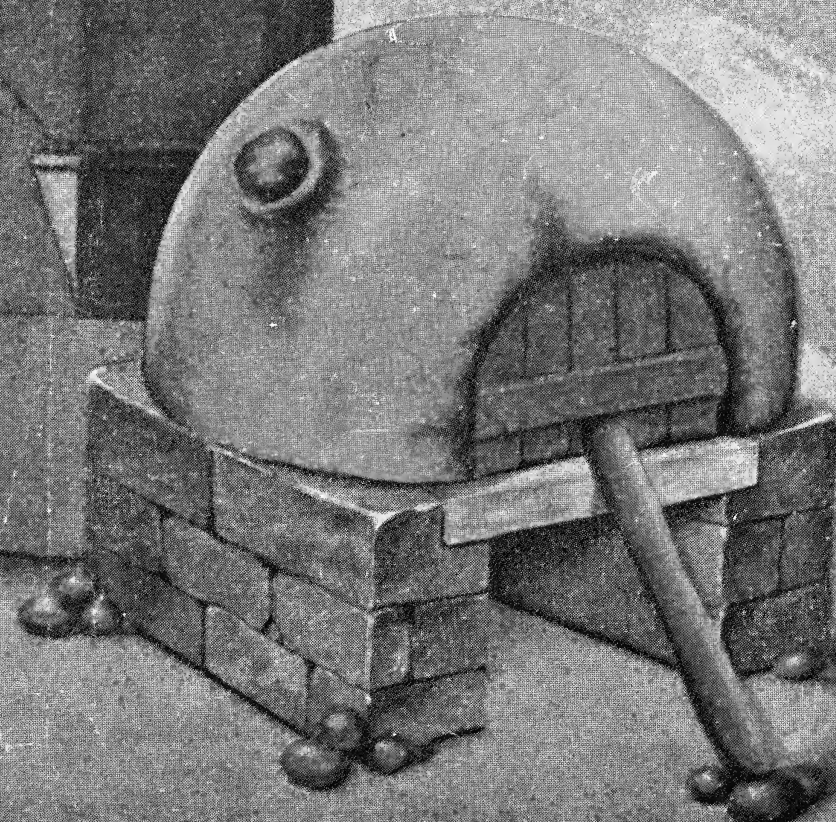
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Dr. Brinckmann



UN RINCON DE MENDOZA

EXPOSICION
Y RESTAURANT REGIONAL
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LOTE SELECTO DE VINOS RECOMENDADOS

TINTOS

Gran vino "Un Rincón de Mendoza"	\$ 2.50
Norton 1928	» 4.00
Norton	» 5.00
Puente Viejo	» 5.80
Fondo de la Cueva	» 5.50
Valroy Arizú	» 4.00
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Bianchi Medoc	» 5.00
Bianchi Claret	» 5.00
Bianchi Pinot	» 5.00
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Chateau de D'Ancon	» 5.00
Chateau Arizú	» 5.00
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Viejo Arizú	» 2.50
Criollo Viejo	» 2.00
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Tromel	» 2.50
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Concha y Toro	» 5.00
Santa Rita	» 5.00
Viña Linderos	» 5.00
Gran vino Tocornal	» 5.00

Nota: Las medias botellas de todos estos vinos tintos o blancos importan la mitad del precio de las enteras mas un recargo de 0.20 cada una.

Vino criollito y blanco de la casa, el litro \$ 1.20

JUGO DE UVA

1/4 Jugo de uva \$ 0.80

1/2 Jugo de uva \$ 1.30

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Villavicencio 1/1 \$ 1.20

1/2 \$ 0.70

1/4 \$ 0.50

CHAMPAGNES

Arizú	\$ 7.00
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Monitor	\$ 6.00
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Edecán	» 4.00

Clericot con los mejores vinos Mendocinos
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Sauvignon Trápiche	» 5.00
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Casa de Piedra	» 5.50
Las Rosas Sem. Viejo	» 5.50
Las Rosas Riesling	» 4.00
Chateau D'Ancon	» 5.00
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Añojo Gargantini	» 2.50
Mosela Benegas	» 5.00
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Passera Blanco	» 2.00
Pinot Arizú	» 2.00
Añojo Arizú	» 2.00
Sauternes Arizú	» 5.00
Semillón Escorihuela	» 2.00
Sauternes Carrodilla	» 5.00
Bianchi Blanco	» 5.00
Copacabana Bombal	» 1.50
Semillón Viejo Brusasca	» 2.00
Semillón Tupungato	» 2.00
Tupungato Especial	» 1.00

CHILENOS

Rheinwein Tocornal	» 5.00
Srinwrin Tocornal	» 5.00
Santa Rita	» 5.00
Viña Linderos	» 5.00
Reservado Tocornal	» 5.00

CHICHAS

Chicha de uva, jarra	\$ 2.00
Chicha de uva, 1/2 jarra	» 1.20
Chicha Rovello	» 2.50

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Jerez, la copita	\$ 0.50
Oporto, la copita	» 0.50
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PLATOS DEL DIA

pastel de Choclo

Cazuela de Gallina

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Cabrito a la parrillada

Bifes a la Ranchera

NUESTROS PLATOS REGIONALES ESTAN A LA VUELTA

FIAMBRES

Fiambres surtidos	0.60
Jamón crudo o cosido	0.60
Lengüita de campana	0.80
Pechuga de Pavita con ensalada Rusa	1.50
Huevos a la Rusa	0.80
Perdices en Escabeche	1.20
Sardinas con tomate	0.70
Atún al aceite	1.00
Jamón con melón Frappe	1.00
Medio Grape Fruit	0.50
Lengua de vaca con mayonesa	0.90
Langostinos con mayonesa	1.50
Mayonesa de Langostinos	1.10

SOPAS

Arroz con caldo de Gallina	0.40
Sémola con caldo de Gallina	0.50
Pastinas en caldo de Gallina	0.30
Consommee frío o caliente	0.30

LEGUMBRES

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Acelgas	0.50
Espinacas	0.60
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PASTAS

Ravioles caseros al tuco	0.60
Tallarines a la manteca o tuco	0.50
Cintitas verdes cas. al gusto	0.50
Fideos Tallarines, Cintitas, al gratin	0.60
Canelones a la Rossini	0.80

PARRILLADAS

Está el detalle en nuestra carta criolla.

MINUTAS

Bife "TENCA" Especial	1.50
Arroz a la Milanese	0.70
Arroz con pollo	1.40

Arroz con menuditos de ave	0.70
Croquetas al gusto	0.70
Tortilla al gusto	0.70
Colchón de arvejas	0.80
Supreme de Pollo	1.70
Tortilla de Sardinas	0.90
Lomo tipo Chateaubriam	1.20
Pollo saltado a la criolla	1.50
Filet de Pescado	0.60
Tortilla de acelga o espinaca	0.70
Menudos de ave saltados	0.70
Bife de Lomo a caballo con papas	1.40
Riñones saltados con cebolla	0.70
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QUESOS

Mendocino, muy sabroso	0.40
Malague	0.70
Roquefort	0.60
Queso serrano de cabra	0.60

POSTRES

Samballón	1.20
Panqueque de Manzanas	1.00
Panqueque de dulce de leche	0.80
Tortilla quemada al Rhum	1.20
Flan de naranjas Tucumanas	0.70
Peras con crema natural o Chantilly	0.80
Postre casero al Rocío	0.60
Duraznos con crema natural o Chantilly	0.80

El resto puede pedirlo en nuestra carta criolla.

FRUTAS

Duraznos Mendocinos	
Peras	
Uvas	
Melón	
Manzanas	
Bananas	
Naranjas	
Mandarinas	

INFUSIONES

Café, Té, Mate Cocido, Boldo, Pipperina, Carqueja, Manzanilla, Mixto.	
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CERVEZA HELADA EN JARRAS

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Plato frío Tradicional: huesitos aliñados
al estilo del negro Serafín Godoy ... \$ 0.80
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Arrollado de Chanco..... » 0.70
Queso de Chanco » 0.70
Matambre Casero Relleno » 0.50
Patitas a la vinagreta » 0.70
Lengua de Vaca a la Vinagreta » 0.70
Jamón Mendocino » 0.60
Queso de Pata » 0.60
Patatas de vaca aliñadas a la criolla.... » 0.60

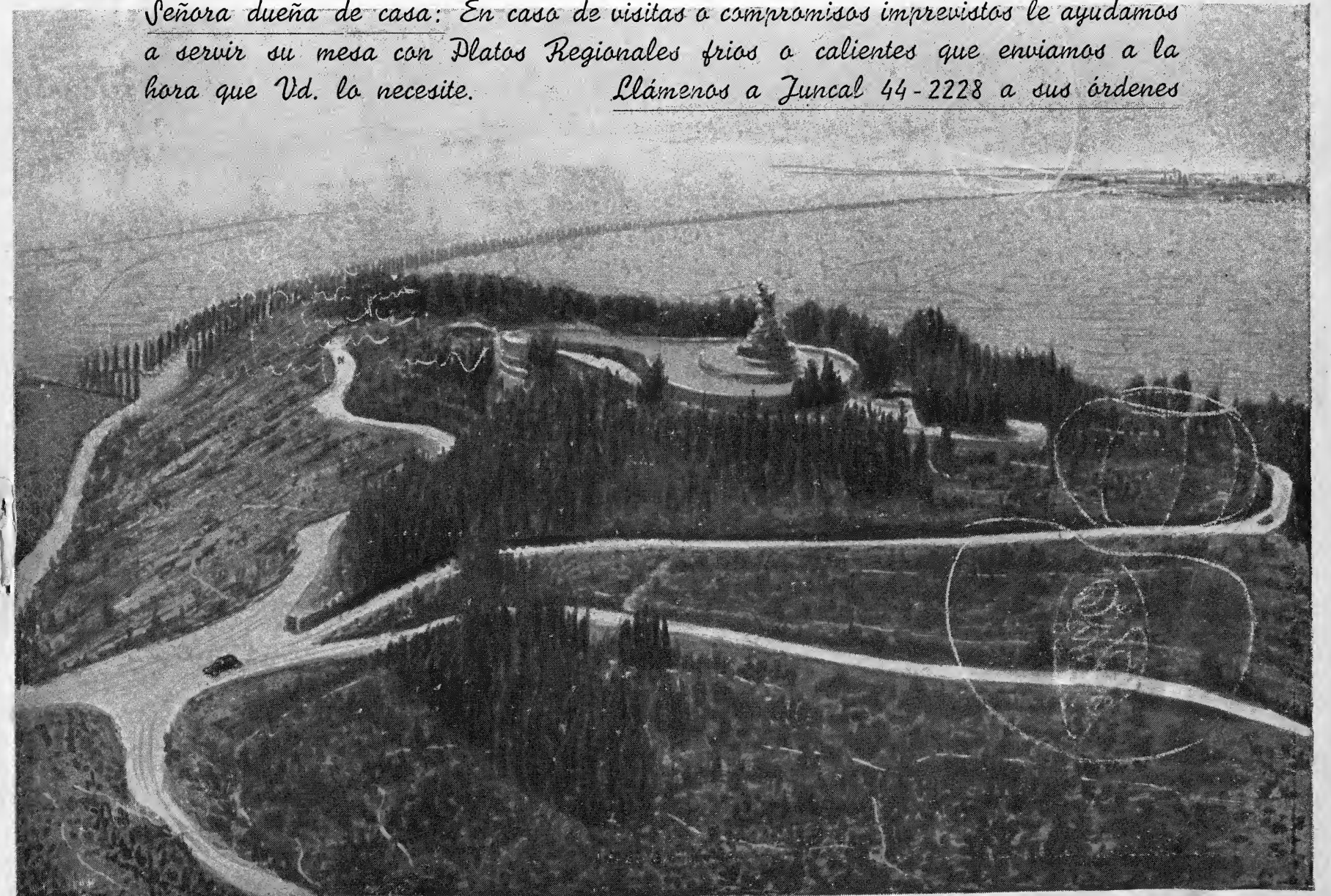
Cuarto Gallina fría con mayonesa » 1.50
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Ensalada de atún o salmón..... » 1.40
Salpicón de ave al Atuel » 1.00
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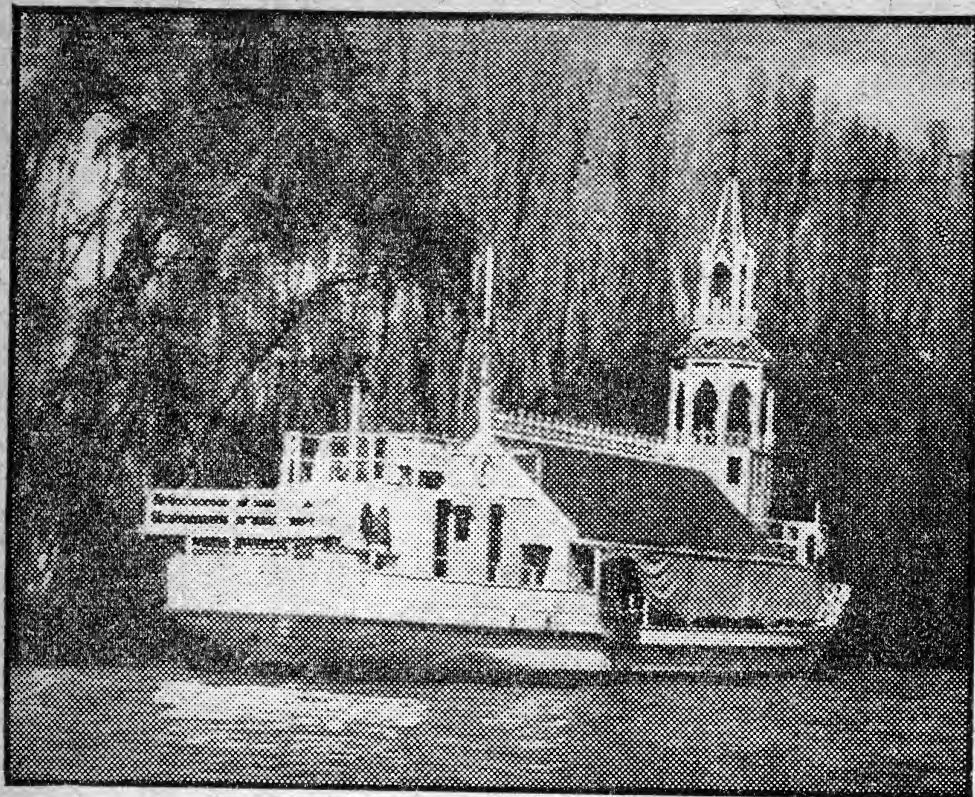
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Humita en chala c/u \$ 0.40
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barro c/u..... » 0.20
Cazuela de Gallina a la Mendocina o
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'Beans,' a Naturalist Sentenced To an Office, Has Zoo at Home



The floating church which navigates the canals in the Argentine delta country between the Parana and Uruguay Rivers. This picture was made by Correspondent Shippen as he passed in a government launch.

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

NEAR SAN FERNANDO, Province of Buenos Aires.—"Porroto" (Beans in English) doesn't want to work every day in an office. He wants to be a naturalist, a humanitarian, but his padre thinks otherwise. At this writing Porroto was showing up pretty regularly for toil.

He can't overdo things at the office, however, until the last finger that Pepita broke regains its strength. Pepita—Beans calls her Pepy for short—is a giant condor, with talons of steel built for freighting off a sheep.

"But Pepy is the lady, no?" cried Beans, scrambling into the "lady's" cage to help her climb his arm. "She don't mean evil when she break my fingers by mistake . . . all is forgive, eh, Pepy?" Pepy squawked and swung her beak down toward the ear of Beans. We were afraid she might have her master's ear in more ways than one, but not Beans.

Beans then took up to the puma's cage. The old friends put on a Clyde Beatty act. The puma was a big one and purred like 40 tomcats. It seemed a bit ominous to me, especially when the cat bared fangs and claws. Beans emerged whole, however.

A Young Zoo.

The next spot was Beans' private bear den. Two rather large brown beasts answered his call and licked his fingers through the bars. "Ah, the poor little prisoners!" said Beans. "They have lost their freedom because of the sweet tooth. Those bear adore sugar. In the dining room they break the cabinet with their little paws. They eat all the sugar. Now they are in jail. It is the order of my father!"

As we strolled over the lawn and through the informal gardens of the vast estate of Beans' father, Patagonian caviar scampered away, and oven birds set up a great clamor from cedars and eucalyptus trees. The caviar responded to the call of Beans and wild birds seemed unafraid in his presence.

"I wish I could show you my favorite," Beans said, "but he is gone. He was the little wild 'pato.' What do you say in English for pato? What do you say for the bird who is the cousin of Mickey Mouse? Dunold? Dunold Dok?"

"Donald Duck."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes! Donald Duck! My Donald is gone."

"What happened to him?"

"One day, in the spring, his frens pass over going to Patagonia. Donald fly away with his love!"

An Admirer of W. H. Hudson.

Beans, although young, and small of stature, was a pretty sturdy citizen, sun-burned, clean-cut and muscular—a horseman and a naturalist, who had ridden the wilds of Chaco to the north, and Patagonia to the south.

A student of natural history, Beans also is a collector of first editions. The works of W. H. Hudson are some of his favorites, "A Naturalist on the Amazon," "Purple Lands," (Hudson's story, written in maturity, of his memories as a youth on the Pampas), "Green Mansions," etc. Beans prefers to read these works in Spanish, and has them translated for his library.

Beans' wife, a petite blond, might have stepped out of the pages of a

fashion journal. When she joined us she was leading their young son, a fat, sun-burned infant whose doting grandfather had built him a private swimming pool in the patio, no bigger than a bath tub. Beans' wife asked her husband (in a quick aside) if the guests spoke English or French. The English which she took up was better than mine.

I, speaking only English, couldn't help but wonder how a child of her age could converse in three languages.

She told us that her son, aged 2, already was picking up a bit of English and French under the tutelage of his governess, although he howled—like a big Gaucho—when she threw too much English at him. He likes Spanish best.

Wanted: Mr. West.

"You are from North America?" asked the young mother. "Then perhaps you know a Mr. West? He is of New York. Are not most North Americans of New York?"

"Several million anyhow."

"Ah, then perhaps you know him. Mr. West was of New York. He was a photographer, I believe. My husband and I met him in Chile. We were on our honeymoon."

"The photographer took many pictures of the mountain scenery. He had great appreciation of beauty. My husband and I bought a pancho we admired so much. Mr. West admired it even more, so my husband said, 'It is yours, Senor.'"

"Mr. West promised to send us pictures from the States. Perhaps he has lost our address. Possibly he forgot us. He was such a busy man, and we were so young . . . not very important."

"If you see Mr. West, will you tell him where we live, please . . . we would so much like to have the photographs of Chile as it looked on our honeymoon."

We assured her that if we encountered Mr. West we would tell him.

Tomorrow: Lunching on Pheasant.

Wolf's Deck Pacing Explained; He's Now Father of 'Quints'

Mother and Babies, At Buenos Aires Zoo, Are Doing Nicely

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—We know now what made the Texas red wolf so restless that morning at sea when we found him pacing the deck of the Uruguay. He was about to become the father of quintuplets!

The cubs arrived this morning at the local Zoo, and mother and babies are doing nicely, thank you! Director William M. Mann of the Washington, D. C., Zoo, was delighted, as he had hoped to bring along a prolific pair whose descendants would stock the Zoos of South America.

The father wolf, about the size of a police dog, with longer teeth and stronger jaws, chewed and wrenched a wooden bar off his crate to escape on the freight deck. Dr. Mann was called out in the dawn to capture the fugitive. The wolf must have had a lot on his mind, however, for he showed no fight. Dr. Mann was able to drive and spank him back into an empty crate without so much as a toothmark to show for it.

Shows Consideration.

The father, it seemed to me, wasn't very considerate of the mother during her trying period. He chewed through a wire partition which separated them and bolted most of her food.

"He was seeing to it that mamma stuck to her diet!" Dr. Mann said.

The gift animals are welcome additions to the big Zoo here. The buffalo pair is doing fine and the huge, bald eagles make quite a show.

Some of the smaller things were sent to La Plata. The Zoo director there, Dr. Carlos Marelli, is an old friend of Dr. Mann's. Both Zoos, I understand, are assembling a few surprises as gifts for the Washington Zoo.

The park in La Plata is a botanic as well as a zoological show. There are palms and pines from all over the world, flowering shrubs, plants and vines, and an especially fine collection of cactus. The cactus types include one which made the original "barbed wire" defenses for an army at war.

Raiders Incapacitated.

The cactus grows in tortuous, twisting lengths covered with inch-long spines which are barbed and detach themselves on touch. The Uruguayans spread this devil's own invention one night against an expected raid from the Paraguayans. The cactus made human pin cushions of the raiders, who were too busy for days to waste time on military activities.

There was a twinkle in the eye of Dr. Marelli as he related the incident.

"Soldiers have no time to shoot people," he said, "after sitting on that cactus, no?"

The spines, like porcupine quills, are barbed to work into the flesh of the unfortunates who encounter them. They go on working long after barbed wire has quit.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

La Plata Senioritas Parade in Search Of Husbands

Tradition in Old Spain, Paseo Is Observed With Strict Decorum

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

LA PLATA.—The senioritas strolled in circles while they turned their eyes in even more directions—looking for a husband!

Dusk had settled over the wide plaza of this provincial capital and the lights of the city fell upon an animated scene which had a subtle undercurrent of excitement.

There was a tang of fall in the air. Palm fronds rattled softly

above wide

promenades

filled with the

youth and beauty

of La Plata.

The "Colonel's

Lady and Judy

O'Grady" were

out tonight, for

it was a religious

holiday and the

occasion of another

"paseo"—that

vanishing

tradition of Old

Spain.

Young girls

walked and

skipped arm in arm,

dressed in their

finest, their hair

elaborately done

in the latest coiffures.

The wealthiest wore their jewels,

and little shop girls sparkled with

scarcely less animation in their im-

itations—ear pendants, rings, brace-

lets and pins.

Many Wear Blossoms.

Many girls wore blossoms in their hair. There were a surprising number of blonds for a Latin city. The parade of feminine charm passed along tiled sidewalks between a double line of Argentine swains—youthful cynics who fingered their mustaches while they stared boldly at every pretty face.

Their polished black hair gleamed in the lights, their suits were immaculately pressed (for some reason, it costs a handful of pesos to get a suit cleaned here) and their bright ties carefully set in white collars.

The girls seemed blissfully unaware of the primary function of the paseo—matrimony. They strove for the ideal attitude, one of gayety and care-free grace. Poise was at a premium. They acted as if they and the friends who formed their little groups were strolling down an uninhabited country lane, engrossed in their own conversation, their own trivial, but private, affairs.

Their quick, dark eyes took in everything—seeing, estimating, discarding. Their eyes traveled right through married men (I ought to know), and if they lingered upon a certain favorite the exchange was between two alone, and not obvious to the multitude.

Strictest Decorum Observed.

The whole affair is conducted along traditional lines of strictest decorum. In the old days it was the only opportunity of girls and men to see and estimate each other before their families arranged marriages. Here that necessity exists to a larger extent than in such metropolises as Buenos Aires.

The young men are not supposed to speak to the girls, although it is permissible to bow; nor are they allowed to meet a girl during the paseo, or to walk with her, or conduct her home.

"How does a young man meet a girl he sees at a paseo?" we asked our host, a native of the city who had conducted us about the plaza. An elderly man, and the father of a large family, he laughed and shook his head.

"Ah, there are many ways—I ought to know! But mine is an old story. The young men of today know more ways, I have no doubt, than we old ones."

"What passes between these young people, I don't know. A sign, a word, a glance? Who can say? A flower falls from a young lady's hair? Who am I to say that it does not contain a note?"

"A young man sees a girl? His friends or acquaintances must know her, or one of her friends or acquaintances. If he keeps out of sight, would it be ill manners to follow her home? It would be most unmannerly if her parents saw him. If he learns where she lives, what other avenues would that open to an introduction?"

"There are many ways . . . and the youth of today, it is resourceful, no?"

Next: Fisherman's paradise.

Hunger for Quick Hot Dog Appeased by Pheasant Feast

Series of Surprises Greets Dr. Mann's Party at Sumptuous Estate

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—It was almost lunch time when the director of the local Zoo came to drive us to a pheasant farm in the country.

"Could we stop and pick up a hot dog or a sandwich on the way?" I asked. The Zoo director smiled and nodded.

Nevertheless, we swept by a distressing number of eating places before we got out of the city.

There's nothing like a quick sandwich and a cup of coffee for a motorist bound for the country!

We weren't prepared for anything more elaborate than a roadside stand when we turned, without warning, through a gateway in a long wall that had risen out of the pampas. We pulled up before a



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

rambling lodge of tile and stucco. This, we learned, was only the gatekeeper's little shack.

The gatekeeper came out and said something in rapid Spanish. Director William M. Mann of the Washington (D. C.) Zoo turned to us in the back seat.

"Do you know what he said?"

"No."

"He said, 'The master awaits you for breakfast!'"

Limousines followed our car as we drove toward a spacious mansion of Spanish colonial style set between landscaped gardens.

An Appetizing Joke.

It was the Zoo director's little joke. We who had—in all innocence—expected hot dogs, were guests of a great Buenos Aires newspaper publisher at a week-end luncheon.

The pheasants, we learned, were

to be discussed with knife and fork before otherwise engaging our attention. They were preceded by Chilean lobster, flown over the Andes from the supposed island of Robinson Crusoe; small shrimp from the La Plata and white wines of France. The Asiatic pheasants arrived in huge dishes offered for inspection by two fat, grinning colored men. The dish tops were adorned with the bright heads and plumage of the pheasants.

Twelve of us sat in chairs backed with tapir skin about a circular table spread with old lace and laden with gold-encrusted wine glasses of ancient Spain—our host, Senor Natalio Botana; his daughter and son-in-law, a judge, the chief of the Argentine Air Corps, several newspaper men, two zoo directors, the governor of a local province, and a prosecuting attorney—"the Dewey of Buenos Aires."

Senor Botana, the liberal publisher of La Critica, was keeping open house in his country place, with its gardens and patios, its wide terraces, tile work from Spain, and huge tiled swimming pool. A self-made man, he designed the place after his own ideas, and took great pride in working out each detail, from the huge frog of cast metal that spouted fresh

water into the pool, to the tile work reproductions of Goya's paintings.

In the great hallway outside the dining room gathered newspapermen from various dailies in Buenos Aires; a poet, a concert singer, a retired college president and other guests who preferred to dine less formally. They lingered over their wine and serenaded the 12 at the round table.

The retired college president, with the beard and shoulders of a Viking, and dark, merry eyes,

32 species, including a pair of a type not known to exist anywhere else. Incidentally, Dr. Mann believes he can fill one lack in the almost perfect collection by sending Senor Botana a pair from a flock he brought back from the East Indies.

The hobby next dearest to Senor Botana's heart is a lodge constructed on his estate from a native wood of such granite texture that no spikes can be driven into it—timber from the quebracho tree, hewn into shape by hand with infinite labor. The logs of the many-roomed lodge were fitted together without nails. The wood is so hard that chunks of it had been worked into the fieldstone of the great fireplace in the living room.

Windows of stained glass depicted bird and animal life of the Argentine. Sleeping bunks were made of logs inclosing feather beds and curtained by hand-woven ponchos. Old Spanish chests from Jesuit missions contained the finest of ponchos from North, South and Central Argentina—blending rich colors of the Chaco with natural shades of vicuna wool prepared in the Southern Andes.

Servants opened the chests and

plucked a pheasant feather from the prize dish and thrust it into his breast pocket. His fellow diners followed suit. They sang the old choruses of the pampas and the departed gaucho, and happily shouted down a tenor who tried to break in with a solo number.

Our host sat smiling and quietly relaxed at the head of the table, his large, black and vivacious eyes taking in the show. He obviously

(See SHIPPEN, Page B-7.)

spread ponchos about over the furniture—great numbers of them. Senor Botana made a little speech in Spanish.

Gift Must Be Accepted.

"The senor says," a newspaper man whispered, "it would give him much pleasure if you North Americans would select a poncho—one for each of you! You had best accept it; it might hurt him just a little if you decline."

The North Americans accepted with pleasure.

The senor had one more surprise—a moving picture studio under construction on the edge of his estancia. Work is being pushed rapidly on a group of a dozen large brick buildings.

"It is no Hollywood," one of the

senor's assistants said, "but perhaps we can call it a beginning."

We took our leave at sunset. Under cloud banks, as far as the eye could reach, great herds grazed upon the flat pampas, broken only occasionally by groves of cedar and eucalyptus.

The senor, dressed in loose trou-

sers, a silk shirt open at the throat, and a bright silk scarf, pressed fine Havanas upon us and boxes of cigarettes for the ladies as farewell gifts.

As we drove away Dr. Mann asked me:

"William, why don't you go into the newspaper business? I'll be your assistant!"

Next: The father of quintuplets.

Shippen

(Continued From Page B-6.)

was enjoying himself. After coffee and cigars, he led his guests on a tour of his pheasant farm—one of the finest, if not the finest, in the world.

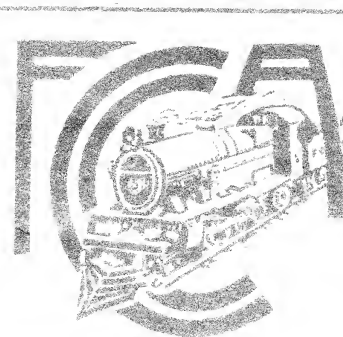
There were some 2,000 birds of



Botana's house

pheasantry





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Scotsman Bobs Up In Circus in Guise Of a Zebra

He's Sold on Argentine,
Although He Has
To Get Up at 5

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.
Star Staff Correspondent.

LA PLATA.—It was an odd place to find a Scotsman, although travelers tell me, they can bob up, from time to time, almost anywhere.



This one was with a circus, a one-ring animal show that travels by truck, 12 months a year, the length and breadth of the Argentine, south in summer, north in winter, west when fruit and grain crops are harvested.

For 15 minutes our ringside party watched a calico zebra gambol and frolic ahead of the whip of a midget clown without suspecting the presence of a Scotsman. The latter half of the zebra emerged at conclusion of the act and took a bow. He even made a little speech in Spanish.

But his flaming red hair, his accent and his sandy complexion gave him away. I chatted with him after the show while Dr. William M. Mann of the Washington Zoo searched for (and found) the friends of circus performers he knows the world over.

The Scotsman seemed a bit sad, even after we exchanged tobacco pouches and his pipe bowl proved twice as capacious as mine.

Dislikes Arising At 5.
"In the States, now," he said, "the artists are organized. We do not have that here. It is now an hour after midnight. I must get up at 5 of the mornin'. We move then. In the States, now, where artists are organized, would I be getting up at 5 of a mornin' to help pull the stakes?"

As a boy he had run away with a circus to England, had worked in London, and later in Germany before coming to Argentina 12 years ago.

"Of my 42 years," he said, "I've spent 30 with the circus. I'm no bloody amateur, you know!"

I agreed and complimented him on his technique, especially the artistry displayed with the zebra, driven to a jump by the clown ringmaster, balks at first and then climbs the fence with its forelegs, leaving hind legs on the other side. The Scotsman was the hind legs. It was his job to swing them around, not over the jump. The act got a big hand. I thought one gaucho who sat next to us was going to choke.

Even a few Indians scattered among the spectators laughed out loud. All this I told the Scotsman without penetrating the gloom in which he had wrapped himself like a cloak. He sighed and puffed at his pipe. He used more of my matches.

"Why not try for a job in the States?" I asked.

Argentina Galloping.
"Because I like the Argentine better. This country is not running, it's galloping, man! Every time we go back to a town we find they have built more to it! Cities are growing and the country is getting more prosperous all the time!"

"Our little show, now. We take it to Buenos Aires soon to get new tents, and trucks. We're going to be bigger. I'm working on a bigger act myself!"

The Scotsman stared at me over his glowing pipe bowl. There was a significant silence. I ventured to ask about the new act, and he became at once evasive in a way that implied he was guarding a professional secret of no little consequence.

As our party came together and we prepared to leave, the Scotsman sidled over.

"Man," he said, "if you hear of a giraffe in the ring, that long neck may be mine! But, mind you, it's not me that gave it away!"

"Nobody would suspect a Scotsman of giving something away!" I said—and smiled when I said it.

The Scotsman grinned back.
"Now, now!" he said, "how about a bit of my tobacco, I am still smoking yours!"

Next: Picking a Husband

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El Argentino - La Plata
May 20

Visitó la ciudad el
director del Zoológico de
Washington, Dr. Mann

Estuvo ayer en La Plata el doctor William Mann, director del Zoológico de Washington, acompañado de su esposa doña Lucyl N. de Mann, interesado en hallar en nuestra ciudad todos aquellos aspectos de las actividades que preparan, trabajan y benefician al hombre, mediante la conservación de las especies vegetales y animales y lo que conciernen a las ciencias naturales.

Acompañaba al doctor Mann el doctor John Gray, persona que no obstante su avanzada edad tiene recorridos varios continentes y halló la forma de visitar la Argentina ocupándose de asuntos económicos; asimismo vinieron el señor Shippen, periodista neoyorkino, y su señora.

Expresó el visitante, entre otras cosas, que la Argentina es un país rico en minerales y que las tierras negras que tanto se buscan para las faenas agrícolas y las ganaderas, por procesos complicadísimos que la ciencia va definiendo poco a poco, tienen origen en los granitos y éstos en los magmas de la corteza, encontrando los filones metálicos en las grandes grietas de las rocas, el lugar para después manifestarse.

Cuando se trata de la conservación de las especies se debe hacer protección, pero no se protege sino con medios efectivos, agregó el doctor Mann; las especies vegetales toman de la energía solar la fuente de sus manifestaciones. La en-

señanza que se debe inculcar al pueblo es de la intengibilidad de la vida; pero se nos dirá: queremos aprovechar beneficiándonos con todo lo que encontramos. Bien, no se niega de que el hombre recurra allí a la fuente, pero todo tiene su límite como también en 24 horas existe el sol que nos baña con su luz y calor por sólo 12. Luego, la naturaleza necesita reposo, de la tranquilidad para mantenerse; estando en los abusos todos los graves peligros que perjudican a la humanidad. Es que la instrucción —nos dice— no alcanza a quienes desean hacer a su modo, a su gusto, en los países de libertad, y se cree violada si ésta se restringe. Por consiguiente— agregó el doctor Mann— se deben extremar los medios para rehacer los ambientes naturales, y esto ¿cómo se consigue?... Aquí está el problema. El movimiento de conservación se va extendiendo por América y si no se logra todo con la enseñanza existe la condición que lleva en sí la ley, los reglamentos.

El doctor Mann y sus acompañantes visitaron, por último, el Museo de La Plata, recorriendo la sección de ictiología, que dirige el doctor Mac Donagh, e informándose de la importante labor efectuada. Se detuvo luego en la de herpetología asesorado por el doctor Gaggero, y en la de ornitología valoró la obra que vienen realizando dos jóvenes ornitólogos Deautier y Steuillet. Luego pasó a la sección fósiles. Ya sabe bien nuestro público qué clase de reliquias se guardan allí, para incurrir en redundancias sobre el valor e importancia de lo que es objeto de continua supervisión. En las últimas horas de la tarde regresó a la capital federal y volverá nuevamente para visitar el camino de la costa, que mantiene un buen trozo de nuestra flora aborígen.

Se propone el doctor Mann visitar uno de nuestros parques nacionales vivos, donde una especie de la fauna argentina —el lobo común de un pelo— mediante la legislación y las restricciones se ha mantenido viviente en masa. Sería, en su concepto, uno de nuestros mejores y más bellos parques nacionales zoológicos, por su genuina representación allá en Patagonia; también opina que el güemul, el guanaco, la marraya, la vizcacheta (aunque ésta sea dañina) pueden ser merecedores de reservas especiales que las mantengan.

La Plata - May 19



Dr. Gray, Marelli, L.Q.M. Marelli's sisters



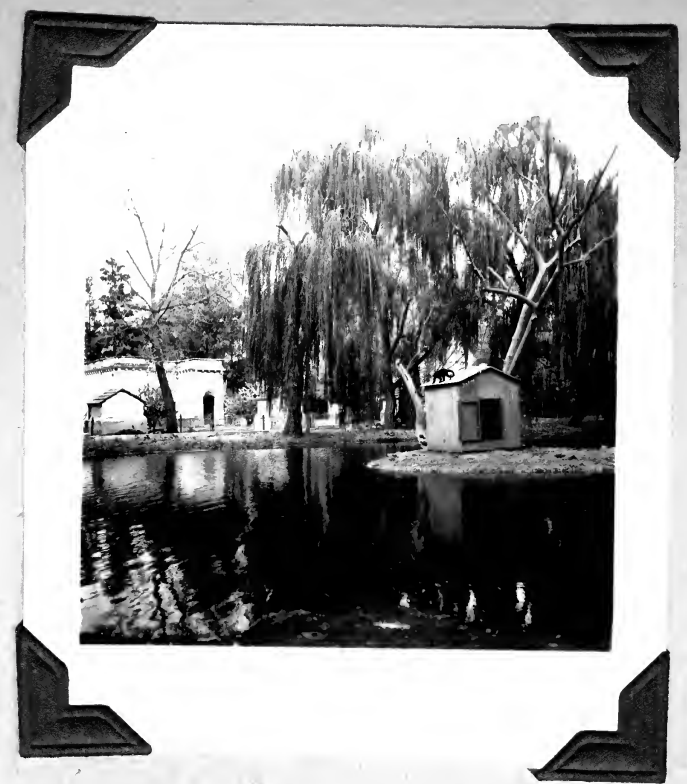
Dr. Mac Donagh



Marelli, Tom Davis
W.M.M.



Pearl Davis L.Q.M.



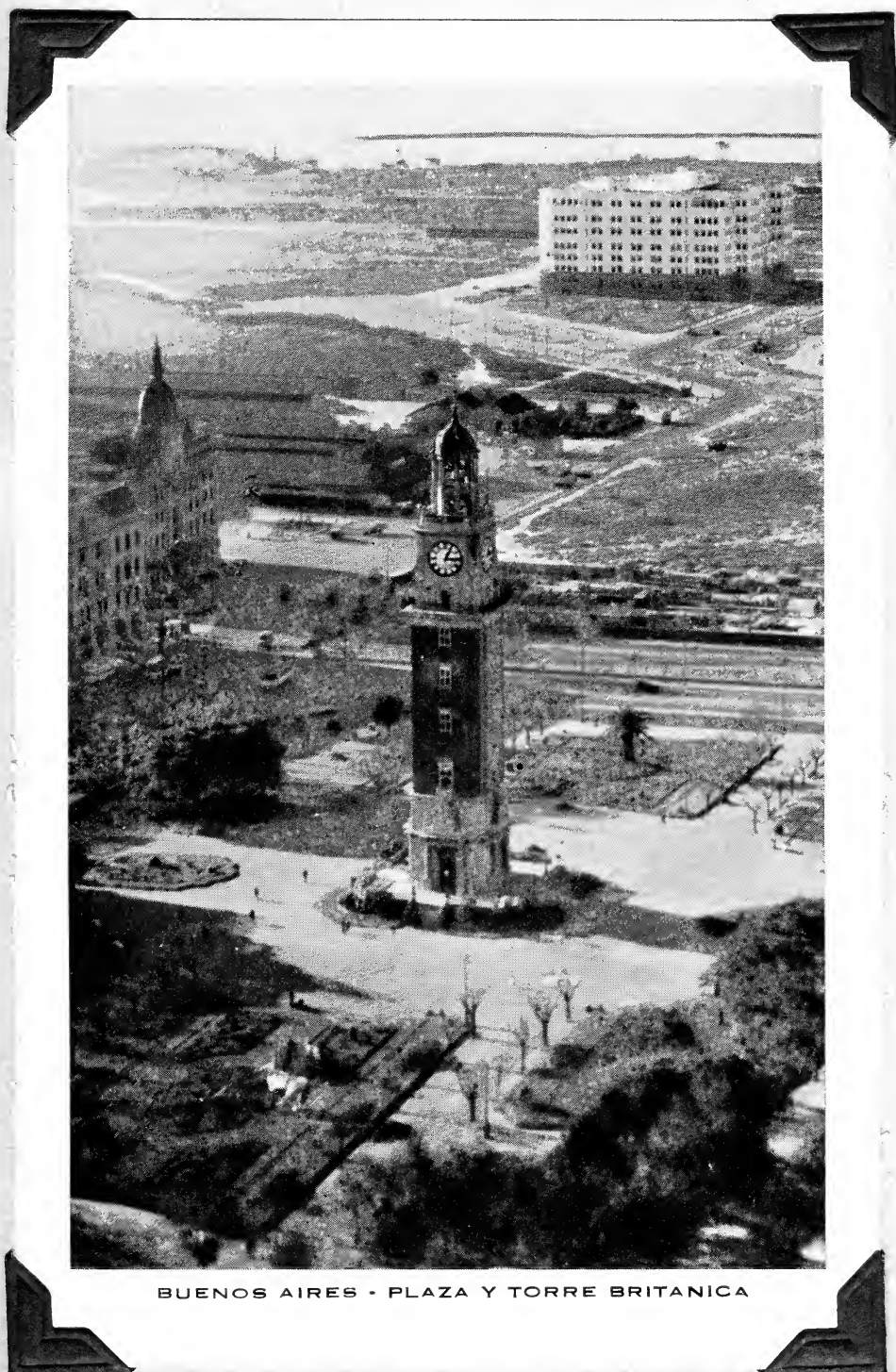
Sa Plata - Scenes in the zoo



Holmberg's Finca near San Fernando
Wisteria vine

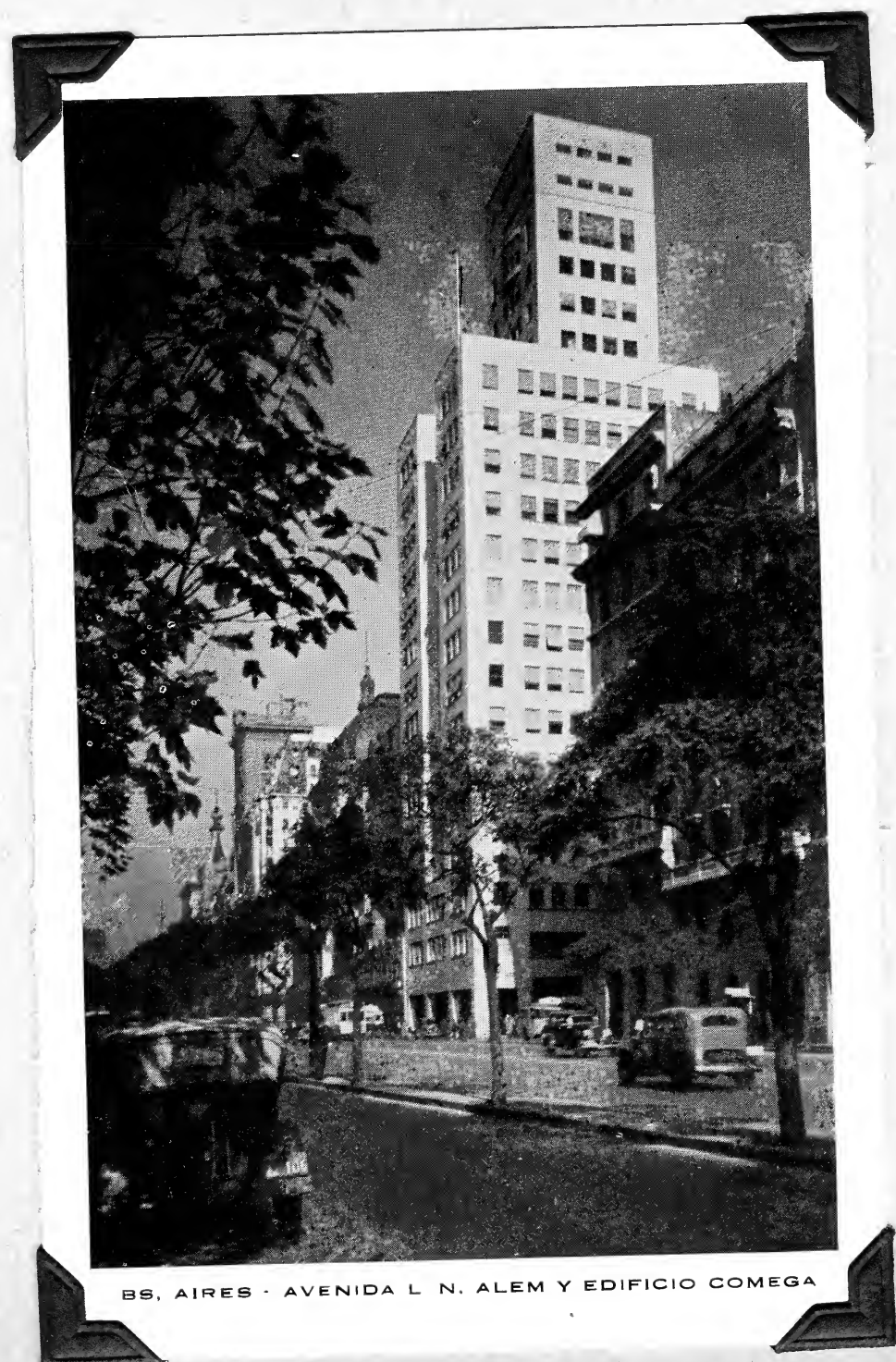
Big tree at La Saludo

Sa Plata zoo



BUENOS AIRES - PLAZA Y TORRE BRITANICA

Buenos
Aires



BS, AIRES - AVENIDA L. N. ALEM Y EDIFICIO COMEGA

Buenos Aires



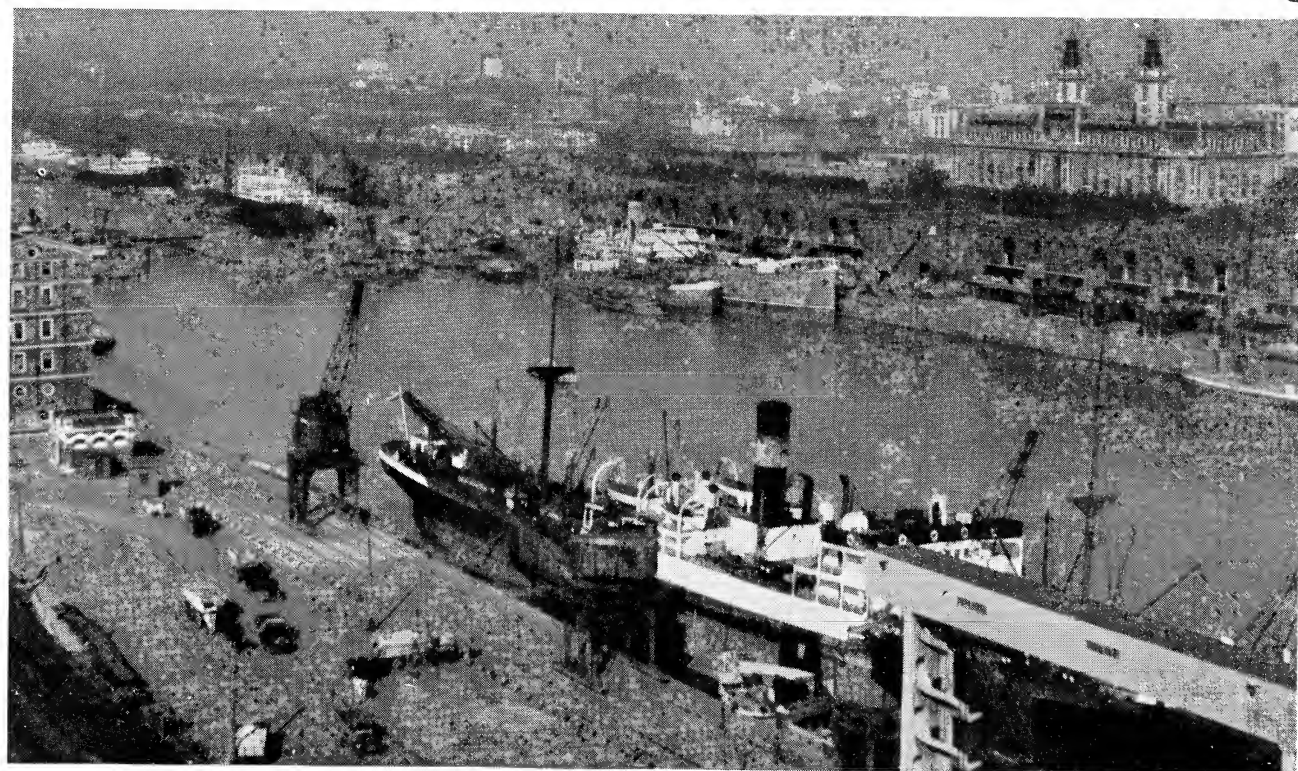
BUENOS AIRES - LAGOS DE PALERMO



BUENOS AIRES - VISTA PARCIAL DEL CENTRO



BUENOS AIRES - EDIFICIO KAVANAGH Y PLAZA SAN MARTIN



BUENOS AIRES - VISTA PARCIAL DEL PUERTO Y DE LA CIUDAD



BUENOS AIRES - PALERMO - LOS LAGOS



Children's play ground - B.A. Zoo



A. Holmberg



Rhea at bubble fountain



Main entrance



Rhinoceros



Holmberg



Sunday Crowd at gate



Egrets on lawn



Waterfowl pond

Buenos Aires Zoo

Patagonia's Lakes Make Whoppers of American Trout

Descendants of 1914
Brood Reach 15 Pounds
In Nahuel Huapi

By W. W. SHIPPEN, Jr.
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—We've heard a lot of stories about the North American whoppers that thrive in Lake Nahuel Huapi! . . .

From the sportsmen who came some 11,000 miles from Hawaii to fish for them, and accompanied us South in the S. S. Uruguay.

And later, in Buenos Aires, from a young man who helped his father and a United States Bureau of Fisheries agent introduce them to snow-fed streams and lakes under the Andes in Patagonia.

The young man is Diego Newberry, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and now assistant editor of "Mundo Argentino," a local weekly magazine. His father, the late George Newberry, was a pioneer in the days when Patagonia was frontier country.

The elder Newberry, at the age of 21, worked his way to Argentina before the mast in a sailing vessel, after graduating in dentistry from New York University. He did a lot of traveling in the South, and became much attached to the lake region of Patagonia, with its clear water, snow-capped mountains and rich grazing land.

Trout Request Granted.

Mr. Newberry, about 1914, persuaded the Bureau of Fisheries in Washington to send brook trout—speckled and rainbow—to Argentina for introduction in southern streams and lakes. The bureau dispatched an agent with several large metal containers of fingerling trout.

The younger Newberry was about 12 years old then, and managed to persuade his father to let him accompany him on the trip to the back country.

The trout were taken to the end of the railway, then on the Rio Negro River, about half way across the continent. The remaining 300 miles was done by mule train. This trek lasted for more than a month, and led across a country partly desert. Getting changes of fresh water for the young trout was only one of many difficulties like keeping metal containers cool by shading them from the sun. The party introduced the surviving trout into Lake Nahuel Huapi, saving a few for the upper streams. These they transported in a container secured on two poles which dragged behind an ox, Indian style.

It was a long, rough voyage for the trout, but the survivors must have been selected stock . . . to hear fishermen tell about them!

Descendants Grow to Whoppers.

Young Mr. Newberry is authority for the statement that he has taken descendants of the original rainbows up to 15 pounds in recent years!

The sportsmen from Hawaii, who had fished in New Zealand and throughout the Southern Pacific, had heard about the trout for years.

They said if the fish of Nahuel Huapi lived up to their reputations, they would be afraid to go home without evidence (photographic and otherwise) to back up their stories.

I think I'm going fishing there myself! The biggest rainbow I ever landed was a 14-inch whopper in the Blue Ridge Mountains. If such trout grow to 15 pounds in Nahuel Huapi, I'm afraid one of them will land me!

Next: The "wild and woolly" Argentine.



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

American 'Bad Men' Who Sought Frontiers In Patagonia Tamed

Present Generation
Recalls Rustling and
Range Warfare

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—The taming of the West sent some tough citizens down this way in search of a new frontier.

They showed up looking for broad minds and wide pastures after law and order moved into Texas, Arizona and the Northwest—keen, soft-spoken men, who said little and saw much.

Such things as Indian raids, cattle rustlings, and open warfare for choice ranges are with-in the experience of middle-aged to youngish Patagonian ranchers, and there were rough-and-ready days no farther back than the 80s during the building of La Plata (the capital of the Province of Buenos Aires) and the extension of railroads into the interior.

A friend of mine here, the son of a pioneer Patagonian land owner, has helped to fight off rustlers, thieving Indians, squatters and local bad men from his father's herds and grazing lands in the Southern Andes, and he is still a young man! His father came to Buenos Aires in the 80s on a sailing vessel from New York, in the days when passengers were landed at the water front in high-wheeled ox carts dragged over a mud bottom to the anchorage in the channel.

Unofficial Official.

"There weren't many North Americans down here then," the son said, "and my father became a sort of unofficial vice consul. Some pretty strange fellow countrymen drifted into port from time to time and most of them looked up my father—for advice, a night's lodging, a loan or what have you. My father had a big heart. He helped them all he could.

"One party he often told about consisted of three—two Westerners and a hard-faced blond woman. They said they thought of settling in the South, and required much specific information—about roads, facilities for water travel, settlements, banks and police protection. My father helped them all he could before he began to wonder why three such hard-looking customers were worried about police protection.

"Well, he found out later. Those three were the fanciest shots who ever hit the south country. They robbed the local bank and such estancias as had anything worth lugging off. The old ranches were few and far between. Each house usually had a tree or so for shade. The party had an original way of announcing its arrival. The woman would ride around the ranch tree at a full gallop, knocking off the bark in a perfect circle with her six shooters.

Soldiers Learned Lesson.

"Then the men would drive off the horses from the estancia, herding them ahead. Soldiers went in pursuit. When they drew too near, the three would shoot the legs from under the pursuing horses. They were so talented at this the soldiers eventually learned not to get too near—when they did, they usually stopped to have mate! I don't know what happened to the three in the end, but they seemed to have gotten clean away.

"My father used to tell of a young Texan who landed here off a boat, penniless and without friends. He seemed a likeable, clean-cut youngster, and my father lent him money to get out of the country. He heard from him a year later—from the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta. Enclosed in the letter was money to repay the loan, and an explanation of the youth's presence in Buenos Aires.

"It seems he had been a member of a gang of cattle rustlers who raided Texas herds dressed as Mexicans, and Mexican herds dressed as Texans. They prospered until one of the gang betrayed them into an ambush that proved fatal to several rustlers. The youth escaped and got a boat south from New Orleans. While in the Argentine he learned that his mother had been arrested as a ringleader of the gang, and re-



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

turned to try to free and avenge her, with the result that he himself landed in jail on a murder charge. He did not say so, but left the impression he had killed the betrayer."

About "Two-Gun" Smith.

"Two-Gun Smith" shot his way into the legends of the country during the building of La Plata in the 80s. He hailed from the American Northwest—nobody knew just where. His enemies said he came to rob and remained to take a more lucrative job as bodyguard for a boss politician.

At that time a railroad was being pushed from La Plata on the coast to Mendoza in the interior. The laborers were holy terrors to the little cow towns along the route on pay days. "Two-gun" was hired to restore order. He did this so effectively that he became a power in the land, and even, it was said, elected his own governor after the railroad opened up the fruit and wine resources of Mendoza.

The Argentine in general and Pa-

tagonia in particular are law-abiding regions now. Deeds of violence are scant indeed compared with our crime record. The only culprits whose activities have been strenuous enough to break into the local papers since we've been here are reputed to be the followers of one "Chaco Chico," a suspected kidnaper accused of other misdeeds. The authorities say he issued orders that resulted in the death of another shady character. The windpipe of the latter unfortunate had been compressed between the head and shoulders until he was dead.

I'm glad to hear that Patagonia is not too wild and woolly. We have train reservations we don't wish to cancel. For several days we've been negotiating by wire to turn out some gauchos to boleadora Patagonian ostriches for the Washington Zoo. This is proving difficult, as it's the rainy season and the gauchos' horses may not be able to outrun the long-legged birds on a muddy track.

Next: Eve of Independence Day.

Was the Peon Rich Because He Could Afford an Ostrich?

Dr. Mann's Party Debates
The Question in a Ride
Over Monotonous Prairie

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.

EN ROUTE TO BARILOCHE, Patagonia.—Was the peon wealthy because he could afford an ostrich?

We debated the question, for lack of something better to do, while our train ran through a desert—an endless monotony of dust, scrub bunch grass and lonely sheep camps.

The ostrich in question strolled in and out of a thatched shack beside which our car halted, for some unexplained reason, on a vast plain.

Dogs and children tumbled out to look us over, while the ostrich and a flock of chickens, less curious but more practical, made the best of the opportunity to gobble up such trifles as struck their fancy.

"The ostrich is eating more than all the chickens," said the zoologist in our party. "He's eating the family out of house and home. Look how thin the children are! An ostrich gobbles everything in sight—eyeglasses, wrist watches, jewels * * *. I knew a diamond merchant in Bolivia who all but lost his fortune because of an ostrich!"

Probably Looked Up To.

"That may be," admitted a veteran of the Patagonian back country, "but I insist that the peon must be rich, compared with his neighbors, to be able to afford an ostrich. I'll bet his family is regarded locally as well to do. The neighboring wives are saying to their husbands, 'I see that the Joneses have an ostrich—why can't you get ahead in the world?'"

The old-timer pointed out that the peon—the head of the household—was nowhere in sight. "That peon is out herding sheep to make a living for his wife and family," he said. "If you notice other shacks, you'll see bread-winners sitting around resting. They don't have an ostrich to make them get up and go somewhere!"

"All right," yawned the zoologist, "you win. But please don't spread that propaganda around here! You see, I'm in the market for a flock of Patagonian ostriches. I would prefer that the Patagonians regard ostriches as liabilities instead of assets!"

Monotonous Country.

The conversation languished, as well it might. The flat country, hour after hour, only repeated a total lack of variety. The approach of twilight purpled the plains to the far rim of the horizon. Now and then our train flashed by the



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

fires of lone sheep herders. We twisted our necks to see them, wrapped in ponchos, huddled over tiny blazes. It was cold on the desert.

Once, at nightfall, a single projection came over the horizon—a tiny landmark far off in the scrub. It turned out to be a windmill miles away—the only sign of habitation for 40 miles or more.

The North Patagonian Desert seemed infinitely lonelier because of one dwelling.

The ladies in our party watched the windmill in the fading light. "I hope the woman who lives over there feels that she's getting ahead in the world," one of them said.

"So do I!" exclaimed the zoologist. "Let's get off here—maybe the family has an ostrich!"

Our train, however, kept rolling along.

Hermit of Patagonia Keeps Hidden as Train Rolls By

Steward Cuts His Arm Opening Window to Toss Out Bread

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.
Star Staff Correspondent.

EN ROUTE TO BARILOCHE, Patagonia.—We never saw the hermit. He was supposed to be hidden in the rocks—very well hidden!

I had my pocket camera out and the train crew was on the alert. The diner stewards had a bundle of bread to toss to him.

But the train was going down-grade, having labored over the divide.

One cliff looked like another as we coasted toward W. H. Shippen, Jr. Bariloche. We wound in and out, descending a twisting track which showed the engine and at least 10 cars ahead.

The diner stewards, an Austrian and a young Argentine, got a bit excited looking for their friend, the hermit. The Argentine tried to raise a window which (because the train traversed a desert) was tightly fitted.

In his hurry he shattered the glass. His wrist went through.

The steward wrapped a napkin about his hand to hide the crimson stain, and got the bundle of bread out at its proper destination.

The hermit, it seems, is quite fond of bread, although he has fore sworn other benefits of civilization. He lives in a cave and has no truck with the world, as represented by the trains which come dropping down, and huffing and puffing back, once a week in the off tourist season.

The trains have been passing for two years—pretty regularly ever since the line was built to its terminus at Bariloche, on Lake Nahuel Huapi, in the Andes, just under the border of Chile. The stewards knew nothing about the hermit. They had seen him only once or twice. He had a beard, of course, and he was deeply religious.

Beyond that the stewards could give us no description of the recluse. "The hermit," they said, "likes bread."

"But what about those sheep back there? They seem to be eating the hermit's bread."

"Ah, senior, the hermit will be there soon. If the sheep eat the bread, perhaps the hermit will eat the sheep!"

"Si, si, si, senior," I said, meaning, "yes, yes, mister!"



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

Boar Hunts Common On Large Ranch in Patagonian Park

Texan, 75, Injured in Chase, Shows Visitors 900-Pound Carcass

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.
Star Staff Correspondent.

BARILOCHE, Patagonia.—In the future Don Juan (John) Jones will kill his wild boars from horseback.

Several months ago he wrenched an ankle dodging about the scrub trying to get a pistol bullet into a charging tusker at close range.

Don Juan was still limping when we visited his ranch today, today, but not enough to stop him from showing us his meat house, in which hung the carcass of a European wild boar that had weighed almost 900 pounds.

"At my age," grinned Senor Jones, who admits to 75 years, "a man learns to be a mite cautious. With my boys, now, it's different. They ride into the brush and get their pigs on foot. I'm afeard I can't run fast enough to do that any more!"

Don Juan came to the Argentine from Northwest Texas when the fences began to crowd him, and when he was young enough to live about 20 hours a day in the saddle. He got a job driving cattle from Buenos Aires West across the Pampas and through an Andean pass into Chile on the West Coast. Sometimes the round-trip took a year.

In Chile he met a girl newly arrived from Iowa. The two hit it off together and were married after young Jones got a stake of several thousand pesos salted away in his money belt. The couple came South in search of grazing leagues unmarred by fences.

Imported Own Trees.

The two found what they wanted in this region, rimmed by the snow-clad Andes and the bright waters of Lake Nahuel Huapi. They bought sheep and cattle and ranged them on government land. Senor Jones imported his own trees. He rode for weeks with a bundle of seedling poplars tied behind his saddle. Year after year the prevailing wind whipped all the life out of the young poplars, but the Joneses persisted. They had built their first cabin from native cedar dragged off the slopes of the Andes, and were not to be discouraged by the reluctance of shade and wind-break trees to thrive in the new environment. After they got enough poplars started to stem the full force of the wind, the new plantings grew rapidly in the rich soil. The Jones ranchhouse now is surrounded by great trees.

Senor Jones holds the title to his lands, although they lie within a great national park. In the early days, during the border dispute between Argentina and Chile, Jones was able to do many favors for Senor Francisco P. Moreno, who represented the Argentine on the Boundary Commission. Senor Moreno later became "the father of the national park system." He rewarded the North American pioneer by helping to pass special legislation authorizing him to purchase from the government the grazing land he had rented.

The Joneses have five sons and two daughters. The family is an active one. The two girls ride almost as well as their brothers, although the youngest Jones boy, called Duke, has outstripped them all at killing wild boars. The neighbors predict that Duke won't live to a ripe old age. He gets his pig by pulling its hind feet from under it after the dogs bring it to bay, and slitting its throat with a Gaucho knife. Some of the boars have 6-inch tusks.

Boars Came From Germany.

The boars, just now, are quite a topic of conversation at the surrounding estancias. They were imported, about 14 years ago, from the Black Forest of Germany by some sportsmen from Buenos Aires who planned to ride them down on the pampas with lances—like the daring British pig-stickers of swank regiments in India.

"The trouble with that idea," grinned Don Juan Jones (his Texas



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

drawl persists after more than half a century of speaking Spanish) "is that those pigs are too cute to run on the plains. They just naturally take to the brush and the mountain roughs as soon as they hear a hound open up."

"The only way you can get a boar in the open is to shoot him dead and drag him out behind a horse!"

It seems that the B. A. sportsmen, upon verifying this disconcerting habit of the pigs, washed their hands of the whole shooting match. The pigs became the problem of the local ranchers, a problem that multiplied with the years and the litters. The big boars grew lustily in a favorable, wild environment and took to killing lambs.

"Last lambing season," Senor Jones said, "we tracked a big one through the snow in a back pasture. That fellow killed and ate 11 lambs between midnight and daylight and we could tell by his tracks he was still hungry and hunting for more!"

Imports Coon Hounds.

Don Juan imports Tennessee coon hounds to hunt the boars. Kentucky fox hounds, he says, are faster on the trail but they won't take hold of a big boar to bring him to bay. The Jones have lost many dogs. Of a pack of eight, six came back wounded from the last hunt.

"A hound takes a big boar by the ear," Senor Jones said, "and the boar shakes his head. His ears are set just right to bring a hound's throat across his tusks. Then we need another hound. The big fellow always comes to bay in thick brush. When we follow, he won't hesitate to charge a man on horseback. One of them slashed a horse of mine across the hock and the wound was months in healing. I've seen them leap up and try to cut the throat of a horse."

"The trick is to ride in close, save your fire and shoot when you know exactly where a bullet's going! Eight or 10 feet is the best range . . . and don't miss!"

The wild boars have multiplied and ranged far. They time their raids on lambing fields and poultry yards so that daylight finds them far away in the mountains. They sometimes run for 12 hours ahead of the hounds. Up until a few years ago, the ranchers were seriously worried about the new natural enemy threatening their flocks.

"I doubt if they're increasing now," said Senor Jones. "I've seen signs that the boars eat their own young. For the last few years they're only averaged about 300 lambs a spring from my sheep."

"Did you ever think of asking damages from the men who liberated the wild pigs?"

"Well, my boys and I get a lot of sport out of hunting boars. We figure it's cheap at 300 lambs a year!"

Lonely Naturalist Keeps Strange Pets In Lake-Set Park

Guanacos Get Too Friendly Without Introduction to Dr. Mann and Party

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.
Star Staff Correspondent.

BARILOCHE, Patagonia. — "Ah, please to excuse my friends!"

The German naturalist on Victoria Island was embarrassed. He blushed a bit into his beard.

Or perhaps it was exertion. His arms were about the long giraffe-like neck of a guanaco . . .

two guanacos, as a matter of fact. Now a guanaco is a llama's cousin and a camel's nephew. He's pretty strong and twice as curious.

The guanacos were trying to get at the visitors—all in the friendliest, possible spirit. They W. H. Shippen, Jr. wanted to put their hooves on the visitors' shoulders and lick their noses. The young naturalist, a pretty husky citizen, was having quite a tussle trying to restrain his "friends," and keep it all on a dignified plane. He kept calling for his assistant.

"You know the guanaco, yes?" panted the naturalist, making conversation while his assistant came on the run.

"I've met a few," replied Washington Zoo Director William M. Mann, "but that's the first time one ever kissed me before we were introduced!"



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

"Please to excuse." The naturalist sighed with relief as he turned over his armload of necks to an assistant with rope halters.

"My friends, they come here when they are very little. I make them my pets because I am much alone. I have other pets. Will you come and see, please?"

Deer Seen in Numbers.

We had landed from a Government launch on Victoria Island in Lake Nahuel Huapi, where the National Parks Service is establishing a game refuge in the virgin forests and clear waters that lie under the snow-capped Andes. The naturalist in charge led us up the pathway toward his lodge of cedar logs set in a clearing on a knoll overlooking the lake.

A Great Dane came bounding to meet us, and a canary chirped a greeting as we entered the lodge. A poodle was stretched before blazing logs in the fireplace, and from the windows we could see deer grazing along the lake shore.

"I have many friends to keep me company in the winter when the snow comes down," the naturalist said. He showed us photographs he had taken of the deer feeding in little yards he had cleared from the drifts.

He had been much alone on the island during the months he had started.

He showed us his grand piano by the windows overlooking the lake, where he tried his hand at composing; his studio on the second floor, where he developed his photographs, sketched and executed wood cuts of life on the pampas and in the Andes; his collection of curios (boleadoras, lassoes, Gaucho knives, ponchos, Indian handwork, old silver and dueling pistols) and his Winchester rifle and revolvers.

Take Stroll in Virgin Forest.

The naturalist then took us for a stroll through a virgin forest of pines and native trees from which hung Spanish moss and strange parasite plants. One of these looked like our honeysuckle and flowered the year around. Humming birds darted among the blossoms, although the fall season was well advanced, and the first snow had drifted well below the timber line on the granite mountains that towered into the clouds above us.

The naturalist, he said, was returning with us in our launch, the some 15 miles to Bariloche. Back at the lodge he excused himself while he dressed. When he showed up again he was outfitted in flowing Gaucho trousers gathered into half boots, a broad, silver-decorated belt with cartridges and revolver holster, a tweed coat and Tyrolean hat. His brown beard was neatly trimmed and he wore a monocle. He was en route, he explained, across the lakes and over an Andean pass to Chile to negotiate for some flamingos. The snow had stopped automobile traffic through the pass, and he planned to make that part of the journey on horseback.

As we approached the boat landing one of the guanacos broke free and made straight for Dr. Mann, nudging him suddenly from behind. The startled zoologist jumped a good distance down the trail. Our host, embarrassed all over again, wrestled his 4-footed friend behind a fence.

Fails to Make Good His Threat.

"Come on over," grinned Dr. Mann, "and I'll give you a poke on the jaw!"

The guanaco obliged, and was about to leap the fence when Dr. Mann retreated to the launch.

"Perhaps I make pests of my pets," smiled the naturalist, "You see, I am a lonely man on my island."

As our launch moved out into the lake, however, we noticed the naturalist furtively reading a letter in a feminine hand—it bore a Chilean date mark.

"I wonder," said Dr. Mann, "if that young fellow is riding through a snowy pass in the Andes just to bring back some flamingoes * * * maybe his pets will have a mistress this winter to teach them the proper respect for their elders!"

One-Time Texan Is Now Patagonia's Chief Mechanic

He Can Repair Anything;
Just Climb Mountain
And Holler 'Sam'

W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BARILOCHE.—It's an illusion, of course, but I get the idea that Patagonia is practically knee deep in Texans.

For instance, there's Samuel Wagner, "the Patagonian mechanic," a jack of all trades—mule skinner, Gaucho, fishing guide, boleadora artist, truck driver and rancher.

"But my real profession is Patagonian mechanic," Sam said.

"What's a Patagonian mechanic?"

"Wal, a Patagonian mechanic carries his machine shop in his hip pocket—a W. H. Shippen, Jr. pair of pliers and 2 yards of baling wire. He can make anything go, from a sewing machine to a balky mule. If you get stuck, call on Sam Wagner."

"How?"

"Just climb a mountain and holler 'Sam!' Somebody will pass the word along!"

Sam, 6 foot 2, raw boned, homely, weather beaten, good natured and keen on the scent of a joke, is one of the most popular men in a wide region where characters stand out like landmarks.

"Everybody likes Sam," an old acquaintance said; "he has no enemies—none to speak of, that is, and they're the sort any man should be proud of!"

Brothers Have Cleared Out.

Sam arrived in Patagonia at the age of 7. It's hard for him to speak English, now that he's 40 and more, but the words he remembers betray his origin. Sam has nine brothers, most of whom have returned to the Western United States, and are doing well, but Patagonia is good enough for Sam.

The big Texan knows every fish in the Lake Nahuel Huapi region by first name; he knows the favorite haunts of land-locked salmon, the swift water where rainbows lurk and the riffles likeliest to produce a speckled trout. He helped to introduce the trout from North America.

The other day, when we called at a local estancia, Sam offered to take us to a nearby stream and show us a fish. "We'll just hook one and throw him back," Sam said, "the season's almost—but not quite—over, especially for fishermen who have come so far. The trout are spawning now, but I know where a few hang out which haven't changed their spawning season yet." It seems that the trout sometimes confuse their spawning periods when transported from the Northern to the Southern Hemisphere.

We drove across the grazing lands to the banks of a limpid, swift-flowing stream. Sam made one cast and reeled in his spoon—nothing happened. On the second cast a 2-pound speckled trout took the lure. Sam played the fish out of the rapids, landed him, took the hook from his mouth and held him up for a

photograph. Then he tossed the fish back.

"We use that size for bait!" Sam said. "My 7-year-old daughter wouldn't fool with a small one like that. I had to make her quit catching 14-pounders, though, after one pulled her into the creek!"

Refuses Money as Guide.

Sam refused to take any money for guiding us. He said he got fun enough out of watching me cast a light spoon to repay him for the trouble.

"Well, then, take something for your daughter," I said, "put it in her savings bank—she seems to be a better fisherman than you are."

"That will go into her educational fund," Sam said. "I want her to be able to tell fish stories in three languages!"

I offered Sam a cigar. He stuck it into his pocket.

"I have a thousand cigars," Sam said. "Everybody I take fishing gives me a cigar. Four ambassadors have given me cigars!"

"Wait a minute," said Zoo Director William M. Mann, "if you're accustomed to the cigars of ambassadors, be careful of one a newspaperman gives you!"

"That's all right," said Sam, "I don't smoke!"



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

Lake Nahuel Huapi And Andes Likened To Pre-Tourist Alps

Peaks Seen Far Away
As Waves Foam on Beach;
Water Keeps Its Dead

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BARILOCHE. — "Switzerland before the tourists moved in!"

That's what travelers say of Lake Nahuel Huapi and the surrounding Andes, especially during the off season.

Glittering pinacles emerged from the morning mist today, whitened to the timberline by last night's snow. Across the lake white caps slashed at the granite base of the Andes.

Just under the windows of our

little Alpine hotel waves come foaming on a rock-strewn beach. The crests of mountains 50, 60, 70 miles away, far over the border in Chile, were etched clean against the blue sky, or blotted out by snow clouds.

The lake, with its shifting moods of color, was a study in itself—blue, green, violet and all the clear shades between, subject to the whim of scudding cloud banks and the depth of the sparkling water. The lake can be cruel as well as beautiful. Its ice-cold waters are reluctant to give up the bodies of its victims.

Bodies Suspended in Lake.

Fisherman drowned in sudden storms, bathers caught by cramps, or persons unable to swim who have fallen into deep water from time to time—their bodies are still in the lake; not many of them, it's true, since they represent the usual casualties of a sparsely-settled waterfront community, but enough to impart a certain eerie quality to the water. The body of a drowned person finds a level 30 or 40 feet below the surface and the icy water prevents decomposition—the chemical process which ordinarily brings a corpse to the surface. But who brought this subject up, anyhow?

Last night a moon approaching the full imparted an unearthly radiance to the snow-clad heights. A storm blew over the lake, shutting off the white light as suddenly as the closing of a door. The wind struck hard against a grove of old cedars already bent and tortuously growing away from the prevailing gales.

On stormy nights in spring and fall one hears faint detonations, like distant blasts of dynamite, from far-off Cerro Tronador—Thunder Mountain. The echoes can reach 70 miles after wind and thaws send avalanches roaring down into glacier-filled ravines. The early Jesuits believed the thundering was caused by volcanic action within the mountain.

Crevasses Buried Climbers.

Crevasses in Cerro Tronador are the tombs of three famous Italian Alpine climbers who failed several years ago in an attempt to scale the heights. Only three men have won to the top of the mountain, one an Argentine and the other two from Europe. The granite mountains rise sheer some 12,000 feet above the surface of the lake.

Crowned by cathedral-like spires and rock castles, the peaks trail plumes of snow in a gale. Low clouds flow at the mountain facades and stream up like inverted cata-racts.

The timber line begins at our hotel on the lake. In one direction stretch dun-colored hills, crowned by rim rock—typical "Texas Pan-handle country," where sheep graze in the valleys and outcroppings of basalt are weird freaks of erosion. In the other direction, toward the Andes and Chile, natural forests cluster at the base of high granite peaks. Just at this season a native tree called "niri" is turning russet and gold in the autumn frosts. It grows in great quantity and forms a vivid border between the white above and the green below.

The tourist trade is growing here. Hotelkeepers mine gold from "them thar hills!"



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

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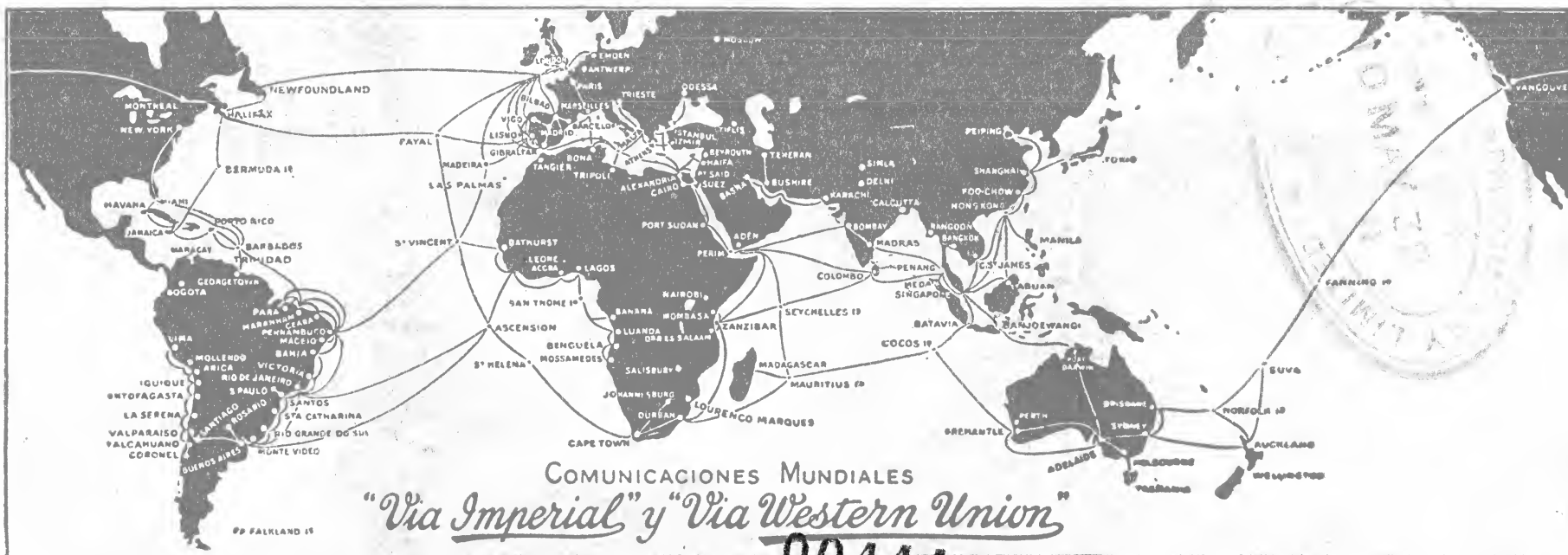
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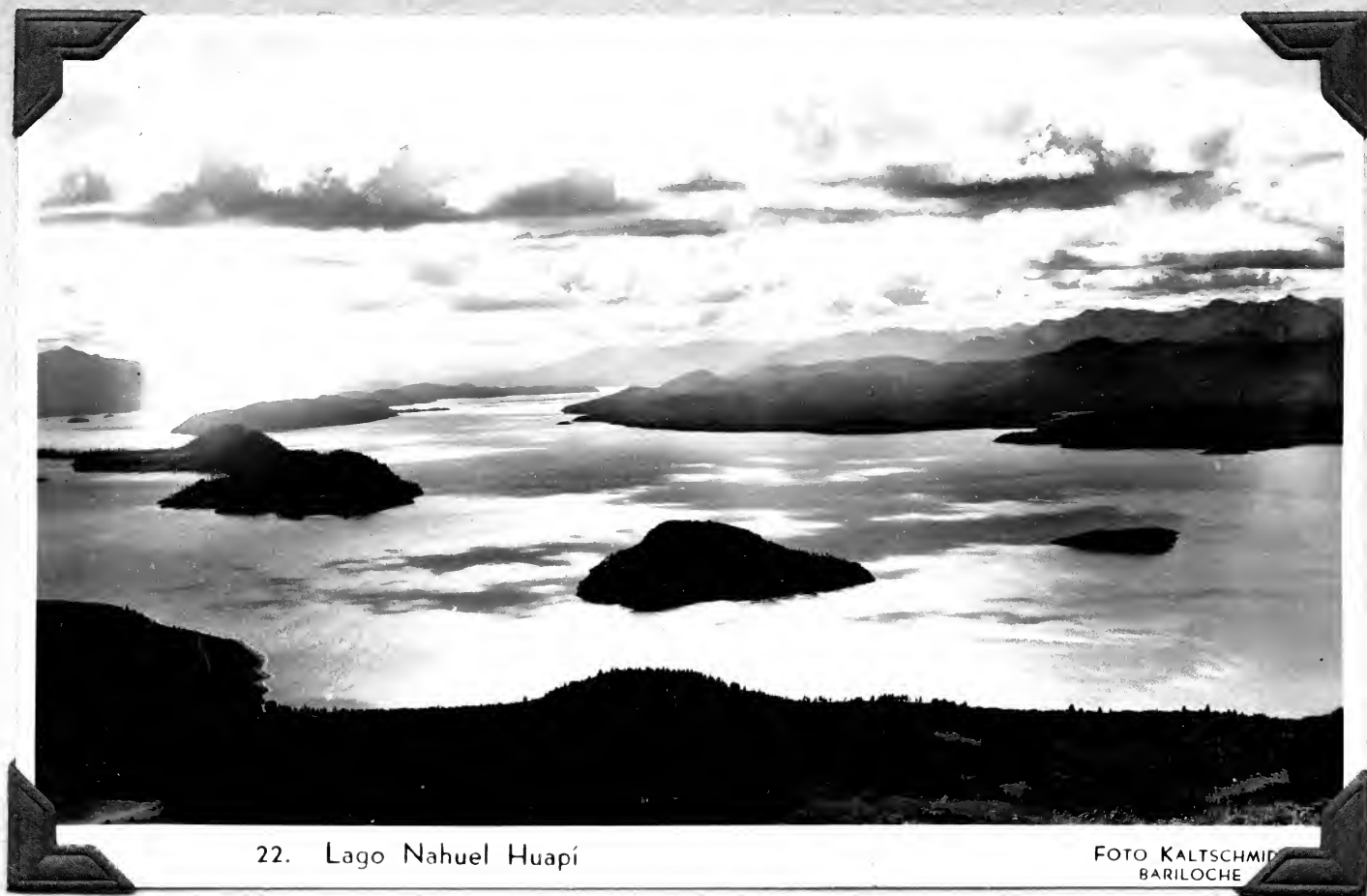
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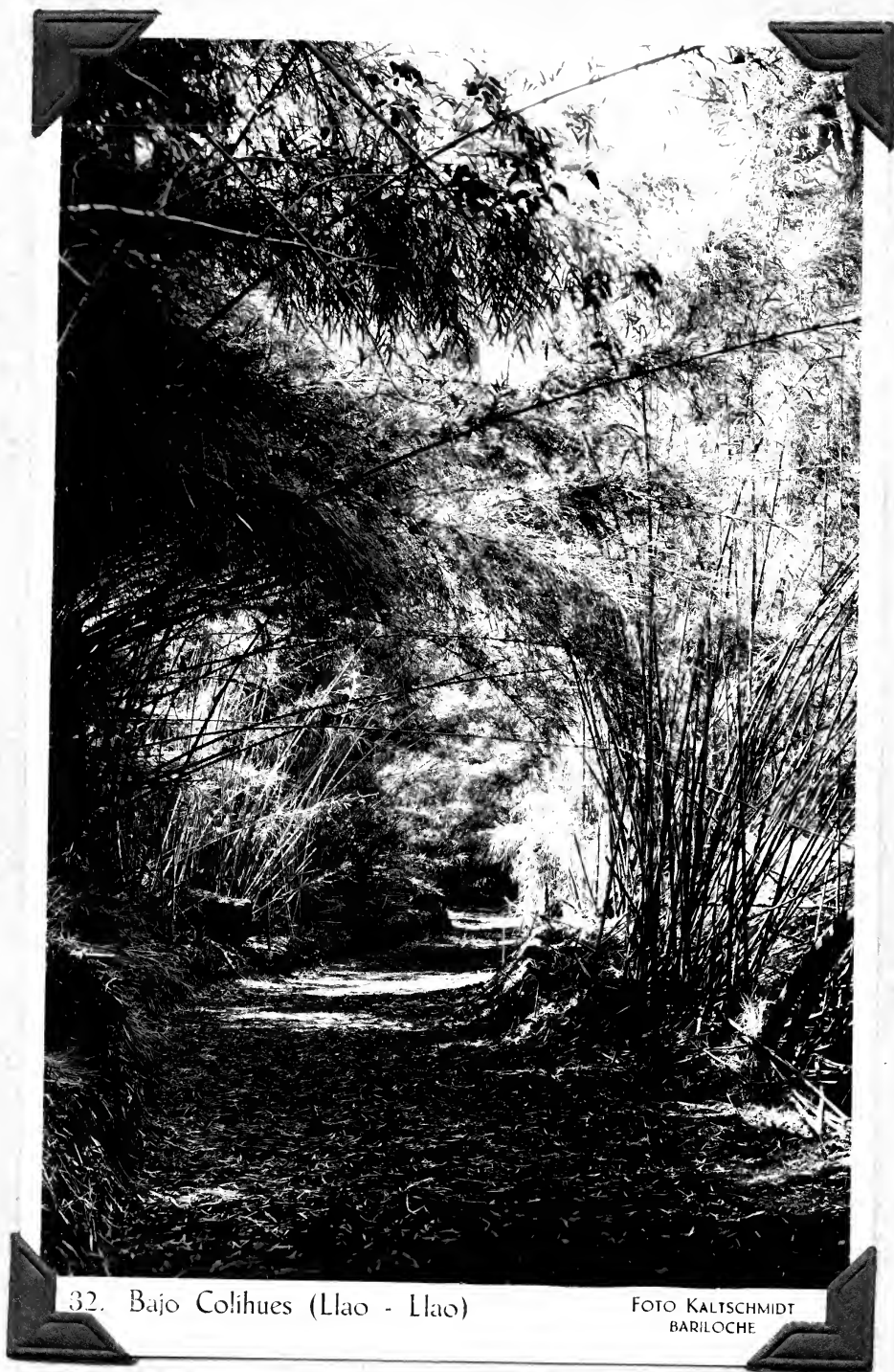
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22. Lago Nahuel Huapi

FOTO KALTSCHMIDT
BARILOCHE



32. Bajo Colihues (Llao - Llao)

FOTO KALTSCHMIDT
BARILOCHE



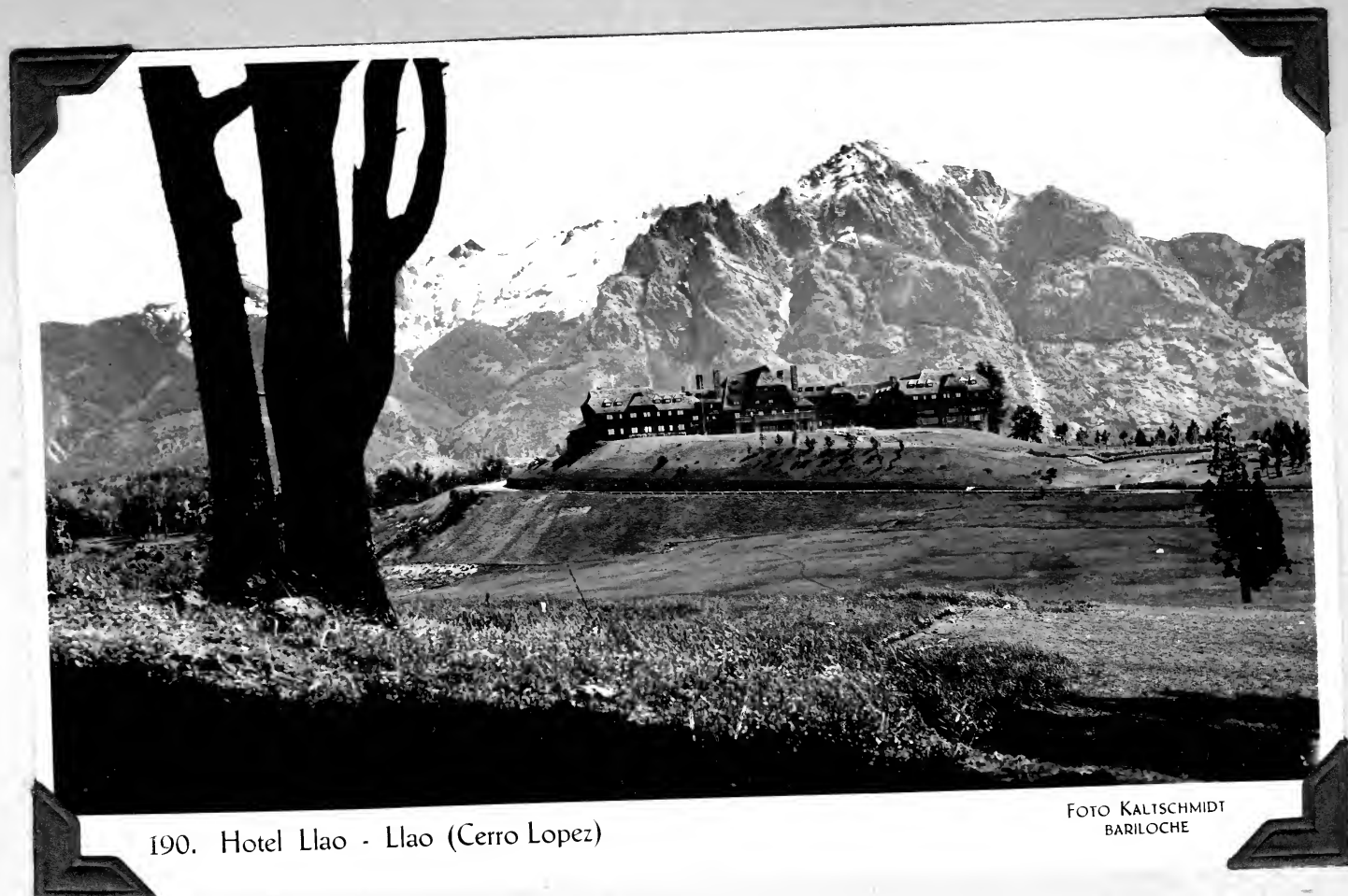
152. Camino en el Bosque

FOTO KALTSCHMIDT
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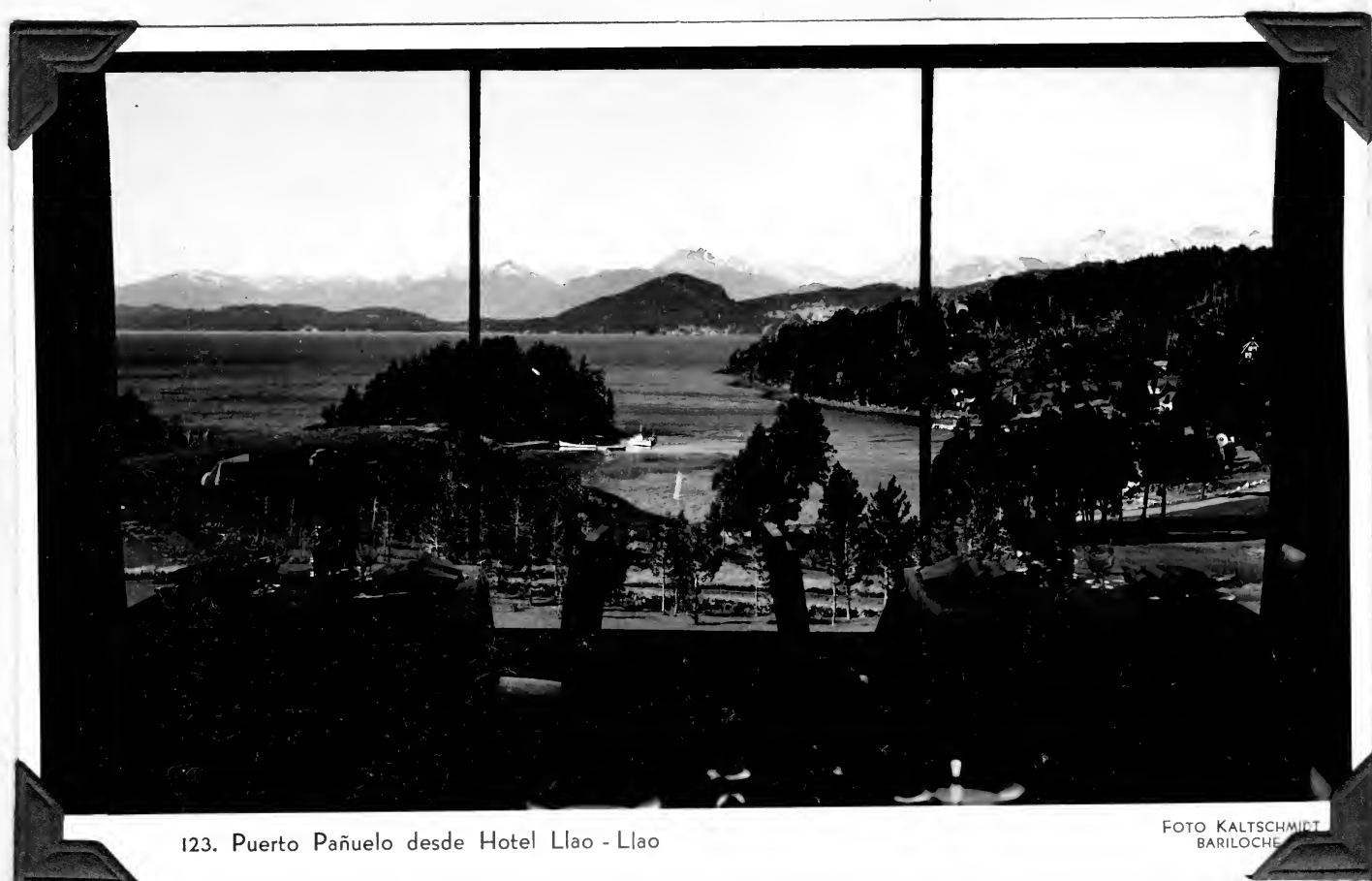
Vista parcial de Bariloche

FOTO KALTSCHMIDT
BARILOCHE



190. Hotel Llao - Llao (Cerro Lopez)

FOTO KALTSCHMIDT
BARILOCHE

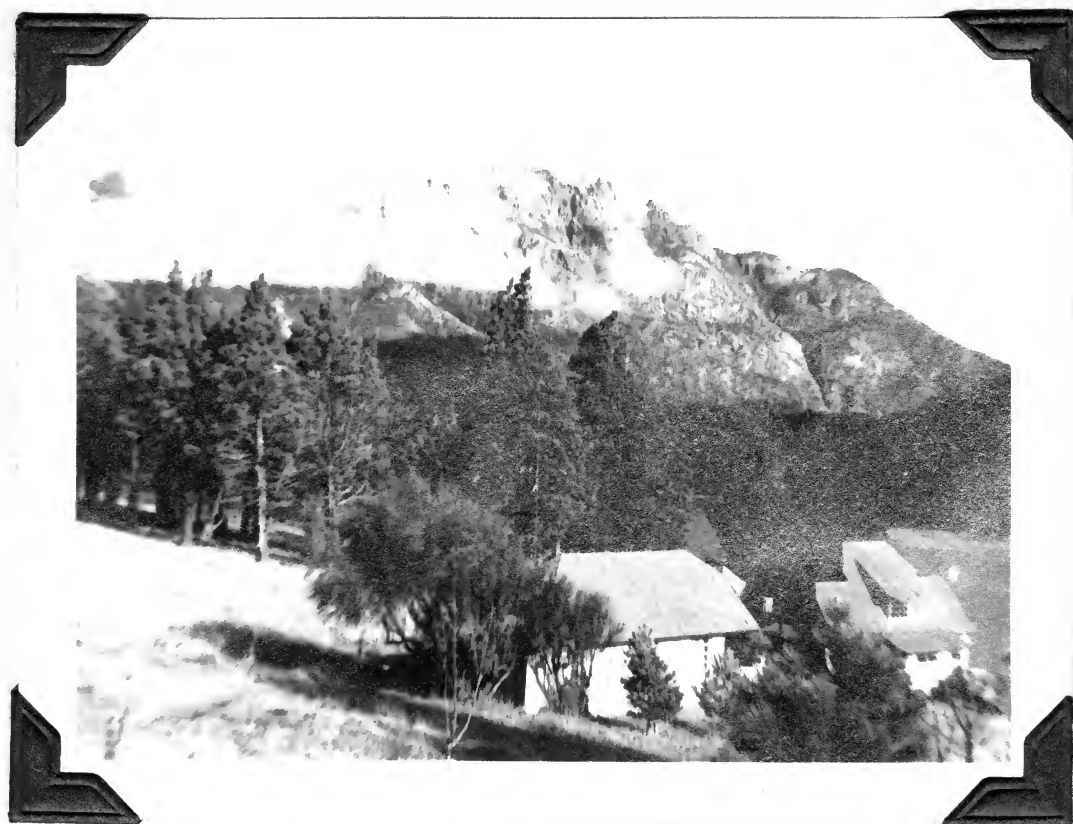


123. Puerto Pañuelo desde Hotel Llao - Llao

FOTO KALTSCHMIDT
BARILOCHE



Chapel at Llao-Llao



Scene near Llao-Llao



18. Camino Internacional

FOTO KALICHIMDI
BAPLOCHE



Lake Moreno



On Lake Nahuel Huapi



Lake Moreno



View from "White Horse Inn"
near Slav-Slav

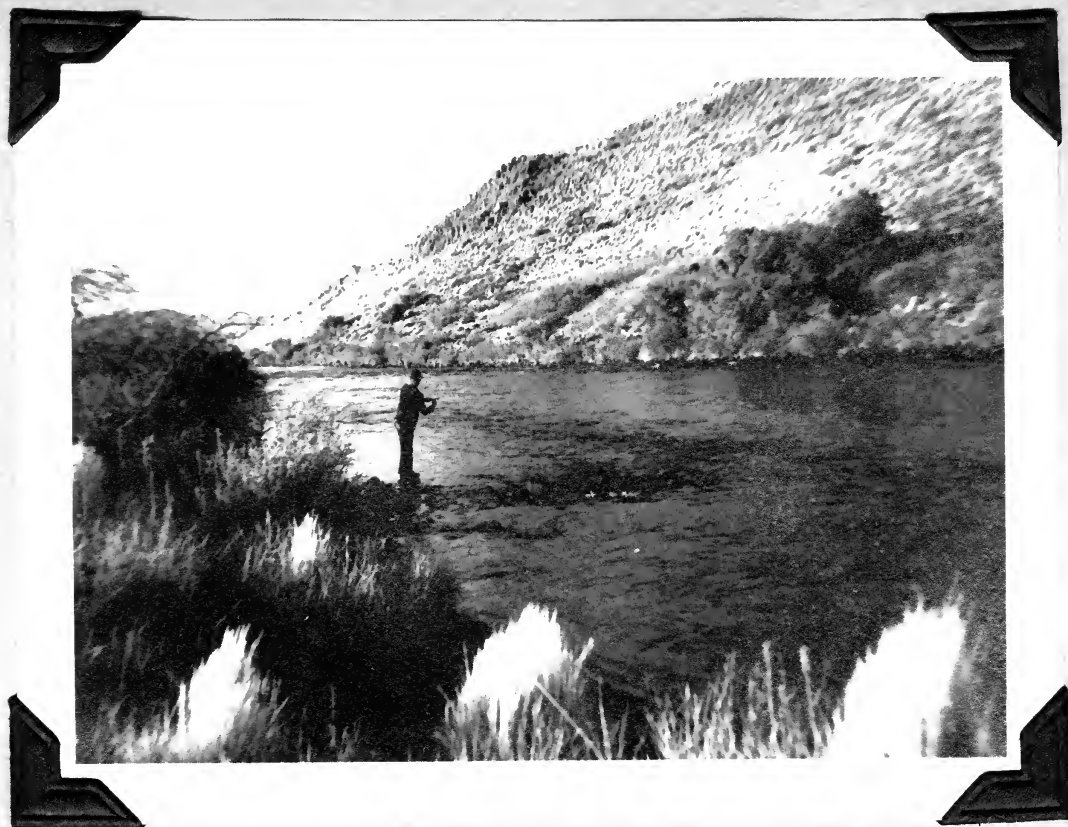


Diego Hernandez &
his mother



Senor Jones & family

Hemby Estancia near Bariloche



Biel S. casts for trout



Sam Wagner
trout & Biel S.



A

Recibí del doctor William Mann la suma de
ochenta y cinco pesos (\$85.⁰⁰ m/n) por dos
mandos de la Patagonia.

Patagones, Junio 2 de 1939.

[Signature]

Buenos Aires Band Plays Song Of Home For Georgian

But Musicians Get No Tip When Leader Selects 'Marching Through Georgia'

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—The restaurant orchestra played requests for the sentimental sons of various lands—Germany, England, Italy, Scandinavia.

It seemed a good idea to one so long and far from home that a Viennese waltz sounded as foreign as the drinking song to which Nazi storm-troopers lift beer steins in Berlin.

Perhaps I was a bit homesick. After all, the U. S. A. is not such a bad spot. It has its faults, of course, but I was willing to overlook a lot of them after being surrounded, for so many weeks, by people who spoke only Spanish, however melodious; or German, Italian, French and English—however correctly British.

I was beginning to feel like that friend of mine, the New York policeman, who, six weeks away from the force, and the finest little flat in Brooklyn, was privileged to go aboard one of three United States Navy cruisers in port here, as a guest at the admiral's reception. Colored lights, flags and bunting were out; the Navy had its best foot forward, and the band cracked down on a Sousa march!

Uncle Sam's Beard. "I went out forward under the stars," the policeman said, "and I looked back at the lights and the sailor boys in their uniforms, with the pretty girls on their arms. I looked at those big cannons, all shining and bright. They were polite, but ready. I said to myself,



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

"Jack, maybe you had to come 6,000 miles to see it, but Uncle Sam's beard still grows down to his toes!"

That's how I felt. I wanted something of the flavor and tang of the States—a tune from the orchestra to applaud for the memories it evoked. I was like a college boy at an intersectional football game. The orchestra leader was more than willing to oblige... request numbers usually were followed up by a round of beers for the boys at the instruments.

The orchestra knew a lot of swing tunes, thanks (more or less) to the radio, and a Hollywood theme song or two—none of them seemed to fit, somehow.

"Yankee Doodle"?... "The Sidewalks of New York"?... "Memphis Blues"?...

He Got the Idea.

The orchestra leader was flustered. He and his assistants, on their balcony above the floor of the restaurant, ransacked ancient deposits of musical scores... all in vain.

"Dixie"?

Ah, the orchestra leader had the idea at last! He came down from his balcony and bowed:

"You are a North American Southerner, no?"

"Yes," I grinned—the words were music to my ears, "I'm a native of Georgia."

"To the Georgian of North America, then!" cried the leader. He mounted to his balcony. His men sifted their music and settled themselves. With a flourish of the leader's fiddle bow, the orchestra swept into...

"Marching Through Georgia!"

If Sherman failed to get his beer from Atlanta to the sea, he was no drier, at conclusion of his adventure, than that Buenos Aires German band!

Statesmen Blamed For Drop in Sales In South America

Speeches, Possibly for 'Back Home,' Declared Hurting Business

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—It takes a lot of discouragement to beat down an American salesman.

His optimism, persuasiveness and sticking power have overcome my own feeble sales resistance too often to deny that; in addition, I have watched him at work on people whose purchases amounted to something.

The American salesman hasn't been beaten here yet, but he's absorbing plenty of punishment. One encounters him (though not so frequently as in previous years, I'm told) on steamers, in hotel lobbies and the smoking rooms of railway trains.

He's still grinning, and able to crack a good joke, but one gets the impression that it isn't the Pullman smoker story, told by the man who's done a good day's work, sold his quota and now is relaxing—rather, it's by the fellow who's whistling in the dark, who's done his best, and still is wondering if he has his job, if the sales manager back home is satisfied enough with his showing to send a regular remittance to the wife and kids.

Broadcasts Hurt Sales.

Perhaps it's been chance, but most of the salesmen I've bumped into down here are from the Middle West—farm machinery, automobiles, rolling stock. They have the kind of goods that the Argentine wants, and is willing and able to pay for—he's been doing it for years. But political broadcasts from the States kill sales, they say, which customers here are willing to negotiate despite the duty barrier.

A Middle-Western statesman gets up in Washington to discuss, for example, the attempt by the Navy to buy canned beef from the Argentine.

Perhaps he's talking for home consumption, for the farm voters who sent him to Congress—perhaps he hasn't thought, or doesn't care, what effect his words will have outside the States.

Yet his remarks, along with various amplifications, are printed in full by Buenos Aires newspapers, down to the last word. Here's an American statesman slandering the product of the Argentine—beef—on an issue no more important than the buying of a few thousand dollars worth of tinned meat.

Propaganda Kept Going.

A German, Italian or British salesman is doubly armed with such a clipping in his pocket. The politicians here, it is said, do what they can to keep anti-American propaganda going. It helps them to explain to a public which wants to buy American automobiles and farm machinery the high duties and other restrictions they put on these products—for example, the low-interest government bonds which American importers of automobiles had to buy before they could obtain permits to do further business.

The sanitary agreement, by which the Argentine and the United States could exchange meats, under dual government inspection for possible importation of diseases, apparently is still far from ratification by Congress. This is another talking point for foreign salesmen. They seem to be giving their competitors from the United States a pretty thorough going over.

For example, just try to buy a popular brand of United States cigarette here, or a safety razor, or soap—any of a dozen standard things people have grown accustomed to in the States. Cigarettes, it's true, are bootlegged, except for one brand, which has established its own factory here, and there are Ger-



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

man, British and Italian substitutes for other requirements.

Loses Big Contract.

The day that Congress debated the question of whether the Navy should buy Argentine canned meat, a salesman acquaintance of mine, not having seen the late editions of the local papers, called on the purchasing agent of a government railroad here to sign the contract for delivery of \$2,000,000 worth of rolling stock from a Middle-Western mill.

The contract, he was curtly informed, had been let to a German firm.

"It went out the window as far as we were concerned," said the salesman. He tossed his cigar from the smoker in which we were riding. The stub vanished in a quick shower of sparks.

"It would be easier to get that cigar back," he said, "than next year's contract!"

But you can't beat a salesman. I offered him one of my cigars, and he took it! He even grinned when he lighted it!

"If this cigar came from Washington," he said, "here's to the politicians!"

He made a wry face. I don't know if it was the tobacco or the thought of the politicians which got him!

Patagonian Border Was Once Lost, but Edward VII Fixed It

Often Chilean Must Cross Into Argentina to Travel in Own Country

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—They lost the border in Patagonia; it just came down out of the Andes and wandered off among the lakes and rivers.

Nobody could find it for a long time. The settlers, who fortunately were a bit scarce at that period, sometimes couldn't be sure if they were Chileans or Argentines.

They didn't know whether to be angry with Argentina for trying to appropriate Chilean territory or indignant with Chile for reaching from the Pacific Coast beyond the high crest of the Andes into lands on the Atlantic side.

Further north the problem was simpler. The Andes ran almost due north and south, their great divide separating the tributaries of the two oceans. Here was a tangible international boundary, abrupt enough in some parts for a man to straddle. Often the border wasn't visible because of the height, the ice, snow and clouds—but at least the citizens of the two republics knew where it was!

Inconsistency of Andes.

The pioneers who ventured into Patagonia, however, learned they couldn't rely on the consistency of the Andes. Far east of that tremendous mountain barrier they found lakes and streams draining into the Pacific. For example, just south of Bariloche, which lies on the Atlantic side of the Andes, we stood within a stone's throw of two streams, one running into the Atlantic and the other cutting through the Andes to the Pacific.

A generation or so ago a lot of people got worked up over the boundary dispute. The Chileans claimed the country drained by rivers that flowed into the Pacific, while the Argentines insisted that the highest peaks of the Andes outlined the natural border.

Agreed to Arbitrate.

There was talk of war and some blood was spilled. The South Americans, however—whose history shows they are more level-headed here than in regions farther north—agreed to arbitrate. They put the matter up to Queen Victoria, who died before she could pass on the question.

Her successor, King Edward VII, took up the problem. He drew a line on the map. Chile and the Argentine were separated. In some localities a Chilean must cross into Argentina to reach his own country, and vice versa.

But the gentlemen of Argentina and Chile are pretty good sports. They asked the English King to



W. H. Shippen, Jr.

draw the line. He did, and now they're willing to let it go at that—win, lose or draw!

Tom, 12, Turtle Collector, Once Nearly Collected by Python

Son of American Official Aids D. C. Scientists With Finds

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—A collector of turtles and snakes like Tom Davis is not to be daunted by the thought that he might have been collected himself.

That was two years ago, back in Sumatra. Tom was only 10 then, much smaller and less experienced, but still able to be a rescuer, instead of the rescued, when a big python broke free.

Tom with his father, Monnett B. Davis, now American Consul General to Argentina, were visiting Washington Zoo Director William M. Mann in his collecting camp in the East Indies. Tom, the budding young naturalist, slipped away to investigate the mysterious crates, cages and boxes arranged about the compound. He disappeared from the view of his elders just before a Malay servant came running to cry:

"Doktur, snake eat boy!"

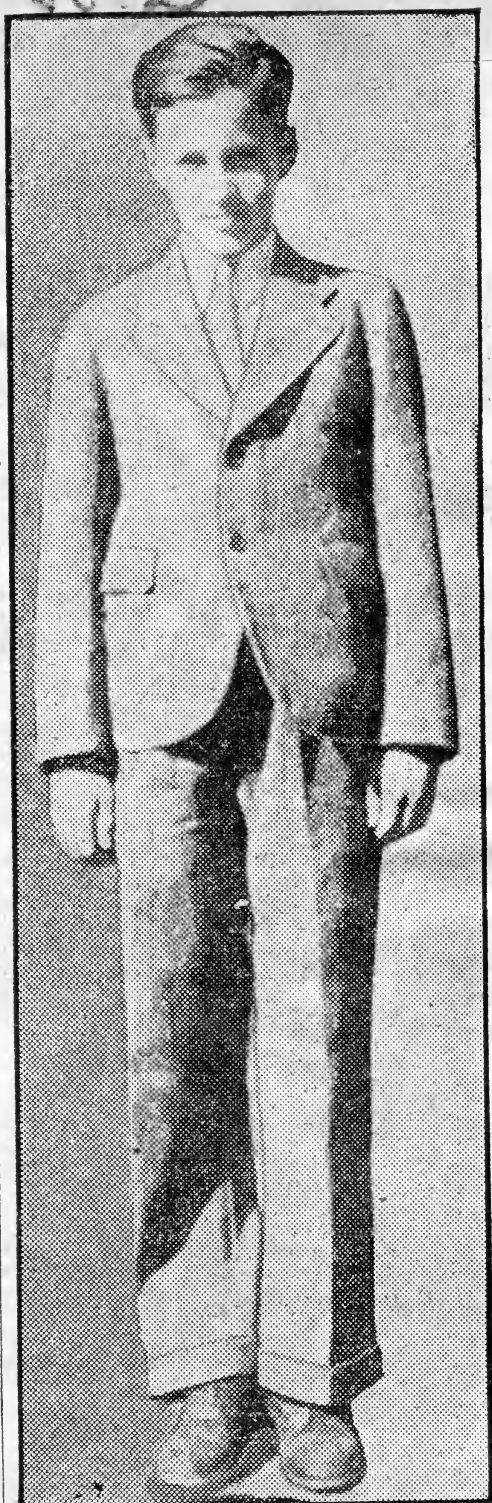
Tom Held On.

Dr. Mann and Mr. Davis raced for the sound of a struggle. They found a 20-foot python trying to swallow the arm of a native hunter while its body thrashed in the grasp of five or six men—Tom had hold of a section, and clung on until the battle ended with the python back in its crate. The native hunter went to a hospital.

Tom was a house guest of Dr. Mann's last summer while his mother and father were in Washington pending their transfer to Buenos Aires from Sumatra.

The young naturalist spent most of his waking hours in the zoo. Dr. Mann gave him a fresh-water turtle which he named "Speedy," and brought South with him. Tom's parents, after sharing a bathroom with a turtle for three weeks on the ocean, were happy that their son only started his collection in North America with a single specimen.

Tom has room to branch out in the Davis' apartment here. He's been saving his allowance to buy snakes, frogs, turtles, etc., for the Washington Zoo. The young collector refuses to pay tourist prices. He goes down to the water front to



TOM DAVIS.

haggle in Spanish with the fishermen, and organizes collecting expeditions among his schoolmates.

May Aid Dr. Steineger.

Tom's collection of fresh-water turtles, Dr. Mann hopes, will aid the investigations of Dr. Leonard Steineger, dean of Washington scientists, who is completing a monograph on turtles, and wants to observe at first hand some four rare species found only in Southern South America.

Dr. Mann says that if Tom's con-

tribution comes up to expectations, he will use his influence to have the young naturalist put on the United States Government pay roll at a dollar a year.

"That will scarcely pay expenses," Tom said, "but I appreciate the honor!"

Argentine Artist Teaches Poor The Color of Their Daily Lives

Born of Laboring Class, Painter Backs School On Water Front

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

BUENOS AIRES.—The painter, Benito Quinquela Martin, believes the laboring class from which he came should find more beauty and dignity and less discontent in hard work.

He practices what he preaches with his brushes so vigorously that, well past middle-age, he is still wiry, muscular and agile—able, it seems apparent, to earn a living with the stevedores who load ships of all nations on the docks under his studio.

Senor Martin is as much a part of water front life as the freighters, tramps and fishing vessels tied up almost at his front door—more, in fact, for he was born to the community that services the transient ships. He grew up among the poor and refused to leave them when success beckoned him to other surroundings.

When fame came to the painter, he turned it to his own use by persuading the authorities to build a model school on his water front property for underprivileged children whose lot he knew so well. Six hundred children now study in the bright, airy class rooms that Senor Martin decorates with his own brushes after his own social ideas.

The class-room murals show such scenes as laborers moving up a gangway, giant bodies bent under baskets of coal; fishermen landing their catch and drying their nets; shipbuilders outfitting a vessel for sea; stevedores about huge cranes unloading freighters; wives and children of sailors waving good-by to a departing schooner.

Color of Daily Lives.

The artist wants the children to recognize in his pictures the figures of their mothers and fathers, to appreciate the usefulness of their work and to sense the drama, color, vigor and motion of their daily lives.

After work comes relaxation and gaiety. There are carnival and fiesta scenes. An impromptu celebration starts on a sailing vessel at the wharf. The crews of neighboring vessels join in. A sailor band plays dance music with harmonica, guitar, violin and accordion. On still another boat jars of wine and baskets of fruit and bread are being brought up from the cabin.

A circus parade, complete with elephants, clowns, monkeys and a brass band, is the theme for a mural done in tile in an assembly hall. Senor Martin laid out the mural, the children themselves colored the tiles, and they were glazed nearby. Even the school's basketball court and open air gymnasium has two walls of mosaics done in colored cement.

Senor Martin's studio is a great, glassed-in room on the fourth floor, overlooking the busy harbor scene. In three directions one sees color, action and the ships from many ports, arriving, discharging, loading and departing. The studio seems to belong as much to the public as Senor Martin. Sight-seers, students and school children have the run of the place. Senor Martin's friends among the struggling young artists of the city use his studio, his time and materials. He appears to give them all with a lavish hand, yet he accomplishes a great amount of



BENITO QUINQUELA MARTIN.

creative work of his own. How he does it, nobody knows.

Wants Similar Schools.

Senor Martin hopes that similar schools will be built throughout the Argentine. He feels that the tenders of vineyards, the herders of sheep and cattle, the growers of fruit and the harvesters of grain are as picturesque as water front dwellers. He is not the man to be content with hoping alone.

His idea, I gathered, is that educated, hard-working, self-respecting young people will better their community, or their nation, for that matter, without the necessity of a social revolution.

All of which sounds like the moral at the end of a sermon—but not Senor Martin's. He could tell me nothing, as he understood no English, and I almost no Spanish. He was happy, however, to show me his school and his paintings.

They spoke for themselves, even to one who is neither a linguist, educator, reformer nor artist!

FARM YARD BAR

BILL OF FARE x WINE CARD

TUCUMAN 133

BUENOS AIRES

Cover \$ 0.20

HOT DISHES

Boiled bacon w. sauerkraut	1.—
Bismarck Steak	1.50
Filet Grisette	1.40
French fried potatoes w. 2 eggs	1.—
German sausages w. sauerkraut	0.70
Ham-or-bacon and eggs	1.20
" " " w. fr. pot.	1.40
" Hooks w. sauerkraut	0.80
Omelette Spanish Style	0.80
" w. green peas	1.—
" w. ham	1.20
" Farmer Breakfast	1.—
Sauerkraut garni (Special Dish)	1.30
Smoked porc chops w. Sauerkraut	0.90
o potatoes salad	1.—
Veal-Cutlet a la Viena	1.20
" " Romana	1.40
" " Holstein	1.40
1/4 Roast Chicken w. Salad (wing)	1.50
1/4 " " " (leg)	1.30
1/4 " " Portugise Style	1.30
Tenderloinsteak Farm Yard Bar	1.40
" two eggs fried pot.	1.60
" two eggs	1.30
" fried potatoes	1.20
" natural	0.90
Viena sausages w. sauerkraut	0.60
" " potatoes - salad	0.70
" " french fried pot.	0.90

COLD DISHES

Anchovis in Oil	0.80
Bismarck Herring	0.70
Caviar Malosol	6.—
Chicken Salad	1.—
Cold Meats-Gourmand Special	2.50
" " Swedish	1.50
" " Housedish	1.20
" " Simple	0.80
Calfshead in Vinigrette	0.70
Eggs Russian Style	1.40
Ham Raw or Boiled w. pickles	1.30
Ham Hocks in Aspic	0.90
Housemade Headcheese	0.80
German Sausage Landjaeger	0.60
" Smoked Rhine Salmon	1.20
Lamb Tongue from Campana	0.90
Mayonaise of Lobster	2.50
" Thunn	1.20
" Salmon	1.—
" Chicken	1.20
" Fish	0.80
Matambre	0.70
Milan Salami	0.90
Matjes Herring solo	0.90
Ox Tongue smoked w. pot. Salad	1.20
Paté de foie gras imported	2.50
Pejerrey in Sour	0.80
Porc chops in Aspic	0.90
Roasbeef w. Tartaresauce	0.90
Roast Pork w. Pot. Sal.	1.—
Roast Veal w. Beetroots	0.90

1/4 Roast Chicken w. Salad (wing)	1.50
1/4 Roast Chicken w. Salad (leg.)	1.30
Rollmops	0.50
Roast Turkey w. Russian Salad	1.50
Sucking Pig w. Pot. Sal.	1.10
Smoked Herring	0.80
Sardins in Oil	1.—
" Russians	0.60
Sproten from Riga smoked sardines	1.20
Turkey in Aspic	1.—
Tartar Steak garni	0.90

SANDWICHES

With German cold cuts	Special
" Ham Raw or Boiled	0.50
" Mar del Plata Cheese	0.60
" Gruyere or Roquefort	0.70
" Camembert	0.50
" Limburger	0.50
" Milan Salami	0.70
" Paté de foie gras	1.50
" Roastbeef	0.60
" Roast Porc or Veal	0.60
" Smoked Ox Tongue	0.70
" Smoked porc chops	0.70
" Turkey	1.20
" Rhine Salmon	0.70
" Sardins	0.70
" Caviar simple	1.60
A la Farm Yard Bar	1.20
A la Bismarck	0.80
With Anchovis	0.60
" Small Tenderloin Steak	0.70
" Fried Sausages	0.60
" Tartar	0.60
Club Sandwiches	1.30
All Sandwiches with toasted bread	0.10 more.

SALADS

Potatoes	0.50
or Lettuce	0.40
Hering, Russian, Italian	0.70
Ox Lips	0.70
Mixt or Beetroots	0.50
Fruits Salad in Marsala	0.80

CHEESE

Camembert, Creme de Gruyere, Limburg	0.50
Roquefort Emmentaler	0.90
Mar del Plata	0.40

SWEETS

Apple Tart, 0.50 - w. Cream	0.60
Mixed Compot	0.80
Prunes 0.60 - Peaches	0.70
Pine - Apple	0.80
Apple - Pancake	1.—

LIQUEUR DES PP. CHARTREUX

El Sabio Embajador de la Amistad

Por DIEGO NEWBERY

(Especial para EL MUNDO)

—Entre; quiero mostrarle un es... cuerzo magnífico!
Y la mano cordial del doctor William Mann me arrastra hacia el cuarto de baño de su departamento de hotel. Desde el fondo de la bañadera me contemplan impávidos dos ojos lustrosos y repugnantes prendidos a una bolsa de piel tremante del tamaño de un plato so-
pero.

—Bonito, ¿eh?

El director del parque zoológico de Washington está encantado con su monstruoso huésped. Lo mira cariñosamente y luego, tomándose del brazo me ubica en un sillón.

—Si pudiera conseguir siempre — continúa — ejemplares buenos de la manera tan fácil como conseguí el escuerzo, mi vida sería demasiado monótona. Yo, que estoy acostumbrado a penetrar por el Amazonas o navegar en chalupa por los mares de la China para juntar los especímenes autóctonos, ¿sabe usted dónde hallé este ejemplar? Donde menos lo esperaba yo, y usted también. En la calle Florida. Sí, señor; en la calle más elegante del mundo. Un es... cuerzo.

El doctor Mann, que como todos sabemos trajo al zoológico de Buenos Aires un obsequio que consistía en varios animales y pájaros norteamericanos, es el sabio menos formal que nos ha visitado. Hay dos cosas que son la pasión de su vida: primero, coleccionar amigos, y luego, en muy segundo término, coleccionar animales. De estos últimos cuenta con una formidable compañía, pensionistas del gobierno de los Estados Unidos en el parque zoológico que él dirige.

Y en cuanto a su colección de amigos, no ha de ser inferior en cantidad ni variedad, ya que el conocido zoólogo ha recorrido Europa, África, la India, Japón, China, Hawaii, las tres Américas y algún otro rincón, además, en sus viajes de estudio, que han sido muchas veces expediciones azarosas a zonas casi inexploradas. En todos los rincones del globo hay amigos del Dr. Mann, y tan es así que se ha llegado a titularlo el "embajador de la amistad".

—Ustedes tienen suerte de poder vivir en la Argentina — me dice. — Aquí es muy fácil hacerse de amistades. Todos son cordiales y encantadores, hasta los vigilantes. Y a propósito, ¿puede decirme dónde es posible conseguir fiandúes de la Patagonia? Tienen que ser de la región al sur de Río Negro, que son diferentes a los que hay más al Norte. Esto es muy importante.

El doctor Mann tiene la mirada preocupada. Sin duda, los fiandúes deben ser muy importantes, y prometo facilitarles su obtención.

—Muchas gracias — responde. Si tuviera más tiempo no le haría estas preguntas porque mi costumbre es ir en persona a las regiones donde habitan los animales que busco. Pero este viaje es demasiado corto para cubrir un país tan grande y tan interesante. Y yo sé más que nadie que no es posible reunir ejemplares para un zoológico en pocos días y desde un cuarto de hotel. Por ejemplo, necesito eso que ustedes tanto tienen... ¿cómo se llama?... biscachos.

—Y bien, hay millones de "biscachos" en las pampas, pero en la calle Florida no hay ninguno. Cuando allí encontré escuerzos, fue para mí un día de fiesta. Pero "biscachos" no hay. ¿Quién guarda un montón de estos bichos esperando que lleguen un humorista para llevarse a Washington? Pues nadie, porque éste es un país de cuerdos. Felizmente han prometido facilitarme una cantidad antes de mi regreso. Como usted ve, es difícil reunir una colección desde el pavimento de Buenos Aires, y considero que tendré mucha suerte si puedo llevar, aunque más no sea, unos pocos ejemplares de la fauna argentina.

—En estos viajes, y disponiendo de más tiempo, suelo ir con mi car-

pa a las zonas propicias y allí trato con los campesinos, cuyos niños generalmente me ayudan a cazar lo que necesito. ¡Usted no sabe lo que la zoología debe a los niños! A veces ocurren sorpresas inesperadas. Recuerdo que una vez en la costa norte del Brasil buscaba una rana de una especie muy rara y escasa. No tuve éxito y por fin decidí volver a Washington sin las ranas, aunque dejé encargado a una persona allí la búsqueda. Si me mandaba una pareja le quedaría eternamente agradecido, pero le rogué que me mandara todas las que podía hallar.

A las pocas semanas de regresar a Washington recibí un telegrama: "Van ranas en el vapor X." Durante todo el tiempo que duró la travesía estuve inquieto y preocupado. ¿Haría mandado la clase de rana que yo quería? ¿Serían ranas comunes? ¿Llegarían bien? ¿Se morirían en el viaje sin cuidador especializado? Debo confesar que a tal extremo llegó mi estado de nervios que, cuando se acercó el barco a Nueva York, tomé el tren en Washington y fui a recibir en persona a mis dichosas ranas. Caía una nevada espantosa y tuve que esperar horas y horas en el muelle por no sé qué razón. Casi me congeló. Pero no quería abandonar esas ranas tropicales al descuido de cualquiera que las desembarcase en aquel temporal. Podrían morir de frío después de tantos desvelos. Finalmente atracó el barco y fui corriendo a ver a mis encargues.

El capitán me miró con decidida prevención y me acompañó cuidadosamente por una infinidad de escaleritas hasta las profundidades más remotas. Allí, contra las calderas, estaban colocadas bateas y más bateas. ¡Eso parecía un depósito de bateas! Y estaban llenas de ranas. ¡Suficientes para surtir todos los zoológicos del mundo! Y eran de la clase que yo había pedido. Le aseguro que me sentí muy contento.

Y al recordarlo, al Dr. Mann le brillan los ojos de satisfacción y se rie conmigo como si fuera un chico. En realidad nadie puede dejar de ser amigo de un hombre como éste.

The Why of "Zoos"

Dr. W. Mann
Lectures
to A.A.U.W.

THE National "Zoo" in Washington was established by Congress for the advancement of science and the education of the public," said Dr. William Mann, its director, at the monthly luncheon of the American Association of University Women held yesterday at the American Club. He added: "Millions go through the 'Zoo' and do not learn anything, and that makes it a typical institution of learning!"

Speaking on the subject: "The Why of 'Zoos,'" he gave a brief historical outline of zoological gardens, and then described the growth of his own institution. He mentioned an ancient zoological garden established by a Chinese emperor in 3,500 B.C., one in Nineveh, and several in Rome. One of the latter recorded that it received a consignment of 17 rhinoceroses from Africa, and since the one rhinoceros which the Washington "Zoo" was going to receive would get wide publicity, no doubt the Roman event created a stir.

Other evidences of ancient interest in animals were such things as the gift of an elephant by Haroun-el-Raschid to Charles the Great, a sensational lion escape in Venice, the leopard taken over to England by William the Conqueror, and the many menageries belonging to the royalty and the nobility.

Now there were zoological gardens everywhere. South America boasted of six, England 12, and the United States, 35.

Dr. Mann outlined the progress of the Washington "Zoo" from its beginnings in the '70's, when they were made the beneficiaries of specimens used by the Smithsonian Institution for models. Dr. William H. Blackburn, one of the leading zoological experts in the world, had collected specimens faithfully through the years, having started 49 years ago in a wagon borrowed from the Humane Society. A cockatoo obtained in the first efforts was still one of their valued exhibits. The institution had grown to have 97 employees and 3,000 animals.

There was a good showing at the luncheon, which was presided over by Mrs. W. E. Dunn.

El Mundo

June 4- 1939



DOCTOR William Mann, director del jardín zoológico de Washington, durante la conferencia que pronunció ayer en la Facultad de Ciencias Exactas sobre "Jardines zoológicos o parques nacionales".

The monthly meeting of the A.A.U.W. will be held Wednesday, June 7, at 12 o'clock, at the American Club. Bm. Mitre and San Martin. The speaker will be Dr. William Mann, director of the National Zoo in Washington, and his subject will be "The Why of Zoos". For eligibility members should call Mrs. Beckwith, 742-672; for reservations, Mrs. Pando, 44-3710 before mid-day on Tuesday.

"El Mundo"
7th of June 1939

B.A. Herald
June 8

ZOOS ARE LIKE SCHOOLS

Dr. MANN'S LECTURE TO A.A.U.W.

ZOOS are typical of schools. Lots of people go through them during their lives and learn absolutely nothing, said Dr. William M. Mann, speaking on "The Why of Zoos," at the monthly luncheon meeting held yesterday by the A. A. U. W. at the American Club. "We have zoos for the advancement of science, and for the entertainment of the public."

The first zoo to contain labelled exhibits, said Dr. Mann, speaking in a humorous strain, was at Ninevah, where "each animal was placed by its name." The Greeks loved birds, and their earliest zoo consisted of a pair of peacocks, kept by a wealthy gentleman who charged his friends for seeing them in his back yard. But the first zoo of which there is definite knowledge was founded in China by an emperor of an early dynasty, was called "Intelligence Park", and appeared to have had a scientific and educational object. The ancient Romans also had large numbers of wild animals in captivity.

Dr. Mann is a noted zoologist and entomologist, and has travelled in Rhodesia, Sumatra, Singapore, and down the Amazon, as well as in other parts of Asia, Africa and Australia. He is the director of the National Zoological Park at Washington, D.C. which is under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution.

In Queens City, in the Rockies, where Dr. Mann was born, there were the elements of a zoo, a coyote, an elk, and a baby bear being kept at the local brewery. Later, when he moved to Lincoln Park he found there was a zoo there, and then in Washington, Dr. Mann met Mr. Blackburn and started out with a bucket and scraper to clean cages. There is a fine art in this work, he claimed, for the cage being the animal's home, it is more comfortable for all concerned if the occupant is disturbed as little as possible.

Years later Dr. Mann returned to the zoo at Washington as its director and became a close friend of Mr. Blackburn's.

In the 70's and 80's of the last century, said the speaker, the Smithsonian Institution at Washington was building up its collection of taxidermic models and would either kill the animals, it did not require or send them to the zoo at Philadelphia. Then a site was bought, and when Mr. William H. Blackburn, now 85 years of age and the most noted animals expert in the world, arrived with a travelling circus, he gave up drink, got married and took charge of the making of the National Zoological Park.

Its first tiger was a beast too mangy to be exhibited, which was lent to the state by a travelling circus. Mr. Blackburn cured the mange with oil and medicaments, and on persuading the owners of the circus that it was liable to fits, it became the property of the nation. A kangaroo was obtained for instalments of guinea-pigs at 15 cents each, and the first building to be constructed was the reptile house, always the most popular house at a zoo. Dr. Mann affirmed, with an extra entrance charge for visitors, except at the London Zoo where the aquarium was the major attraction.

That was forty-nine years ago, and now Mr. Blackburn is there for life, and it is run by a group of 97 men and contains about 3,000 animals.

In the days when people had money and used to give it away, said Dr. Mann, a member of a wealthy, philanthropic family which is known internationally for the charitable institutions it has endowed, visited the Washington Zoo with his wife, and Dr. Mann was eagerly anticipating a substantial donation when he heard the lady ask her husband, "Why do they have zoos?"

The London and Berlin zoos, said Dr. Mann, were the largest in the world.

Dr. Mann told some stories about the animals he had captured, and about those which had got away. In Africa on one occasion he had 460 natives carrying nets like a 2,000 foot long fence which formed a circle a mile in diameter and had caught five water-hogs in three minutes. On another occasion rounding up animals in a cane field with a cluster of yelling natives brandishing spears, a lion had woken up and

coughed. A boy walking alone, came upon a buffalo which charged him in the chest and inflicted a slight wound. He claimed three shillings baksheesh, but the lion and buffalo got away.

Finally Dr. Mann invited all his hearers to visit the National Zoological Park at Washington, when they were in the United States, and the president of the A.A.U.W., Mrs. W. E. Dunn thanked him for an entertaining address.

Mrs. Mann and the American Consul-General, Mr. B. Monnett Davis, and Mrs. Davis were also present at the luncheon. Dr. and Mrs. Mann are sailing on Friday by the Brazil. They returned recently from a trip to San Carlos de Bariloche. Mrs. Mann is also an authoress in her own right, her most recent book being "From Jungle to Zoo." Dr. Mann is the author of "Wild Animals In and Out of Captivity," which is contained in the Smithsonian Scientific Series.



F. R. Franke
Isla Victoria
Patagonia



Perdreau rôti à l'Anglaise 1,50

9 Juin 1939

Carte du Déjeuner

BUFFET FROID

Viande froide assortie .. 1.40 — Galantine de Volaille truffée 1.50
Langue d'Agneau. . . . 1.40 — Saucisson. 1.30
Demi-Poulet froid. . . . 1.75 — Salpicon de Dinde. 1.30
Roast-Beef .. 1.20 — Dindonneau 1.50 — Asado con Cuero 1.20
Jambon Cuit 1.20 — Jambon Cru 1.20 — Jambon d'York.. 1.50

HORS D'OEUVRES

Saumon d'Europe fumé. 1.50
Hors d'Œuvres Continental. 2.00
Salade de Thon Américaine 1.50
Caviar Malossol 6.50
Sardines Amieus 1.50 - Hors d'Œuvre 1.30
Sardines à l'Huile 1.00 - Foie-Gras .. 3.50

Plats du Jour

OIGNONS SOUP 0,60
GNOCCHI À LA PIEMONTAISE 0,85
TRIPE À LA MODE DE CAËN 1,50
CUISSOT DE VEAU à la BROCHE Celeris à la moëlle, Pommes f. 1,30

OEUFs

Pochés au Maïs 1.00
Brouillés à la Russe 1.50
Omelette Savoyarde 1.00
En cocotte Rossini 1.25
Colchon Grisette 1.00

POTAGES

de légumes 0.60
Crème de Pois. 0.60
Consommé aux Nouilles . 0.60
Oignons Soup. 0.60

POISSONS

LANGOUSTINES Sce. TARTARE 1.60
Kipper au plat Niçoise 1.20
Suprême de Paraná St. Germain.. 1.75
Haddock à la crème. 1.80
Filet de Brolola Dugléré. 1.30

ENTREES

Escalope de Porc Paprika 1.40
Tournedos poêlé Chanteclair . . . 1.40
Noisettes de Veau Dubarry. . . . 1.40
Poussin farci Palermitaine 2.50
Côtelette d'Agneau Zingara. . . . 1.40

Puchero a la Criolla. 1.50
Puchero mixto 2.00
Puchero de Gallina (piernas) 2.00
Puchero de Gallina (alas) 2.25

Poulet sauté à l'Indienne 2.00
Entrecote poelée Bordelaise . . . 1.50
Escalope de Veau Viennoise . . . 1.40
Jambon braisé au Madere 1.50
Rognons d'Agneau Châtelaine.. . . 1.40

Risotto Milanais 1.00, aux Truffes blanches 2.50 — Macaronis, Spaghetti, Nouilles 0.90 — Raviolis 1.00

GRILLADES

Poulet grillé à l'Américaine (1/2) . . . 1.75
Mixed Grill à l'Anglaise 1.50 - Boudin 1.30
Foie de Veau 1.20 Mutton Chop. . . 1.30
Brochette Mixte — Lamb Chop. . . . 1.30
Churrasco de Lomo Minute. 1.30
Entrecôte 1.50 — Filet de Bœuf. . . 1.30
Bacon Anglo 1.00 - Côtelettes d'Agneau 1.30
Entrecôte minute — Rumpsteak. . . 1.30
Côte de Porc -- Cote de Veau. . . . 1.30
Swift Bacon - Armour Bacon 1.00 - Châteaubriant 1.50
Asado de Tira - Churrasco 1.30 Parrillada mixta criolla 1.50
Porter H. Steak (2) 3.50 - Garniture supplém. 0.25 (p.p.)

PASTA BUITONI 1.25

SALADES

Japonaise 0.80
Lorette 0.80
Russe. 0.60
Tomates 0.60
Laitue, Betterave 0.60
Escarole, Creson 0.60

LEGUMES

Asperges de conserve 1.70
Celeris à la Moëlle 1.00
Haricots verts. 0.80
Bouquetière de Légumes 1.00
Fonds d'Artichauts sauté au beurre. . 1.00
Haricots-verts à l'Écossaise. 1.00
Petit-pois à la Française 1.00
Épinards en branche -- Laitue braisée 0.70
Tomate farcie Provençale 0.70
Pointes d'Asperges 1.00 - Petits-pois frais. . . . 0.70

ENTREMETS

Apfelstrudel 0.75
Gâteau Moka 0.75
Salade de Fruits 0.75
Crepes Normande. 1.00

COMPOTES

Abricots, Pêches. 0.80
Poires, Pommes 0.80
Orejones. 0.70
Compote mixte. 0.80
Pruneaux. 0.70

FRUITS

Medio Grape Fruit 0.90
Pommes. . . 0.70 - Poires 0.60
Oranges. . . 0.40 - Mandarines . . 0.25
Media Palta 1.00 - Raisins. . . . 0.80

FROMAGES

Roquefort 1.00
Bel Paese, Gruyère, Camembert 0.90
Crème de Gruyère, Chubut 0.80

DULCES

Batatas, Zapallos. 0.80
Higos, Guaiaba 0.80
Dulce de Leche 0.60

GLACES

Vanille, Citron 0.70
Chocolat, 0.70
Mixte. 0.70

Theater program
(Farewell party given
by Dr. Holmberg)

MISTINGUETT

II.—J'AIME

AL KREMER

Avec

SUZANNE KILLIAN
et GINETTE BAUDIN

III.—DANSE DU SOUVENIR

HELENE LANOWA

IV.—BAGATELLE

DOROTHEE

MISTINGUETT

LE DANDY

LINO CARENZIO

LES PARISIENNES

LINE DOCEA, HELENE,
GINETTE, ROMAGNE, TESSA
BANKY, JOSEE, PAULETTE,
MICHELINE, CHRISTIANNE,
IVONNE,

LES PARISIENS

PAUL CORTY, LEO CADY, AL
KREMER, CHARLES RICHARD,
LEO KOK, JEAN ROBERT

V.—RYTHM ON TAPS

CARLOS MACHADO

VI.—ACROBATIC DANCE

TRIO CAVALCOS

VII.—Y A D'LA JOIE!

LE PROFESSEUR

LINO CARENZIO

LES ELEVES

LINE DOCEA, HELENE,
GINETTE, ROMAGNE, TESSA
BANKY, JOSEE, PAULETTE,
MICHELINE, CHRISTIANNE,
IVONNE,

VIII.—MARRY WE WALTZ

AURETTE SISTERS

IX.—LES CHANTEUSES A VOIX

THE 5 HARMONIES QUEENS

X.—P'SITT MAMZELLE!

LA COCODETTE

MISTINGUETT

PAUL CORTY, LEO CADY, AL
KREMER, CHARLES RICHARD,
LEO KOK, JEAN ROBERT

LES PROMENEUSES

LINE ROCEA, HELENE LANOWA,
SUZANNE KILLIAN, RUTH
BARCELL, GINETTE BAUDIN,
PAULETTE, CHRISTIANE, JOSEE
TESSA BANKY, MICHELINE,
ROMAGNE, IVONNE CALOTHY.

RAIS

CORTY et LEO PIETTE

CHARLES RICHARD, LEO KOK,
AL KREMER, JEAN ROBERT

LES DAMES

LINE DOCEA, ROMAGNE,
HELENE LANOWA, RUTH
BARCELL, SUZANNE KILLIAN,
GINETTE BAUDIN, TESSA
BANKY, JOSEE

XV.—BOLERO

LES DANSEURS

JACK REVEL

JANET MILES

XVI.—MA POMME

SOPHIE

MISTINGUETT

ARTHUR

AL KREMER

LES DAMES

LINE DOCEA, HELENE LANOWA,
RUTH BARCELL, ROMAGNE,
TESSA BANKY, JOSEE,
PAULETTE, CHRISTIANE,
MICHELINE, IVONNE CALOTHY,
GINETTE BAUDIN

XVII.—BUENOS AIRES TO
NEW YORK

CARLOS MACHADO

AND PARTNERS

GINETTE BAUDIN,
HELENE LANOWA,
SUZANNE KILLIAN,
RUTH BARCELL

XVIII.—UN P'TIT AIR

MISTINGUETT

CARLOS MACHADO

LINO CARENZIO

AURETTE SISTERS

PAUL CORTY

Mmrs. AL KREMER, CHARLES
RICHARD, LEO KOK, LEO
CADY, JEAN ROBERT
Mmes. LINE DOCEA, HELENE
LANOWA, SUZANNE KILLIAN,
RUTH BARCELL, GINETTE
BAUDIN, PAULETTE,
CHRISTIANE, JOSEE,
TESSA BANKY, MICHELINE,
ROMAGNE, IVONNE CALOTHY

FINAL

PAR TOUTE LA TROUPE

(La direction se réserve le droit de modifier l'ordre et la composition du programme.)

ESTA COMPAÑIA DESCANSA EL DIA VIERNES

Precios de las Localidades Función Completa - VERMOUTH ó NOCHE

PALCOS BAJOS o BALCONES, con 4 entradas	20.20
PALCOS ALTOS, con 4 entradas	10.20
PLATEAS, de fila 1 a 8	4.05
PLATEAS, de fila 9 a 20	3.05
PLATEA PULLMAN	2.55
PULLMAN	2.05
ENTRADA A PALCOS	1.55
TERTULIA	1.05
ENTRADA GENERAL a PLATEA	1.05

TODOS LOS DIAS 2 FUNCIONES

Sábado: 3 Funciones, a las 18.30, 22 y 23.30 horas

ULTIMOS DIAS DE ACTUACION DE LA COMPAÑIA
MISTINGUETT

Imprenta "Excelsior" - B. Mitre 1627



Compañía Francesa de Revistas **MISTINGUETT**

GRAN JAZZ SINFONICA DEL Mtro.
ISIDRO BENITEZ

Hoy-Miércoles 7 de Junio de 1939 - Hoy
2 - FUNCIONES - 2

Sección Vermouth a las 18.30 horas

Oui!... Elle Est D'París!...

(Ver Reparto en Función de la Noche)

Noche a las 22.30 horas

La revista más alegre y más francesa que ha estrenado MISTINGUETT

OUI!... ELLE EST D'PARIS!...

UNA PRODUCTION 39 BATIE PAR
JEAN LUNEL

Dircción et mise en scene de
CARLOS MACHADO

Administrateur de la compagnie:
Gabriel Marrot

I.—PROLOGUE

a) FLEUR BLEUE
PAUL CORTY, LEO CADY,
LEO KOK, CHARLIE,
AL KREMER, JEAN ROBERT
LINE DOCEA, HELENE LANOWA,
PAULETTE ROMAGNE
GINETTE BAUDIN
YVONNE CALOTHY,

b) PARIS

CHRISTIANE, TESSA BANKY,
JOSEE, SUZANNE KILLIAN,
MICHELINE, RUTH BARCELL

MISTINGUETT

c) OUI JE SUIS DE PARIS

CARLOS MACHADO

LINO CARENZIO

et
INGUETT

XI.—NON PARTIR

L'APPARITION
LINE DOCEA

★

XII.—TI-PI-TI-TI-TIN

THE 5 HARMONIES QUEENS

LES PLANTEURS
PAUL CORTY, LEO CADY,
LEO KOK, CHARLIE,
AL KREMER, JEAN ROBERT
LES MEXICAINES
SUZANNE KILLIAN, RUTH
BARCELL, LINE DOCEA
GINETTE BAUDIN,

★

XIII.—THE YAM

CARLOS MACHADO

et

AURETTE SISTERS

★

XIV.—J'ATTENDRAI

MISTINGUETT

LES VRAIS DE V
PAUL CO



S.S. Brazil - Sailed from B.A. June 9
Arrived N.Y. June 26



Angostura Bitters Brewery
Port of Spain
Trinidad - June 22



Shop in Charlotte St. - Port of Spain

*You are Cordially invited to attend a
Cocktail Party
in the First Class Smoking Room
at Six-fifteen this Evening*

*Pedimos a sua apreziada presenta ao
Cocktail Party
no Salao de Fumar, Primeira Classe
as seis-quinze esta tarde*

*Queda Ud cordialmente invitado al
Cocktail Party
en el Salon de Fumar de Primera Classe
a las seis y quince de la tarde
Respectfully Yours
Captain Harry N. Sadler*

PORT-OF-SPAIN

A

TRINIDAD 21

775
1939

Received from *ss Brazil*

the sum of

Two Dollars *only four* Cents

ICE HOUSE GROCERY
Fernandez (1933) Ltd

Per

S. Chearoni

All receipts must be given on this form
No other can be recognised as Valid.

\$ *2.64*

B

649

PORT-OF-SPAIN

TRINIDAD 21 6

1939

Received from *ss Brazil*

the sum of

Twenty four Dollars Cents

ICE HOUSE GROCERY
Fernandez (1933) Ltd

Per

S. Chearoni

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No other can be recognised as Valid.

\$ *24.00*



612011-0627
712011-0628



SOUTH AMERICAN CRUISE

S. S. BRAZIL FLOOR SHOW

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1939

Mistress of Ceremonies: Miss Eleanor Britton

10:00 P. M. IN MAIN LOUNGE

S. S. "BRAZIL" AT SEA

Program

1. Arthur Murray Dancers (Grace Marcato and Roy Edwards)
Demonstration of Ballroom Waltz
 2. Bob Coffey (Formerly of Borrah Minevith's Harmonica Rascals)
Harmonica Solo
 3. Bonita (Dancer, From the Copacabana Casino)
 4. Claire Willis (Radio Songstress, From the Copacabana Casino)
Waltz
 5. Castine and Barry (From the Casino Urca) *Waltz*
 6. The Three Freshmen (From the Copacabana Casino)
Bored of Education
 7. Arthur Murray Dancers *The Shag*
-

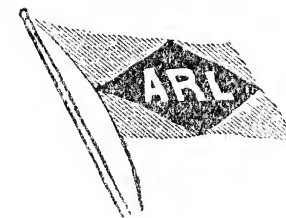
AL DONAHUE'S Orchestra under the Direction of LOU DEMMERLE



Passenger List

S. S. Brazil

MOORE McCORMACK LINES, INC.



LIST OF
PASSENGERS

S. S. Brasil

Sailing from

RIO DE JANEIRO

WEDNESDAY - JUNE 14th. 1939

to

TRINIDAD AND NEW YORK

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

"The Good Neighbor Fleet"

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, INC.

5 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

GREETINGS

We bid you a hearty welcome on board this great American liner.

The BRAZIL, ARGENTINA, and URUGUAY are the largest liners to run to South America in regular service.

These superb steamers mark a new and forward step in the history of the American Merchant Marine and we hope you will thoroughly enjoy the voyage.

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, INC.

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Lt. Commander, U. S. N. R.

Chief Officer . . . JOHN M. HULTMAN

Chief Engineer VICTOR A. LINK

Surgeon GEORGE T. DILL

Chief Purser . . . RAY L. SANTAELLA

Chief Steward . . . JOHN TRECKMAN

Chef ALPHONSE FRANKL

Cruise Director:

FRED J. LATHAM

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Miss Juanita Nazar Anchorena
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Mr. Hugo Barth
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Mr. Kenneth Carter

Mr. Granville Cole Finneron
Mrs. Etia Fucs
Mr. Frank Fried

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

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Miss Virginia Winslow Mac Donald

Mr. Helio Pinheiro

Rev. Heirich Reinecke
Mr. Louis Regan
Miss Elma Rautio

Mr. Anton A. Shoenegg
Capt. Duran H. Summers
Mrs. Ruth M. Summers

Miss Clare Willis

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

TOURIST CLASS

Rio de Janeiro / Trinidad

Mr. Enrique Cantore

Mr. Jose Garcia

Mr. Frederick Taylor

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

MEMORANDA

MEMORANDA

AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

SCHEDULE

NORTHBOUND

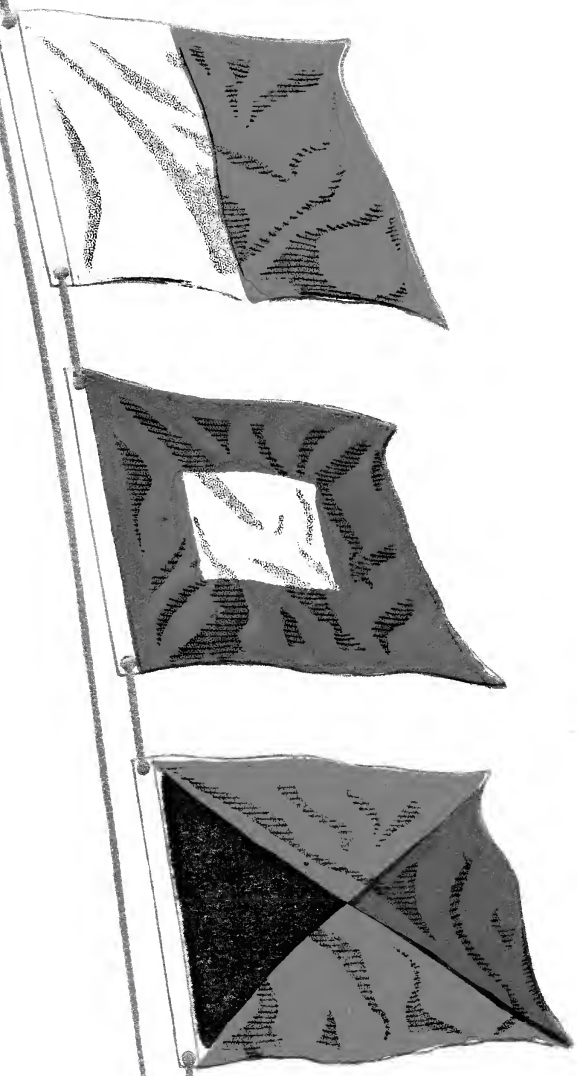
	BS. AIRES Sail Friday A. M.	SANTOS Arrive Monday A. M.	Sail Tuesday P. M.	R. JANEIRO Wednes- day Arrive Sail P. M.	TRINIDAD Arrive Wednesday P. M. Sail Midnight	NEW YORK Arrive Monday A. M.
Brazil	May 9	Jun. 12	Jun. 13	Jun. 14	Jun. 21	Jun. 26
Uruguay....	Jun. 23	un. 26	Jun. 27	Jun. 28	Jul. 5	Jul. 10
Argentina ..	Jul. 7	Jul. 10	Jul. 11	Jul. 12	Jul. 19	Jul. 24
Brazil	Jul. 21	Jul. 24	Jul. 25	Jul. 26	Aug. 2	Aug. 7
Uruguay....	Aug. 4	Aug. 7	Aug. 8	Aug. 9	Aug. 16	Aug. 21
Argentina ..	Aug. 13	Aug. 21	Aug. 22	Aug. 23	Aug. 30	Sep. 4
Brazil	Sep. 1	Sep. 4	Sep. 5	Sep. 6	Sep. 13	Sep. 18
Uruguay....	Sep. 15	Sep. 18	Sep. 19	Sep. 20	Sep. 27	Oct. 2
Argentina ..	Sep. 29	Oct. 2	Oct. 3	Oct. 4	Oct. 11	Oct. 16
Brazil	Oct. 13	Oct. 16	Oct. 17	Oct. 18	Oct. 25	Oct. 30
Uruguay....	Oct. 27	Oct. 30	Oct. 31	Nov. 1	Nov. 8	Nov. 13

SCHEDULE

SOUTHBOUND

	NEW YORK Sail Saturday P. M.	BARB, Wednes- day Arrive A. M. Sail P. M.	RIO DE JANEIRO Arrive Thurs- day A. M.	Sail Friday P. M.	SANTOS Arrive Saturday A. M.	Sail Sunday A. M.	MONTE Tuesday Arrive A. M. Sail P. M.	BUENOS AIRES Arrive Wednes- day P. M.
Uruguay ...	Jun. 3	Jun. 7	Jun. 15	Jun. 16	Jun. 17	Jun. 18	Jun. 20	Jun. 21
Argentina ..	Jun. 17	Jun. 21	Jun. 29	Jun. 30	Jul. 1	Jul. 2	Jul. 4	Jul. 5
Brazil	Jul. 1	Jul. 5	Jul. 13	Jul. 14	Jul. 15	Jul. 16	Jul. 18	Jul. 19
Uruguay....	Jul. 15	Jul. 19	Jul. 27	Jul. 28	Jul. 29	Jul. 30	Aug. 1	Aug. 2
Argentina ..	Jul. 29	Aug. 2	Aug. 10	Aug. 11	Aug. 12	Aug. 13	Aug. 15	Aug. 16
Brazil	Aug. 12	Aug. 16	Aug. 24	Aug. 25	Aug. 26	Aug. 27	Aug. 29	Aug. 30
Uruguay....	Aug. 25	Aug. 30	Sep. 7	Sep. 8	Sep. 9	Sep. 10	Sep. 12	Sep. 13
Argentina ..	Sep. 9	Sep. 13	Sep. 21	Sep. 22	Sep. 23	Sep. 24	Sep. 26	Sep. 27
Brazil	Sep. 23	Sep. 27	Oct. 5	Oct. 6	Oct. 7	Oct. 8	Oct. 10	Oct. 11
Uruguay....	Oct. 7	Oct. 11	Oct. 19	Oct. 20	Oct. 21	Oct. 22	Oct. 24	Oct. 25

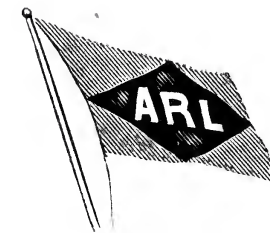




FAREWELL
·DINNER·



AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE



Farewell Dinner

on board the S. S. Brazil

at sea

SATURDAY, JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE

HARRY N. SADLER, Commander

OFFICERS:

JOHN M. HULTMAN, Chief Officer	VICTOR A. LINK, Chief Engineer
R. L. SANTAELLA, Purser	JOHN ANDREWS, Assistant Purser
	GEORGE T. DILL, Surgeon
J. TRECKMAN, Chief Steward	A. CHISHOLM, Second Steward

MENU

Apio Frio

Aceitunas Reinas

Cocktail de Frutas al Cognac

Caviar, Beluga Malossol



Sopa de Tortuga en Taza

Sopa Crema a la Reina



Mariscos a la Newburgh



Filete Mignon, Garnie, Salsa Bearnaise



Pollo a la Parrilla, Papas Fritas



Ensalada de Corazon de Lechuga, Salsa Mil Islas



Taza Helada a la Ritz

Bizcochitos



Frutas Frescas Surtidas

Nueces y Pasas



Cafe

MENU

Iced Celery

Queen Olives

Chilled Fruit Cocktail au Cognac

Beluga Malossol Caviar, Glace



Clear Green Turtle Soup en Tasse

Crema a la Reine



Sea Food a la Newburg



Filet Mignon, Garnie, Sauce Bearnaise



Broiled Spring Chicken, Straw Potatoes



Hearts of Lettuce, Thousand Island Dressing



Ice Cup a la Ritz

Petit Fours



Fresh Fruit Basket

Assorted Nuts and Raisins



Demi-Tasse

PAUL HUNZIKER, Chef de Cuisine

Dr. Mann and Animal Cargo Are Due in New York Tomorrow

New Specimens for Capital's Zoo Tax Deck
Capacity of Liner From South America

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.,
Star Staff Correspondent.

ABOARD THE S. S. BRAZIL, June 24.—This conveyor of the zoological good will party to the Argentine nosed up the Atlantic Coast less than 36 hours out of New York Harbor today, loaded to the gunwales with new specimens for the Washington Zoo.

Dr. William M. Mann, who shipped to South America bearing a few gifts for zoological parks of Argentina, is returning with birds, beasts and reptiles enough on the freight deck forward to keep busy a trained expeditionary force, not to mention two lone veterans and a pair of volunteers.

Dr. and Mrs. Mann are the veterans, Mrs. Shippen and myself the volunteers. Oh, for a couple of keepers from the Zoo!

We are expecting to steam into

New York Monday morning, and already we are preparing the crated specimens for unloading.

Aboard is a double-barreled load. We set sail from Buenos Aires with what was considered a near-capacity cargo for the limited animal-handling personnel, but the stop at Rio de Janeiro proved this assumption extremely incorrect.

In Buenos Aires we took aboard guanacos, llamas, condors, wild cogs, ostriches, Patagonian and otherwise; oven birds, songsters, horned screamers, Patagonian covies, nutrears, pheasants and partridges, native weasels, black-necked swans, a flock of flamingoes, a broad-nosed caymen, a few native boas and various turtles, frogs and toads.

Apparently no two of the specimens enjoys the same diet with the exception of one item—water. They

(See MANN, Page A-5.)

Mann

(Continued From First Page.)

are packed in crates of many sizes and shapes, with varied combinations for the doors. The gates of a whole farm community never sported more complex, ingenious and diverse latches.

Couldn't Estimate Cargo.

Up until the final hours before the boat sailed, Dr. Mann could not estimate his return cargo. The zoos at Buenos Aires and La Plata had submitted lists. Dr. Mann had brought them gifts in the form of buffalos, bald eagles, Texas wolves, etc., and they, knowing the game, reciprocated not only generously, but well in advance of the sailing date.

However, in six weeks of travel about Argentina, to Cordoba, Bariloche, Patagonia, and various points between, Dr. Mann made many friends—fellow scientists, amateur collectors, politicians, police officials, diplomats, travelers, executives of public parks, publishers and owners of great estancias.

Many, upon learning he was collecting birds, beasts and reptiles native to the Argentine, made veiled allusions to surprises they might send as a going-away present. Dr. Mann, bound by courtesy not to be too specific, nevertheless, talked with enthusiasm about certain rare species, which, he hoped, would ably represent the Argentine at the Washington Zoo. If he asked too many questions, the prospective donors said:

"Ah, but please do not trouble yourself with details—just leave them to me!"

Mass of Red Tape.

But there were export permits to be obtained, diversified food to be bought and loaded, along with equipment for watering and feeding. There were United States import restrictions to think of; the steamship company wanted an estimate in advance on what space would be required.

In the last hours, Dr. and Mrs. Mann, aided by the Consular Service, fretted over details while their two assistants strolled about the ship, exclaiming with pleasure at each new addition to the growing menagerie on the freight deck.

The complications soon were ironed out, however, and the Brazil weighed anchor and pointed her prow to the North.

We rapidly became accustomed to the routine of caring for the menagerie and, except for visceral discomfort occasioned by excessive rolling and tossing of the vessel, everything was shipshape—until the boat clocked in Rio.

Then I heard this conversation:

"What, more animals?"

"Only a few more—a couple of tapirs, a giant ant-eater, a few wild cats and curassows, some tree ducks and..."

"Wait a minute, please." Dr. Mann ran his hand over his brow. At length he said, "Friend, have you seen our collection out forward?"

Deck Space at Premium.

"No," replied Alexander Daveron, "but have you seen mine on the

deck out there? All crated and ready to go home with you. There are pygmy opossums, snakes, turtles and a little eyra cat—one of the rarest things in the Matto Grosso, and there's..."

"Wait, man, please wait! We have twice as much stuff on board now as we expected. Our deck space is full. It was full when we left B. A. I'm afraid the ship's crew won't like it if we pack any more animals on board. They're crowding up to the fo'castle now. In addition, I've only my wife and two volunteers to help care for them. This trip never started out to be an expedition—it was just a voyage to Argentina to collect a few, a very few, representative things!"

"I realize that, doctor," replied Mr. Daveron, "but I've brought these animals from the Upper Xingu River in the interior, more than a thousand miles by oxcart, launch and train. I knew you were down this way collecting, and I didn't want you to go home disappointed."

The two were old friends. Mr. Daveron, a former resident of Baltimore, with a flair for exploring, medicine and plant chemistry, has been living in one of the least-known sections in the world for years, writing, studying and working for American firms interested in developing the plant resources of Brazil.

The conversation continued until the time for our departure drew near.

"Well, what about them?" asked Mr. Daveron, pointing to his collection on the dock.

"Daveron," replied Dr. Mann, "we'll have to hurry to get them aboard!"

Coffee for Seasickness.

Those of us who were more susceptible to the rolling of the ship already had learned that there's nothing like coffee to settle her on her ocean bed.

In Santos the Brazil's empty hatches had been filled to the brim with thousands of bags of coffee beans and by the time we steamed into Rio we had enjoyed some smooth sailing for a change. There's nothing like coffee in the hold to cure seasickness!

Sure remedies for that unfortunate malady, incidentally, are known to everybody except the unfortunates who need them most. And these latter, poor devils, are generally too weak to resist the suggestions of their friends and advisers—the sympathetic, if somewhat smug people who never miss a meal at sea.

They've run the gamut of cures aboard the Brazil. One woman was advised to suck a lemon and blow into a paper bag. She might have been blowing.

A young man who lost his appetite, among other things, was told to stuff his ears with cotton so he couldn't hear the waves go "Ssssswoosh!" He did, but he could still see them.

Gallops on Electric Horse.

The bartender aft has his own remedy—alcohol, oddly enough. He advises imported champagne, and "Just sit quietly and watch the bubbles. Then if you feel you must, go ahead and drink it. It's better to have good vintage, however, if you're going to taste it twice."

One woman played bingo as her cure, and a gentleman galloped away on the electric horse in the ship's gymnasium when he felt a sickly coming on.

And, speaking of cures, it takes more than a deckload of birds, beasts and such to cure a sailor of a weakness for pets.

Bos'n Charley Bauer, among his other duties, has had to worry about shifting animal crates away from the cargo hatch in port and help feed, water and clean up at sea.

In addition he has a personal problem of his own—Oscar, a lion-faced marmoset with a golden mane. Oscar is small, but he manages to get around. When he circulates too rapidly he gets popped into the brig on bread and water.

Bos'n Bauer used to have a

black-faced ring-tailed monkey named Poncho but sold him when Poncho got a little tipsy in a bar-room one night and began tossing whisky bottles—containing all the better brands. That spree of Poncho's cost the bos'n \$48.

Oscar, on the other hand, is not given to imbibing in bottle delights, but the bos'n is having trouble housebreaking him.

"I may have to let him go," he said. "Do you think Dr. Mann would be in the market for a rare, lion-maned marmoset?"

I said I thought so, as they made fine exhibition animals and were rare in collections.

"I can take the money and buy a young ringtail on the next voyage—one that won't drink in bars."

"So you still like pets?"

"Oh," said Bauer, "I'm a glutton for punishment."

Animals to Be Housed In Second-Hand Homes

Most of the cargo of South American birds, beasts and reptiles arriving in New York tomorrow in custody of Dr. William M. Mann will be given room and board in second-hand homes at the Zoo.

"I think we will be able to take care of practically all the newcomers by making a few shifts and dressing up several unoccupied cages," Assistant Director Ernest P. Walker said yesterday after checking once more a two-day-old radiogram received from his sea-faring superior.

Shifts to make room for the influx of "foreigners" will be made in the small mammal, bird and reptile houses. The collection is not expected to arrive here until Tuesday.

Will Be Hauled in Trucks.

Most of tomorrow probably will be taken up in shifting the crated specimens from the decks of the S. S. Brazil to express cars.

They will be carted from the express station here to the Zoo in three large trucks. Some recrating may be necessary in New York before the transfer for land travel is completed, Mr. Walker commented.

Visitors at the Zoo can't expect much of a show from the new arrivals for several days after they are placed in their strange homes.

"Animals, the same as human beings, never look well after a long journey," Mr. Walker explained. "They will be tired out and dirty. It will take them a week or more to bathe themselves thoroughly and press their suits."

Insist on Best Appearance.

"They are usually very proud and won't put on their best show until they have their appearance back in the pink. They have little opportunity to keep themselves well groomed in those small, cramped crates they are shipped in."

None of the local Zoo personnel will go to New York to aid in unloading the ship. All extra hands necessary for the process will be furnished by a New York animal dealer, who has assisted Dr. Mann several times before at the conclusion of zoological expeditions—which this wasn't to be originally, but rapidly became as the Brazil steamed into ports northward from the Argentine.



NEW YORK.—NEXT STOP, WASHINGTON ZOO—Shown with several Brazilian "curasow" birds brought from South America are Dr. William M. Mann, director of the Washington Zoo, and Mrs. Mann. Their boat, the S. S. Brazil, landed here today with 240 birds and animals aboard. —A. P. Wirephoto.

240 Argentine Animals Docked In New York by Dr. Mann

Zoo Expedition Ends Trip With Only One Large Loss, That of 100-Pound Rodent

By W. H. SHIPPEN, Jr.
Star Staff Correspondent.

S. S. BRAZIL AT NEW YORK, June 26.—We arrived here today with one of the finest small collections ever brought out of the Argentine.

Some 240 birds and animals, many of them rare in the United States, came through the 6,000-mile journey with a casualty list small enough to surprise and delight Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park at Washington.

At Buenos Aires, Santos and Rio, it seemed that the numbers and varying necessities of the animals might provide more work than our little party of four could get around to. After we got the task organized, however, we were able to see to it that every bird and beast had the proper care.

"After all," Dr. Mann said, "the wild things didn't volunteer to come along with us. The least we can do is to make them comfortable and provide plenty to eat and drink."

The only large loss on the ocean trip was a huge capybara, some 100 pounds of the world's biggest rodent. One day he was eating and drinking and the next, for no apparent reason, he was dead. We buried him at sea, down along the Equator, and provided extra rations for his mate by way of consolation.

The collection was increased at about the same time by the birth of a pair of patagonian cavy. They were running over the deck within an hour of their arrival.

One baby, however, got caught in the middle of a domestic quarrel between its mother and father—with fatal results. The other is doing nicely.

The ocean trip was too much for a pair of black-necked swans, although half a dozen others survived, along with Andean wild ducks, king vultures, a pair of condors and a crate of oven birds, colorful thrushes and Argentine quail. Also doing well as the boat pulled into New York this morning were the guanacos and llamas and a pair of southern tapirs.

There are about 60 crates in all, while we went south with about a third that many—gifts for the zoos in Buenos Aires, La Plata and Cordoba, Argentina. The Argentines reciprocated so generously that we had almost too many charges on the way home.

After traveling more than 12,000 miles with animals, from buffalos to snakes and wild cats, the only accident which befell me occurred yesterday, at the end of the voyage.

A duck bit me—a little duck no bigger than a bantam hen.

The collection on board is twice as large as anybody expected at the outset of the trip, including Dr. Mann. Perhaps I should say more than twice as large.

Just before we crossed the Equator, a seaman came running to announce that a rabbit had escaped and was cavorting on deck.

"But we have no rabbits," said Dr. Mann. "Just what did this animal look like?"

"A rabbit, sir," replied the seaman.

It seems that the Patagonian cavy was then giving birth to a baby small enough to crawl out through the wire and strong enough to run about at the age of one hour. No sooner was this fugitive restored to its proper place than the other baby arrived. One cavy was born in the Southern Hemisphere and another in the Northern.

Some seamen have contended they could actually smell the animals when they sat down to eat in the galley forward.

And some passengers, no doubt, have heard several of the specimens at night—especially the horned screamers and the nutrias, which cry like babies when they fight.

The collection includes two llamas, two guanacos, two tapirs, two viseachas, five Patagonian cavy, 10 nutrias, one eyra or tiny wildcat from the Matto Grasso, one pygmy opossum, two hurones, three wild dogs from the pampas and two Argentine wildcats.

Assortment of Birds.

Among the birds are a whole flock of flamingoes, 10 horned screamers with spurs on their wing joints, six ostriches, an Argentine stork, two plovers, two black storks, eight curassows, 20 oven birds, the noisy little songsters which build apartmentlike nests of clay; 15 thrushlike birds from Central Argentina, several black-necked swans, five Cascaro geese, two Andean geese, one serima, a dozen martinets and a dozen tinamou, the quaillike game birds of the Argentine; 5 hawks, 2 king vultures, 2 Andean condors and 10 wild ducks of various types.

The reptiles include a box of assorted species from the Butantan Snake Farm at Sao Paulo, Brazil; a broad-nosed alligator from Southern Argentina and a collection of frogs, turtles and toads.

As a whole the group gives a pretty fair picture of the fauna of Argentina, with several remote sections of Brazil thrown in for good measure.

I haven't learned to identify all

the specimens by name, although I've come to know them quite intimately—what with watering, feeding, cleaning, etc.

Some passengers have been surprised, and somewhat annoyed, at my ignorance. They usually would come to inspect the animals just after breakfast and before time to take their morning swim or sun bath—the hour when all four keepers were busiest and the deck was pretty messy with pans, pots and kettles and every type of food known to man or beast.

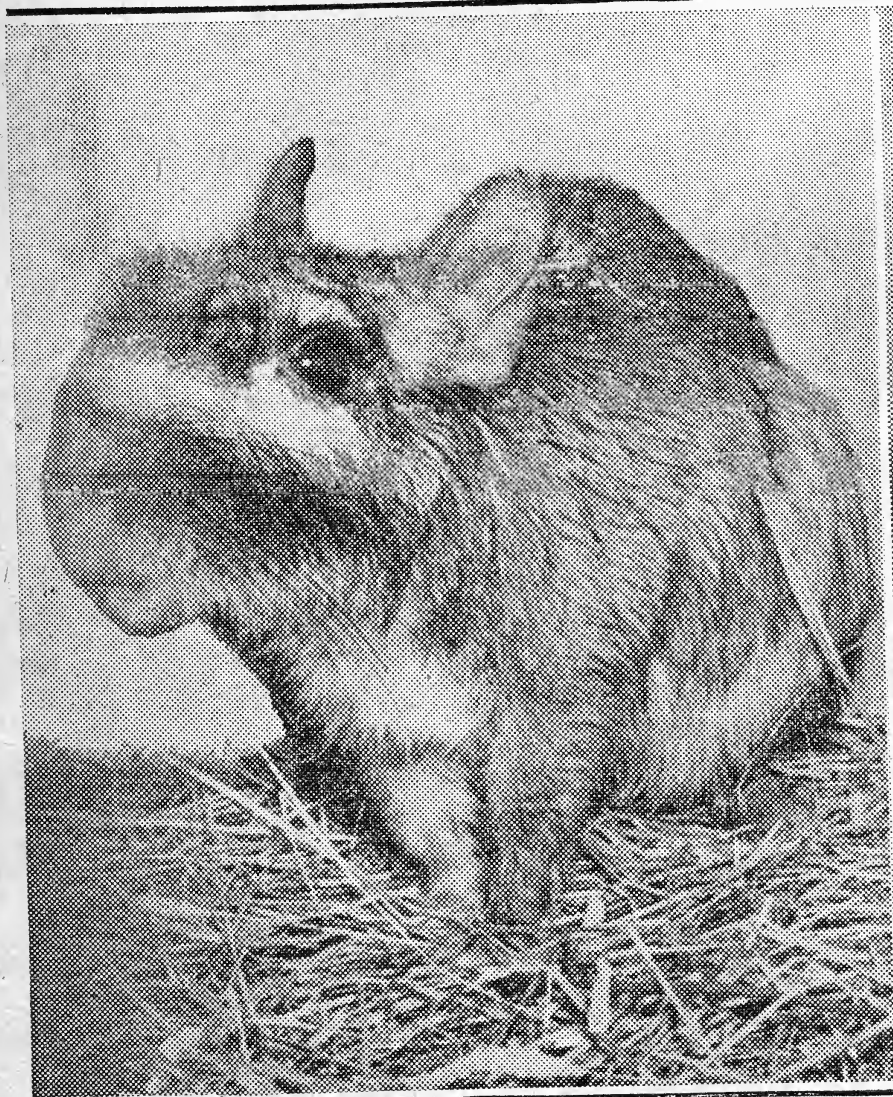
"Young man," once said a dowager (who had no business on a work deck, and who held a scented handkerchief over her nose to counteract any odor that might emanate from the crates stacked all around her), "what is the name of that poor, starved creature in that soiled box?"

"Madam," I replied, trying hard—so hard—not to slop muddy water over her immaculate sport shoes, "no compre Englis, no tingo, no speako! Besides, you must excuse me, as I have to open a box of cobras."

Questions, however, never seemed to annoy Dr. Mann, no matter how busy he happened to be. He gave lectures on zoology to some 300 members of the crew and at least half that many passengers.

Perhaps every man is happier about a question to which he has the answer. When they came too fast for me I could always shrug and say:

"Sorry—I only work here!"



NEW ARRIVALS AT ZOO—The viscacha, or burrowing rodent, a relative of the chinchilla, which shares its underground home with Argentine snakes and owls.



These Patagonian wildcats are much sought after for their fur in Southern Argentina. The ranchers have robes of wildcat fur, and their wives wear the skins in coats. This pair of cats always had their fangs and claws ready for too inquisitive sailors and passengers on the ship coming north.



This nutrea, or coypu, was snapped this morning while washing his whiskers after a long sea voyage. Nutreas are bred for their fur in the Argentine. A soft, chocolate-colored fur lies under the coarse outer hair. —Star Staff Photos.

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Feathers Preened, Fur Slicked As New Zoo Arrivals Clean Up

Big Cargo of Birds and Animals
Happy to Be Uncrated After Long Trip

By W. H. SHIPPEN, JR.

This was clean-up day at the Zoo for newcomers from South America. Some 250 birds and beasts, after three weeks in crates, while they traveled 7,000 miles, splashed themselves with fresh water and preened feathers and fur.

The long, hot ride through the tropics in close confinement was tough on some of the delicate things, like the black-necked swans and the Chilean flamingoes, but almost all of them survived.

The wild swans, in particular, seemed happy to plunge into a bath. For weeks while we cared for them at sea we saw them trying to clean their plumage. They dipped their necks deep into the water jugs and splashed themselves. Some of the mated birds helped each other clean up in cramped quarters at sea.

Even Rodents Take Bath.

The wild swans, with their snowy plumage, were scarcely more meticulous than—of all things—the rodents! The big capybara, an aquatic member of the rat family weighing more than 100 pounds, took a high dive into his new pool in the small mammal house this morning and remained submerged so long a photographer trying to take his picture got tired of waiting.

A whole tribe of Argentine nutrias, another water rodent, went swimming at the Zoo today and climbed out to scrub their long whiskers with their paws. They cried like babies for joy. We heard them howling pretty frequently at sea, and it was pleasant to know they had quit complaining.

A score of tiny oven birds came through in fine shape. Dr. William M. Mann, Zoo director, hopes they will make a thriving colony here. Their screaming this morning was reminiscent of the Argentine pampas, where they are numerous, highly visible, with their flashing yellow wings, and always audible. The birds build covered nests of clay, cunningly constructed, with passageways and several rooms. Their nests resemble somewhat the outdoor clay ovens used in rural Argentina.

A whole colony of some rare, red-breasted thrush arrived in good condition. They were the gifts of the zoo at Cordoba, in central Argentina. Two types of birds resembling our quail, the tinamou and the martin, are rare in collections here. Two dozen of the birds survived the trip, and only two died en route.

Wild Dogs Get Into Brawl.

The Andean condors, wild ducks and geese were to be installed in

new quarters today. Also three wild dogs of the pampas. These little fellows were still belligerent after three weeks in a crate. They got into a brawl at 4 a.m. yesterday as our ship approached New York.

Dr. Mann, whose cabin port looked out on the cages, was awakened. He tried to make peace by sprinkling the wild dogs with drinking water, but that only made them madder. The result was that Dr. Mann, and perhaps a few other passengers forward, got no more sleep that night.

"It was almost morning, anyhow," Dr. Mann said.

The Zoo director is anxious to get the new animals on exhibition as soon as possible. One reason is the fact that two sailors from the S. S. Brazil are expected here to see them tomorrow—Bos'n Charley Bauer and Seaman Chester (Scotty) Brown.

The two men were life-savers on the long voyage North, working overtime at cleaning, shifting crates and feeding. Dr. Mann wants them to see the animals under more favorable circumstances. It was hot work, coming through the tropics, especially in the doldrums with a following breeze.

Under such circumstances 70 crates of birds, beasts and reptiles can give off a distinct odor. A British noblewoman who got on the ship in Trinidad will testify to this. The only available cabin was in the center of the boat, and the port looked out on the freight deck.

The lady passenger was no sooner on board than she stuck her head out of the port. The horned screamers were sounding off and the wild dogs fighting—again.

"I hear you have some animals on board," the lady said to Dr. Mann. "Yes," Dr. Mann replied, "you can hear them for yourself, but I hope you can't smell them."

"Ah, they're a bit sniffy, I should say, but fortunately I picked up something of a cold in Trinidad!"

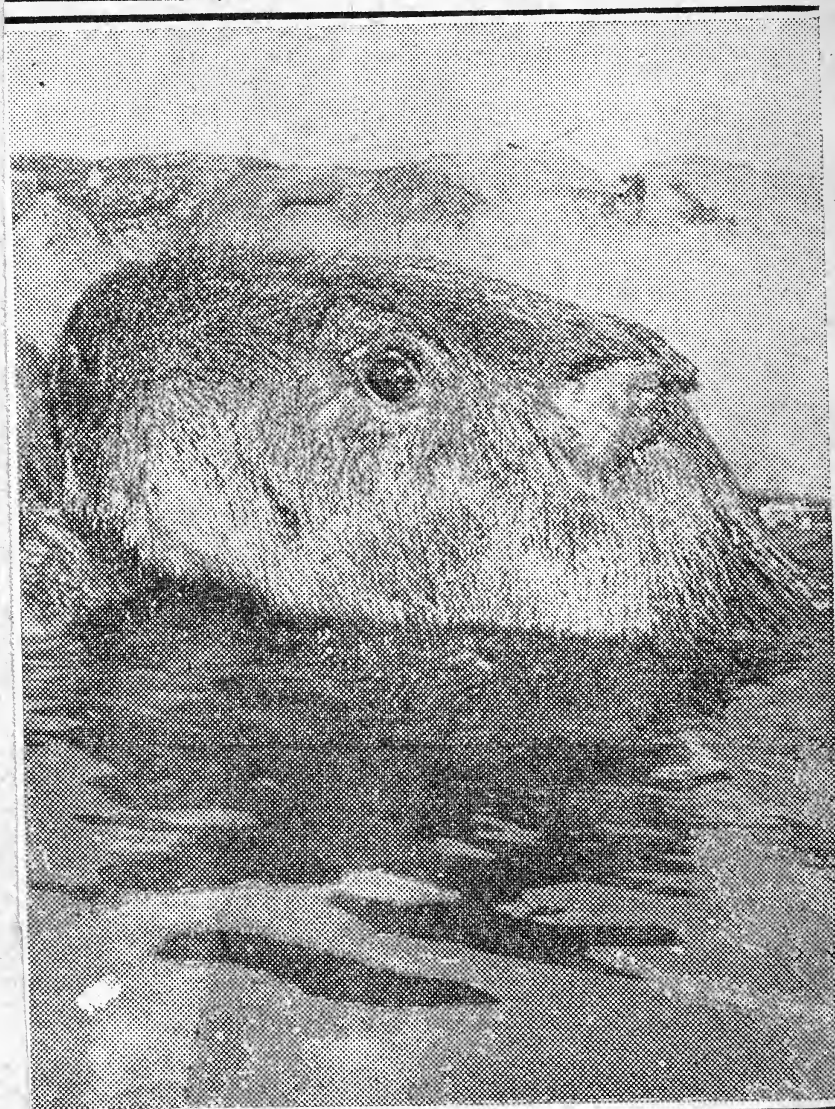
On hand to see that the animals were made comfortable in their new homes were Dr. Mann, who escorted them from their South American environs; Ernest P. Walker, assistant director, who has awaited the arrival of the collection with eagerness, and William H. Blackburne, headkeeper, who states openly that newcomers mean nothing but more work for him, but secretly is delighted when strange faces appear for his care-taking.

Missing from the list of scheduled newcomers were two llamas and two guanacos. They had to be left behind in New York in quarantine.

Dr. Mann said their homecoming will be delayed for two or three weeks.

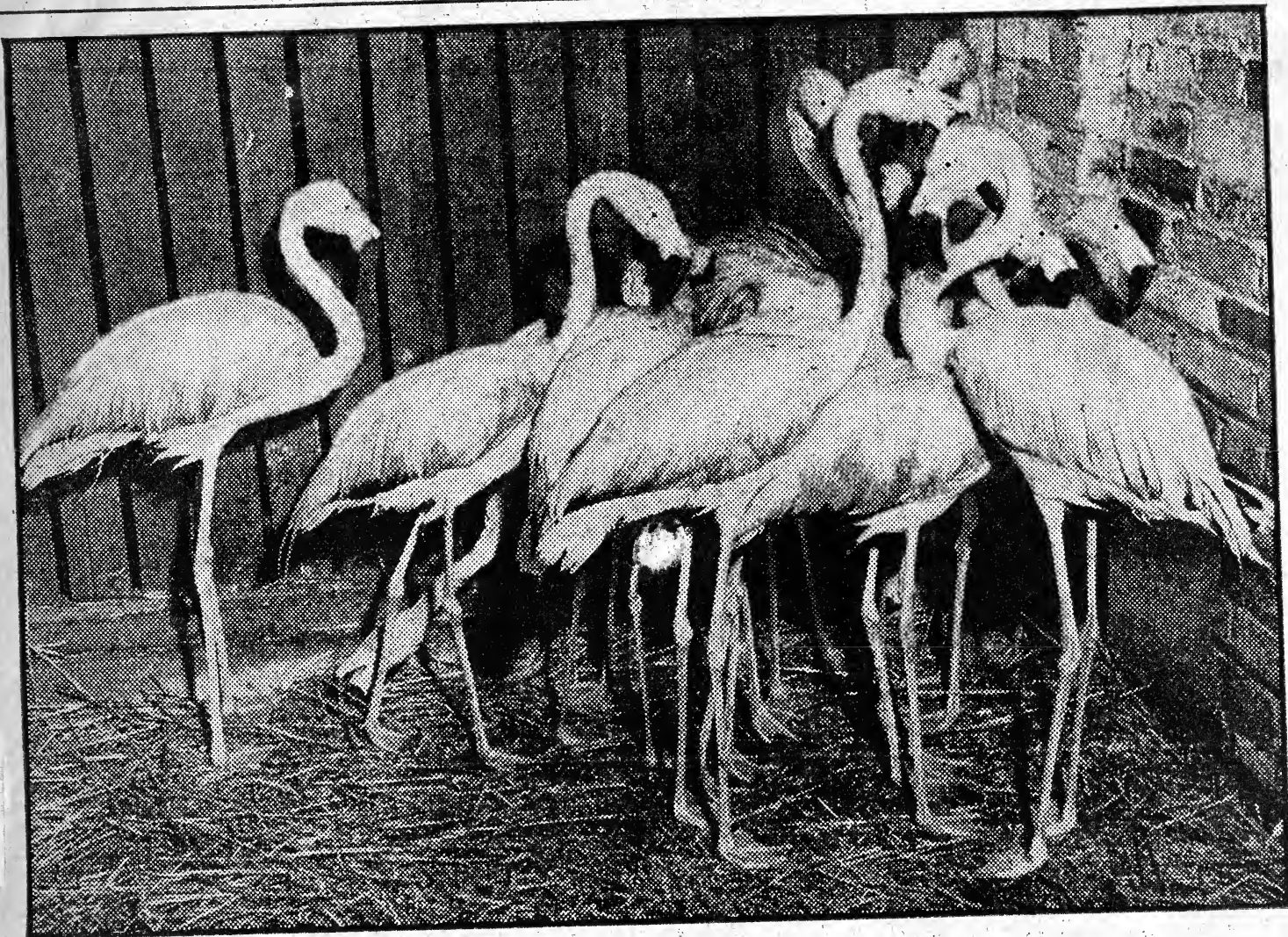
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Society and C



This capybara, a rodent weighing at least 100 pounds, could scarcely wait until he got into his new quarters to take a swim in his pool.





PART OF ZOO'S NEW FLOCK—These Chilean flamingoes arrived here yesterday, part of a flock of 21 which Director William M. Mann brought back from Southern South America. They soon will be on exhibition in an outdoor pond near the bird house. —Star Staff Photo.

Dr. Mann's 'Chickens' Still Coming Home to Roost

Dr. William M. Mann's "chickens" are still coming home to roost.

A flock of 21 Chilean flamingoes arrived at the Zoo this morning, along with four baby rheas (South American ostriches), a black ibis, several pampas screamers, etc.

The latest arrivals from Dr. Mann's collecting voyage to Argentina and Brazil were left in New York to be recreated before they were expressed to Washington.

The long-legged flamingoes all survived the trip, including one that got down and was being trampled to death by his cagemates until the bos'n on the steamship Brazil rescued him and put him in the doghouse on top of the ship.

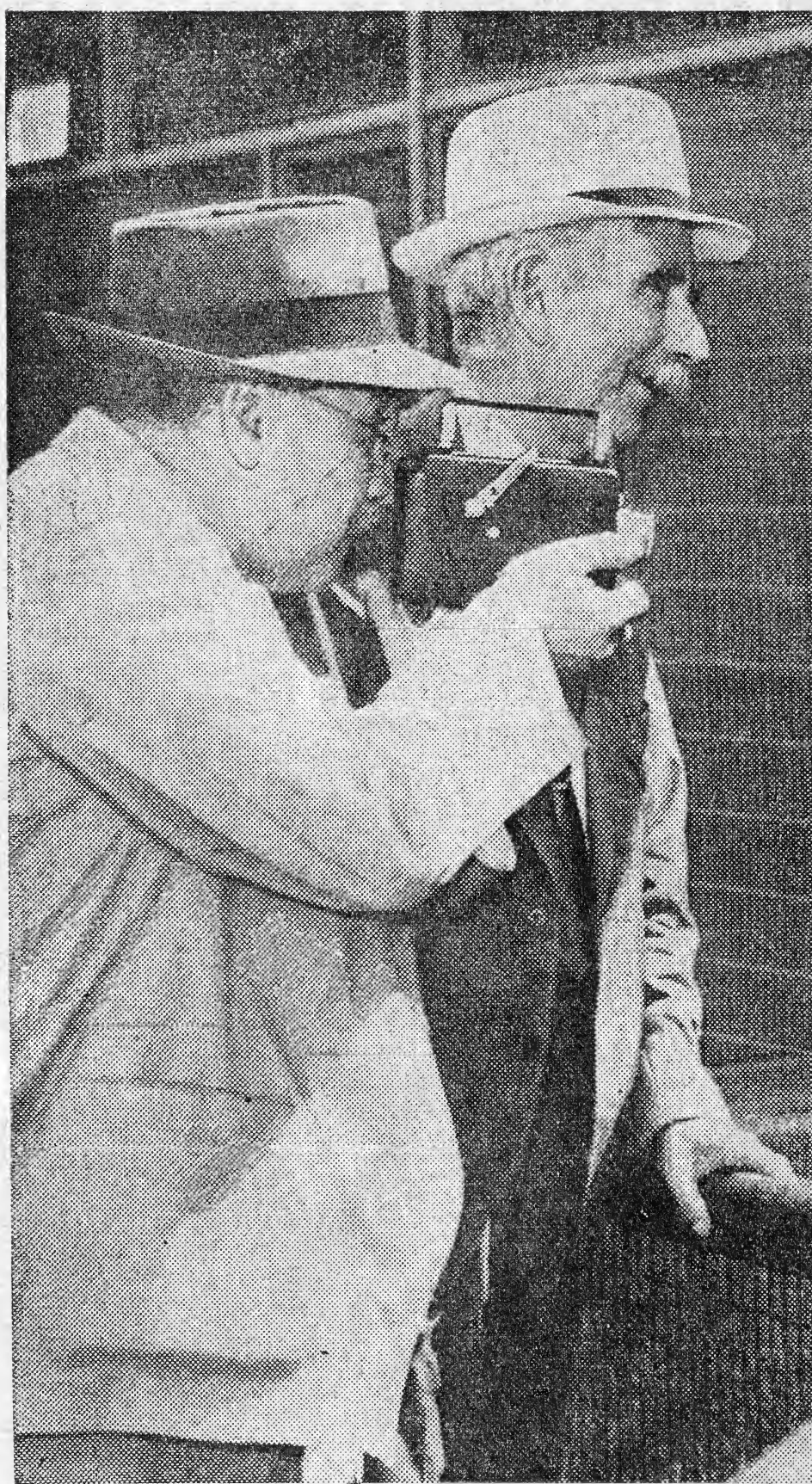
The flamingoes proved prodigious eaters on the journey north, scooping rice, ground meat and chopped vegetable soup from the bottom of

their feeding troughs with their upside-down bills. The waders, in their natural habitat, feed from the bottom of ponds, bending their necks down and shoveling toward their feet.

The ladies of Dr. Mann's party had been worried about the baby ostriches, their special charges. The ship's crew fed them everything on the galley menu, day and night, for almost three weeks. The ostriches ate everything offered them, including at least one key ring and the setting out of a ring.

Even an ostrich is supposed to get fed up some time. All four of these, however, lived up to their reputations for digestive powers.

If anybody suffered, it seems to have been the crew, feeding their provisions into the maws of yearling rheas.



Post Staff Photo.

'Big Boss' Visits the Zoo

Dr. Charles G. Abbott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, visited the Washington Zoo yesterday for the first time since Dr. William Mann, director, returned from the Argentine with a new shipment of birds and beasts. Dr. Abbott directs, as Dr. Mann makes movies of the new animals

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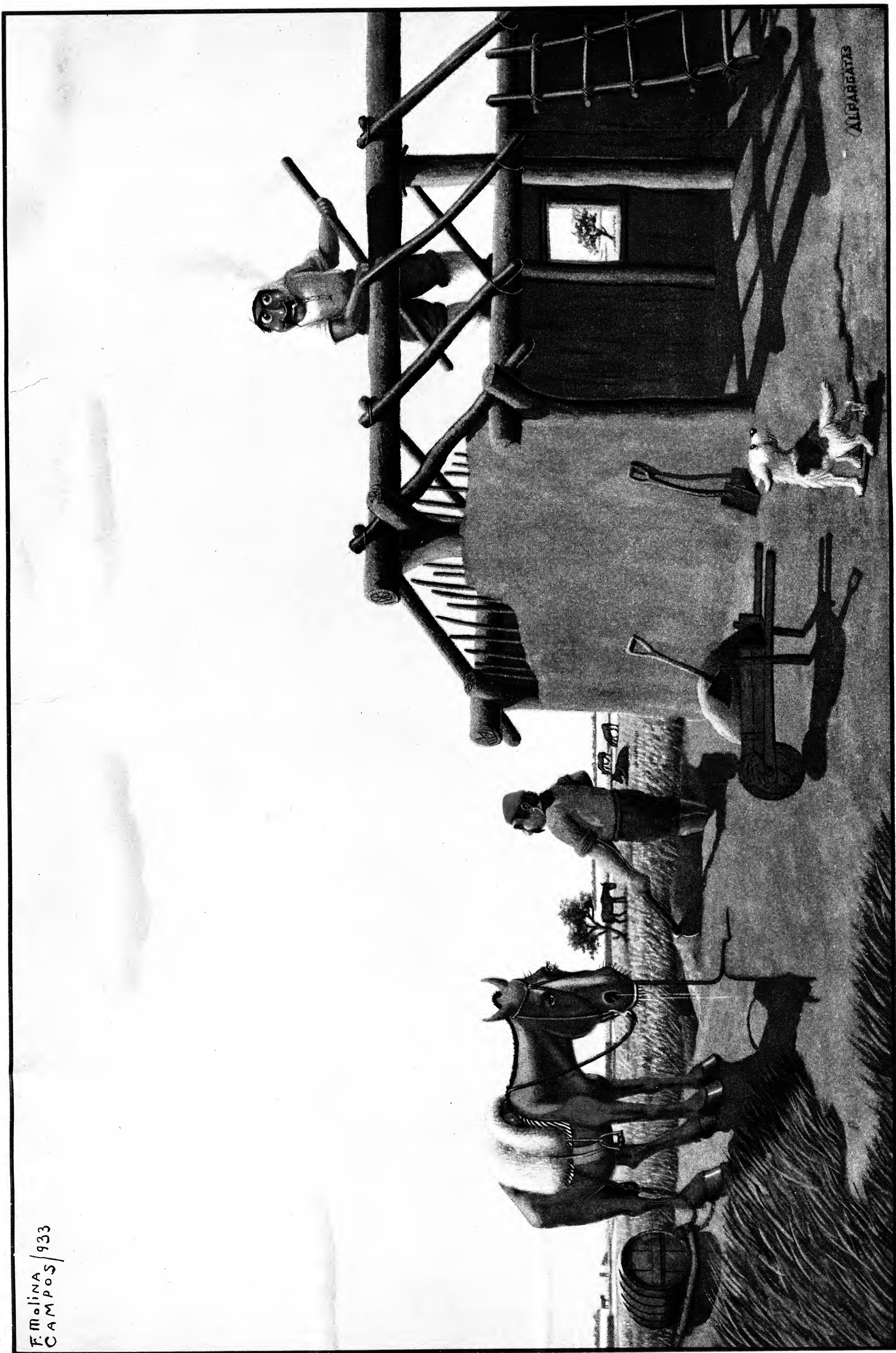
AVE MARÍA PURÍSIMA!

T. Molina
García S. 83

ALPARGATE

Dende hace unos días'tan cáindo una yuvias machazas; menos mal que'l asunto me agarra prevenido, con provista por demás, bajo de techo, pegao al jogón y con un asadito p'apagar las brasas toditos los días; de nó....! Había que ver como estaba el campo; yuvia y yuvia; viento'el sú y rejucilos qu'era un regalo.- No daban ni ganas de asomarse a la puerta, cuanti más de salir a recorrer.- Una noche d'esas que yovía a l'antigua - de arriba p'abajo - óimos una voz de ajuera: « Ave María Purísima!.... » Me asomé y vide, al claror de un rejucilo, a un viejito'e barba entera, en un mancarrón tuito trasijao, mojado que daba lástima.- « Sin pecao concebida.... abájese y dentre pa dentro, Don....! » le grité, porque, eso sí, seré pobre pero en el rancho'e Tileforo Areco no falta ni un rincón ni una juent'e carne pa quien se le ayeg'hacer noche, cuanti más como en la ocasión que cáiban perros y gatos - dijiera l'inglés.- Amigo; lo que son las cosas!.... Ah! Ah! Aquél viejito supo ser luego muy güena persona y agradecido.... como que me prometió ser mi padrino'e casorio y me regaló'e yapa una suert'e campo.- Lo qu'es una güena ación, nó?

F. MOLINA / 933
CAMPOS



COMO EL HORNERO

ALFARERIAS

October 1942

P O I S E

thirty-one

Firecrackers For St. Anthony

Our "Good Neighbors" in South America are "Good Catholics."

by
Lucile Quarry Mann

THE Catholic who finds himself for the first time living in a Catholic country is constantly conscious of, and touched by, outward evidences of our Faith such as never appear in lands that are predominantly Protestant.

On a recent visit to Argentina and Brazil, it was not only the number and the beauty of the churches that impressed me. I had expected those, and was not astonished at the boast of the Chamber of Commerce at Cordoba, for instance, that there were one hundred and forty-four churches for its three hundred thousand people.

But what I really liked were the firecrackers exploding in honor of the feast of St. Anthony; the posters pasted on a billboard reminding the faithful that Trinity Sunday was in the offing and they had better make their Easter duty; the little chapel belonging to the big resort hotel, as obvious and as perfect in its way as the golf course.

Of course the churches were impressive, too; the student can find here every type of New World ecclesiastical architecture, from Spanish Colonial Mission, through the baroque Cathedral age, down to the rustic wayside chapel. The Cathedral of Buenos Aires faces the main square of the city, the Plaza de Mayo. Here, in one of the many side chapels, is buried San Martin, the hero not only of the Argentine but of Ecuador and Peru as well. A huge marble monument commemorates his many victories and his work in liberating the people from the rule of Spain. A military guard in red-and-blue uniform and gleaming helmet stands at attention at the entrance to the chapel.

Like many European churches, the cathedral has, instead of pews, a quite inadequate number of chairs. People come and go, all during Mass, with what seems to us a distracting amount of shuffling and strolling about. On the occasional Sunday when I was fortunate enough to be able to get a seat, there was certain to be someone right in front of me who preferred to stand all through Mass, arms folded, head bent, not kneeling even for the Consecration. On other Sundays, having succeeded in worming

my way into a chapel right up in front, where I was practically on a line with the main altar, I would find myself hemmed in by the crowd, and would have to stand myself, unable to see the altar at all, following the progress of the Mass only by the sound of the bell.

At any rate, it was inspiring if uncomfortable to see the churches always so crowded; to find, as one slowly worked one's way out after Mass, that the steps of the church and the street beyond were packed with men and women carrying their rosaries and missals, waiting to get in for the next Mass.

The observance of religious holidays was constantly upsetting the schedule of my non-Catholic traveling companions. I became almost embarrassed at the frequency with which I would come back to the hotel on Sunday and report, "If you are planning to see So-and-so this week, or get such-and-such work done, don't count on Thursday. It will be Ascension Day (or Corpus Christi) and I'm afraid it's another holiday." A resident of Argentina tried to count up for me the number of legal holidays in their year, but never could. In addition to the days on which patriotic celebrations are held (and they are more plentiful than our own), banks, schools and shops close for Shrove Days, Holy Week, All Saints' and All Souls', from Christmas to New Year's, and on every other important feast and saint's day throughout the year.

On Corpus Christi four altars were set up in the Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires, and the procession held that afternoon included every church and school society in that Catholic city of more than 3,000,000 souls. Benediction was given in the public square, and at least half a million people stood or knelt in the streets, filling them for blocks in every direction, while they raised their voices in "O Salutaris Hostia."

For two days of autumnal May sunshine (we were far south of the equator in a land where Christmas is a summer festival), we traveled by launch through the delta of the Parana River. Here, in one of the richest agricultural districts of the world, where citrus groves and

nutria fur farms flourish side by side, all traffic is by water. Launches instead of buses collect the children and take them to school; the butcher comes by in a boat, and hangs a big juicy steak on a nail in a tree near the wharf; the milkman and the baker chug along the winding streams and deliver their products at the water's edge.

The quaintest sight of all this inland waterway, however, was the little floating church. Looking for all the world like a New England village church, painted white, and with spire, belfry and Gothic windows, it passed us one morning, moving serenely along the quiet river, between rows of silver poplar and fields of feathery pampas grass. We were told that on board lived the priest and one other man who served as captain, engineer, sexton and organist. Every night the church-boat, "Christo Rey," tied up at a different landing. In the morning its bell rang out over the countryside, summoning all the farmers in that vicinity to take to their boats and come to Mass.

Argentina was the country that I became best acquainted with in South America, but it was in Santos, Brazil, where our ship stopped to load coffee, that we spent the feast of St. Anthony, and heard the people joyfully setting off firecrackers in the parks in honor of that popular saint. Anyone who wanted to carry a red silk banner, inscribed with the words, "Vivo San Antonio!" could buy one in a Chinese store that also sold firecrackers, birdseed and flower pots.

And it was Rio de Janeiro that gave us our last lovely memory of South America. Its harbor is one of incredible, picture-postcard beauty, with the mountains marching right down to the sea and wading out into the very water. The city is gay with night clubs and bathing beaches, with flower-lined boulevards and luxurious shops and hotels. The jungle itself encroaches on suburban gardens where wild monkeys cavort in the trees. But the whole city and the harbor are dominated by the magnificent figure of Christ the Redeemer, standing

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Don McNeill

Radio's Breakfast Club Man



by Cecil J. Schulte

SIX feet two of laughing Catholic manhood. That seems to be as adequate a way as any to describe Don McNeill, ace NBC master of ceremonies, and without doubt one of the most listened-to men in the radio industry.

Don is M. C. on the daily, Monday through Saturday, NBC "Breakfast Club" program, a program which is famed for its popularity and more especially for its cleanliness. Don McNeill could truly be called "America's Alarm Clock."

The role is fitting, moreover; for the laugh-provoking broadcaster has done a good job of being first in nearly everything he engaged in since he beat Santa Claus to the old McNeill home a scant twenty-four hours before Christmas Eve back in 1907. Don was baptized in a Galena, Ill., parish on January 2, 1908.

Some time later the family moved to Sheboygan, Wis., where, in 1913, the Irish lad entered St. Clement's parochial school. As a boy Don remembers that he was an average student with an above-average yen for jokes and fun. Highlight of his years at St. Clement's was his First Holy Communion in 1915 and his later reception of Confirmation in the same parish church. As may be seen, the good Lord must have blessed young Don with an abundance of the graces of Confirmation; for the boy has indeed been a true soldier of Christ throughout his life.

About 1926 the young man entered Marquette University at Milwaukee. Here again he proved his ability to be first when he beat all applicants in a rush for an announcer's job at a Milwaukee station. Don needed that job. And as a result the fifteen dollars a week wage which he received for being announcer, radio editor, and general flunky, looked mighty big at the time. What Don didn't realize then was that his means to an education would eventually lead to one of the highest paid radio positions in the country.

The popular maestro's upward climb has been continuous. In 1929 he was graduated from Marquette, and the following year Louisville, Ky., residents



Happy-go-lucky Don is one of the most listened-to men in the radio industry.

were embracing him as their own new star in a comedy act known as the "Two Professors." This was Don's first real specialized act in the radio field.

The act proved so popular that the two members of the team decided to take it to San Francisco for outlets on NBC up and down the west coast.

But three years later Don found himself back near his old stamping grounds as announcer on an NBC station in Chicago. At once he was drafted into the business of being a radio master of ceremonies and funnyman, a job he has held ever since.

Before returning to his old haunts, however, Don married Katherine Bennett at St. Brenden's church in San Francisco. The marriage was solemnized by Father Kelly, and was a realization of the storybook type of school-day love, Katherine having attended Gesu, Holy Angels' Academy, and Marquette, all in Milwaukee.

Don's strongly-inbred Catholic train of mind is interestingly revealed in his daily broadcasts. Without doubt the "Breakfast Club" is the most religious — and to go even further, the most

Catholic — of all supposedly strictly secular programs. Any person who regularly follows the "Breakfast Club" cannot but help noticing the frequent references, both direct and indirect, to Holy Mother the Church.

In not a few of these references, the subject is jokingly referred to, yet the most exacting cleric must admit that though the jokes may be of the Church, never does Don McNeill allow a joke which could be considered irreverent or ridiculous. His jokes pertaining to Catholicism are of the type that the reverend clergy themselves love to repeat.

An example of this type of comic sideplay was broadcast recently when the Master of Ceremonies told the story of Pat and his interpretation of the street traffic signals in New York City.

It would seem that Pat, having just disembarked, started across Fifth Avenue against the red light. A friendly Irish cop, not wishing to seem unfriendly to a brother from the Isle, shouted:

"Wait laddy! Wait for th' green. Yer not a Red, be ye?"

Pat patiently waited for the green light, and when he had successfully crossed, eyed the yellow light, and turning to the cop, declared:

"Be gorra, they don't give much time to th' Protestants here, do they?"

No less appealing to the audience is the homely, early twentieth century games the artists participate in around the breakfast table. A favorite of McNeill's is "March to Jerusalem." Scraping chairs and excited laughter bring smiles and memories to the thousands who are ardent McNeill fans.

Of especial appeal to women listeners is the regular "Memory Time Around the Breakfast Table," a program which features favorite old and original poems sent in by the listeners themselves.

Another feature of the program that never fails to make friends is the informality of the M. C. in drawing members of the studio audience into the program. Originally the "Breakfast Club" was closed to visitors, but a few years past something took place which

The Catholic Doctrine of Peace

(Continued from page 30)

to promote and develop these traits whenever possible. They are not a source of disruption; they should enrich the human family. But above all these things stands the brotherhood of man. Racial prejudices are foreign to the Christian teaching as stated by St. Paul: "There is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But Christ is all, and in all" (Col. 3, 11). All are of common origin, redeemed by Christ, and national interests must recognize these facts. In all these questions, it must always be remembered that the rights of different peoples are not contradictory but complementary. The Church aims at unity, not uniformity. As a consequence it follows that just as the commonwealths have individual rights, so do they also have obligations, and if they are to live at peace with one another the first requisite is mutual confidence. This confidence in turn must be based on something higher than national aspirations or armed force. It must be based on the universal brotherhood of man, which rests upon the doctrine of the love of God. These two doctrines, the solidarity of the human race and the dependence of man's laws upon a source outside of man, have formed the basis upon which the popes have addressed the entire world. Pope Pius XII recently affirmed this important doctrine: "The fundamental condition of a just and honorable peace is to assure the right to life and independence of all nations, large and small, strong or weak. One nation's will to live must never be tantamount to a death sentence of another. When this equality of rights has been destroyed, injured or imperiled, juridical order requires reparation whose measure and extent are not determined by the sword or selfish judgment, but by the standards of justice and reciprocal equality."

World conditions today, however, are almost the exact opposite. What Pope Benedict XV wrote at the time of the first World War accurately describes the situation:

"Far different from this is the behavior of men today. Never perhaps was there more talking about the brotherhood of man than there is today; in fact, men do not hesitate to proclaim that striving after brotherhood is one of the greatest gifts of modern civilization, ignoring the teaching of the Gospel, and setting aside the work of Christ and of His Church. But in reality never was there less brotherly activity amongst men than at the present moment. Race hatred has reached its climax; peoples are more divided by jealousies than by frontiers; within one and the same nation, within the same city, there rages the burning envy of class against class; and amongst individuals it is self-love which is the supreme law over-ruling everything.

"You see, Venerable Brethren, how necessary it is to strive in every possible way that the charity of Jesus Christ should once more rule amongst men." (*On the Outbreak of the World War.*)

This should be the object of all men, but especially of Catholics, "that the charity of Jesus Christ should once more rule amongst men." To accomplish this, however, all sentiments of hatred and revenge must be banished. The mistake of twenty-five years ago must not be repeated. Peace cannot rest on a "forest of bayonets" or the deter-

mination to crush the vanquished once and for all. Instead, men must be animated by a faith in a personal God to whom one day they will have to render a strict account. Legislators must realize that the work of Christ was to unite men and that true peace and happiness are based upon justice and charity. Any other foundation is unstable and destined to crumble.

Catholics undoubtedly have the obligation to study these problems and to promote a Christian solution of them. But work and study alone are insufficient. We have a still more powerful weapon, prayer. We must rely upon Almighty God to inspire men with true principles; we must teach the entire world that recourse to the Giver of true peace is the only way out of our present difficulties. In conclusion, I can think of no more fitting prayer than that of our present Holy Father: "The peace amongst men which Thou wouldst give is dead. Raise it once more to life, Divine Conqueror of death. Let the love of Thy Divine Spirit reign and conquer so that a right and ordered peace may be given once more to peoples and nations."

Choosing a Career

(Continued from page 15)

specialist in some field; she should also train herself for a state in life. When we use the word "vocation" in this latter sense, we have in mind the three states: religious life, marriage and single life in the world. To prepare for a profession and to prepare for a state in life are not identical; for to make a living is one thing, and to live in the fullest sense of the word is quite another. For instance, the girl who plans to enter a teaching community as soon as she finishes college has her path of preparation clearly marked out for her. She will qualify herself in two ways: intellectually for the teaching profession, and spiritually for the religious state.

The girl who elects to stay in the world may marry, or, remaining single, she may follow a professional career. In either case the best general preparation is a liberal arts education. In college there are many cultural opportunities which have little bearing on making a living but which have a most important bearing on life taken as a state. A married woman, as G. K. Chesterton asserts, must be a universalist as distinct from a specialist; that is, she should be an artist who can make her home attractive, a teacher who is able to instruct her children, a citizen who is interested in social and civic movements, a member of a parish who promotes the cause of religion, and an individual who grows intellectually and spiritually by employing her leisure to the best advantage. In other words, sexual attraction, while it is required for marriage, is not enough for the marriage state. People cannot live on love, nor can sexual attraction alone be a guarantee of happiness. Sex is only a part of life, and those people who attempt to make it the whole of life are headed for shipwreck. As a rule, a man has a wide range of interests apart from his duties as a husband and a father; he is interested in his work; he likes politics; he belongs to clubs; he takes up sports. In the early years of marriage a girl will be mainly occupied with the making of a home and the rearing of children, but as she grows older she too must be able to fill her life with cultural and religious activities. In college a girl has a chance to train her mind, to broaden her outlook, to cultivate a taste for reading and art, to acquire

social graces — all of which will enable her to live in the strict sense of the word.

This line of reasoning applies even with greater force to the girl who leads a single life in the world. She may be intensely interested in her occupation, but she will not be on duty all the time. Her great problem is to employ her leisure with profit. She needs to know how to fill the time when she is off duty with intellectual and artistic pursuits. A girl who leaves college with a love of serious reading need never be bored, and she is also equipped with a natural means of warding off temptations to evil.

If a liberal arts education is a general preparation for one's state in life, what is the special preparation? The girl who intends to stay in the world should acquire some skill in household crafts. The management of a home is preëminently the work of a girl, and no girl should leave college in utter ignorance of this ancient and honorable art. As a minimum essential, a girl should know how to cook. Of course, it may be objected that any intelligent girl can learn how to cook after she is married. A young married woman once told me that she was trying to make up for lost time by taking lessons at a cooking school. She asserted that the only practical equipment which she had brought to the high and holy state of matrimony was a can-opener. She was a clever girl and I have no doubt that she developed into a good cook. But the process was hardly fair to the young man, who was the victim of her culinary experiments.

Of course, the art of cooking is only a particular example. It stands for all those essentially feminine accomplishments which every girl should master. A girl will not be successful or influential in life if she refuses to train herself in the things which she can do supremely well. It is senseless for her to attempt to blot out the differences between herself and a boy. The world does not set a high value on an effeminate man; nor does it set a high value on a mannish woman.

Firecrackers---

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on the summit of Corcovado, the highest of the encircling hills. There is scarcely a street corner from which one cannot look up and see that compassionate figure, its head bent ever so slightly, its arms stretched wide against the sky. At night the statue is flood-lighted, and shines high above the twinkling city lights, undwarfed by height or distance.

One of the tourists on the ship, desperately homesick and unwilling to admit that there was anything good outside New York City, confessed that he had been impressed by the statue of Christ in Rio.

"Do you know," he frequently said in awed tones, "that there are five tons of concrete in the head alone?"

And I still remember one of our friends, who lived in Rio, giving us directions for reaching his house at night.

"You can't miss it," he told us. "We live right at the feet of the Redeptor."

Which, had he been mystically inclined, was a good place to live.

Called "America's Alarm Clock," this product of Catholic schools is the nation's favorite early morning blues chaser.

caused Don to open the broadcasting studio proper to visitors.

That incident is also one of the most poignant memories of the nation's beloved master of ceremonies. A U. S. Marine, dying of tuberculosis, who for years had been a regular listener to the program, asked that he be allowed to witness one of the broadcasts. Rules were waived and the sick man was brought to the studio where Don McNeill and Walter Blaufuss directed their entire program to him. Don declares that no program was ever more appreciated. It was indeed a public work of mercy, and the sick man awaited his death more happily because of it.

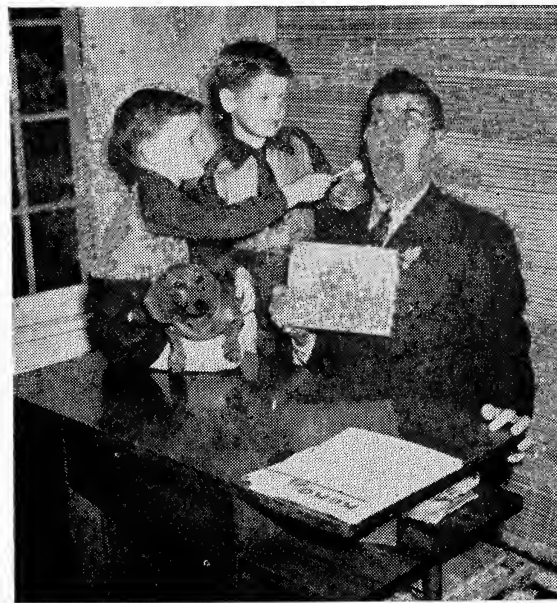
Largely as a result of popular acclaim regarding this incident, today the exception has become the rule. Everyone is welcome to the "Breakfast Club" studio, and the cast is always ready to go out of its way to make some shut-in — human ones this time — happy.

This opening of the studio to the public has added an unexpected and gleeful feature to the program. A joyful trick of the M. C. is to invite a member of the audience to the stage and have him take part in the program proper. Pro tempore cast members and audience alike get a big kick out of the always laughable results.

Excursions through the studio audience, a regular thing on the show, bring as unexpected results and as much for spectators and radio listeners as the many other lively McNeill antics. In the last feature, however, Don proves himself a genuine family man by his forever picking out a child visitor for his memorable thumbnail interview.

Mothers and grandmothers are invariably flattered highly when Don stops before one of the little ones — and the more so because they all know how very proud he is of his own three boys.

The nation rejoiced with the genial



Little Tom and Donny with their Dad.

Irishman last St. Patrick's Day when he stopped the broadcast to announce that a nine-pound boy had been born to the McNeill household at St. Luke's hospital an hour and a half after the dawn of St. Patrick's Day. The boy was proudly named Robert Patrick.

Don and Katherine's other two youngsters are Tommy and Donny, respectively aged six and eight. Both attend Sts. Faith, Hope and Charity school in Winnetka, Ill., in the daytime, and make life for their dad a rough and tumble affair the minute they return to their home in Kenilworth.

Mrs. McNeill and Don. A good Catholic family man, his laugh-provoking programs are noted for their cleanliness.



El patrón qu'es muy güeno y servicial, me dijo: Areco, ya que soy un hombre serio y tenés novia, elegí ande quieras un retacito'e campo, que te l'osequio pa tu casorio, y hacete la casa. - Y me acordé'l hornero: pajarito habiloso! Usté no ha visto? Tuito el día se lo pasa acarriando mezcla'e barro bien amasau, en el piquito. Y si será estruído: el domingo descansa. Las cosas que noj enseñan loj animalitos de Dios! Juí al monte; corté algunos talas u coroniyos, pa horcones, soleros y crucetas; luego, a uña'e cabayo hice barro mesturándolo con paja y agua que truje en un barril a la cincha dende'l jagüel; y corté y dejé oriar en la costa'el arroyo vecino, güena cantidá'e totora pa quinchar el techo. Asina jué como comencé haciendo l'armazón de un ranchito pobrón pero asiadito, y, cuando alvertí, me vide frabricando algo a modo'e palacio u castiyo - que le dicen en el pueblo - tan macuco que ya lo quisier'algún manate pa yevarse a vivir a su señora.

F. MOLINA
CAMPOS / 933



ANIMAL SONSO... EL CRISTIANO!

Una especi'e medio día, que me agarró la recorrida'e loj alambres lejo'e las casas, me abajé a componer el recáo al lau de un árbol que respadamaba una linda sombra, justo a la oriya'el camino que cái al vado de un arroyo, ande saben juntarse toda laya'e pájaros.- Le aflojé la cincha'l chuzo, qu'estaba algo cansau; armé un cigarro'e chala y demientras jumaba comencé a mirar y a mirar pa un lao y pa otro, tantas cosas lindas que se vían; ahicito, en una ramazón contrita'el suelo, una viudita; maj ayá, unos flamencos tan rosaos, que andaban en l'agua, contra de un huncal; y maj lejo, el vacage saliendo d'entr'el monte ande se había ganao buscando sombra.- Sería que yo ya me sentía méido enriedao en loj amores de aqueya chinita'el baile u que me sentía pueta? El caso jué que una calandria que se largó a chiflar tan lindo, mesmo en el ramaj'el árbol, me trujo al cerebro el ricuerdo'e la dama aqueya.

President Told of 120-Ft. Snake; Dr. Mann a Little Incredulous

President Roosevelt took time out from neutrality and related questions yesterday to listen to what probably is the biggest snake story ever to come out of Brazil, which seems to be the country where people see the biggest snakes.

It was told to him by John Tazewell Jones, one of his classmates at Harvard University, who has been a representative of American firms in Brazil for the last 22 years.

Jones did more than merely tell the President the snake story. He showed him a picture. It reveals an anaconda which, according to the picture, was 36 meters, or approximately 120 feet long.

Just how the President reacted is not clear, but it is understood he was impressed by both the story and the picture.

Jones said, on emerging from the President's office, that he would like to have Dr. William M. Mann, director of the Zoo, pass judgment on the picture. The Post, as a result, borrowed the picture and showed it to Dr. Mann.

"The snake in the picture," the latter replied, "may be anything from 5 feet on up. I am quite certain, however, that it is an anaconda."

Dr. Mann said the biggest snake he ever saw was a 25-foot anaconda. Jamrach, most famous of English animal dealers, he said, for years had an outstanding offer of \$50,000

payable to anyone who would bring him a 40-snake, but no one ever did. It is entirely possible, Dr. Mann admits, that anacondas exceed 30 feet. Mention has been made, he declared, of an anaconda 58 feet long, but such big snakes seem always to have been heard of, and never definitely measured.

Jones sold Dr. Mann a pair of capybaras when the Zoo director stopped in Brazil on his South American cruise some months ago. One of the animals died, but the other is on exhibit in the small mammal house at the Zoo.

Jones said he was in this country signing up American firms to represent in Brazil. He was optimistic over the opportunities for trade expansion with that country.

He discussed conditions in Brazil, and Latin American trade expansion possibilities with the President. Brazil, he insisted, is the only friend the United States has in Latin America. Jones lives in Sao Paulo, a city of more than a million population which, he declared, "is better lighted and cleaner than Washington."

Church Fetes Slated

Leonardtown, Md., Oct. 11.—The Young People's Society of All Saints P. E. Church at Oakley, will give a card party and luncheon on October 14. The Parish Aid of All Saints Church will give their annual Halloween Ball on October 28, at Oakley Hall.

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STAR, WASHINGTON,

Mrs. Mann to Give Illustrated Lecture

Mrs. William M. Mann, wife of the director of the Washington Zoological Park, will give an illustrated lecture on "Trading Animals Below the Equator," before the Washington Club tomorrow at 11 a.m.

Mrs. Mann has accompanied her husband on many of his expeditions for obtaining animals from the wilds. She also has written several books describing the adventures on these travels.

Mrs. Whitman Cross is president of the club and Mrs. Gilbert H. Grosvenor is chairman of the program committee, and will introduce the speaker.

